# Liberty

20¢

JANUARY
1950

**CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT PAIN OR FEAR** page 55

**Condensation: Winning Your Way with People** page 83

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Outdoor tiled swimming pools (*left*) adjoin broad sun and sports decks (*right*).

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★*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*—STEPHEN DECATUR

# Our Name is Liberty

***This editorial appeared in the first issue of Liberty—May 10, 1924 Our editorial purpose remains unchanged after a quarter of a century of publication***

We chose Liberty for a name because it is the first word in American consciousness. It was first made to mean something here in America. It achieved independence and it made a nation. It was the word with which the American colonies electrified the world. It had been a dream despaired of elsewhere. Here it was realized.

The soldiers of Rochambeau and the sailors of De Grasse and the soldiers of Burgoyne and Cornwallis went back to Europe to tell that Liberty was a fact in a new land and people everywhere have been freer since that day.

This nation owes its existence to the desire for Liberty and it will maintain itself by that desire. So we chose Liberty for the name of the new magazine, Liberty because it was the first prize Americans sought, Liberty because it is the last thing the true American possesses even if he is stripped of everything else.

Many other names were suggested and many of them were good. We thank the thousands of people who tried to give us a name. The name might have been the United States Weekly, Uncle Sam, the American Mirror, any one of a number of names, but we think Liberty is the best. It is the innate, inherent principle of American life.

The name carried Washington through seven years of war when he seldom knew whence his supplies and replacements could be relied upon to come. It inspired Jefferson to build a nation on the common vote. It gave Lincoln the strength to keep the nation from being divided into two.

The Liberty Bell is more than a cracked tocsin in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is a bell which must toll all the time in the minds of Americans who count their blessings.

Our horizons are free because we have prized the word. We have recognized the justice of its application to others. There are no people to whom the flag of American liberty has been introduced but are the better off for having seen it raised.

* * *

★At the top of this column, at the flag staff, is the magazine's motto. It is Stephen Decatur's toast. It will fly there. Even a magazine of entertainment may have a serious purpose. Many fine people object to this motto as something at least unaltruistic, if not unmoral. We do not agree with them.

This is an American magazine. It believes that Decatur voiced a spiritual truth. What he said was not needed so much when he said it as it is needed now. When an American looks at Westminster Abbey he may understand England. When he sees the Colosseum and the Roman Forum he may understand Rome. Other nations have long corridors of time with the impressive statues and tombs, and the sense of the past gives them an ever abiding sense of their nationality.

America is a nation in the making. We believe that Americans should keep in mind Decatur's text of nationality. It asserts what must be a truth if the nation is to be a nation. America has a great heritage. We want it great in the future. We think that will be for our own good and for all human good.

## JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ The best way to find out what it's like to give birth to a baby is to have a baby—that is if you're a woman. And if you are determined to try a new method of childbirth such as the Read method, you might as well follow through and let the world know about it. At least that's how Louise Rayburn, author of CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT PAIN OR FEAR (page 55), felt about it. She not only followed the method to the letter; she walked to the delivery room under her own power and there, with the aid of overhead mirrors, she saw her child being born. Her husband didn't have time to pace the hospital corridor. The method worked so beautifully, they were together right up to the time Mrs. Rayburn entered the delivery room.

◆ Beatrice Schapper, author of HAVE YOU GOT LEPROPHOBIA? (page 22), like most of us, had often heard leprosy called mankind's most dread disease. Bea is never happier than when she is writing articles that she hopes will help clarify misunderstood situations. So when she read about Major Hornbostel going to live at Carville, Louisiana, America's only leper colony, to be with his wife, who was a patient there, she set out to discover if what we'd always heard about leprosy were true. She plowed through eight years of files of Carville's Star Magazine, a publication that the Carville patients set entirely by hand.

◆ Apologies are due John and Cossie Mechling of FPG: Their kodachrome was used on the December Liberty cover, but inadvertently another photographer received the credit.

◆ Liberty has another provocative package of fiction and articles lined up for you in the February issue. Remember how often you've told your friends you haven't the time for extra activities? We have just the time-saving system you've been looking for. It's so good, it can give you as much as nine extra days a year for plain ordinary loafing. And you'll not want to miss IS THERE EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL? In the October issue, Liberty gave you the fundamentals of Canasta. Next month, read MORE FUN WITH CANASTA.

◆ Meanwhile, don't forget to support your Community Chest drive. And with the winter hard upon us, remember the best way to help our neighbors abroad is through CARE. The season's greetings to all.

—J. B. D.

# Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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**Gertrude Wilkinson**, Home Editor; **Eileen Burke**, Shopping Editor
**Ruth Kupferer**, Non-fiction; **Elizabeth Wilson**, West Coast Editor
**Beulah Karney**, Food Editor; **Otto Kurth**, Art Associate
**Ed Cunningham**, Roving Editor; **James A. Giammo**, Production Manager
**Ruth Brown**, Editorial Make-up; **Maude J. Tait**, Research
**Joan Gillen**, **Elnora Hekking**, **Patricia A. Steiner**, Editorial Assistants

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Color photo by L. Willinger from Shostal

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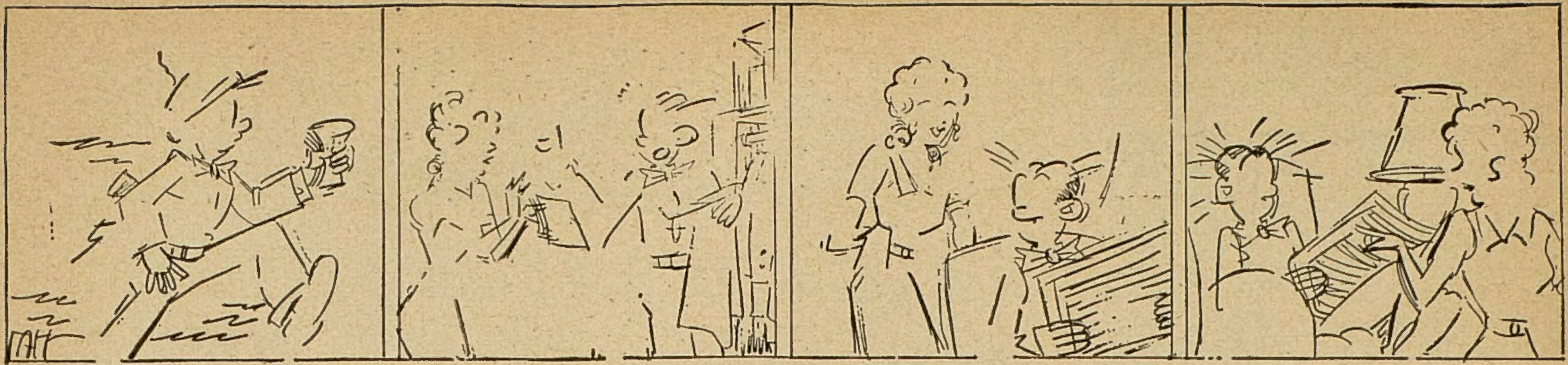
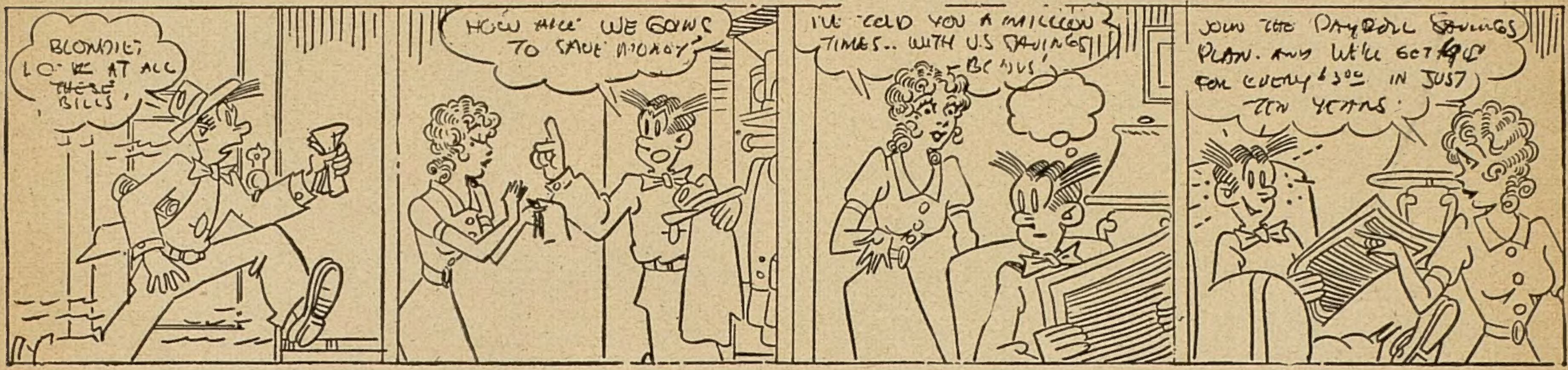
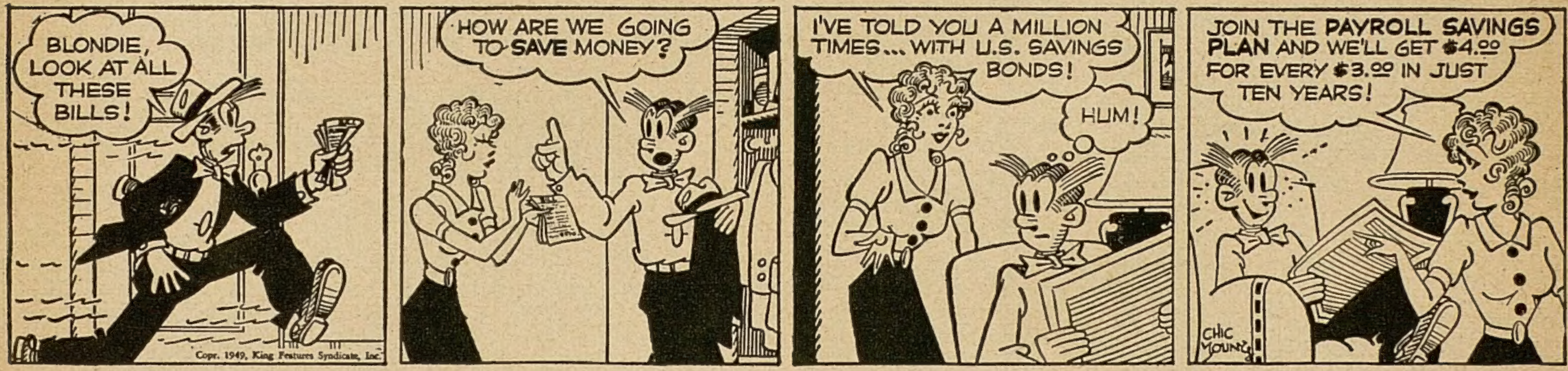


This is how Chic Young, the cartoonist, makes a first rough sketch for the famous strip.


BLONDIE! LOOK AT ALL THESE BILLS!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO SAVE MONEY?
I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES.. WITH U.S SAVINGS BONDS!
JOIN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN AND WE'LL GET $4.00 FOR EVERY $3.00 IN JUST TEN YEARS!

Then when each panel in a strip meets his approval, he makes a careful pencil rendering as above.


BLONDIE, LOOK AT ALL THESE BILLS!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO SAVE MONEY?
I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES... WITH U.S. SAVINGS BONDS!
HUM!
JOIN THE PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN AND WE'LL GET $4.00 FOR EVERY $3.00 IN JUST TEN YEARS!
Copr. 1949, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
CHIC YOUNG

After this, the pencil rendering is carefully inked in, as you see here.

# STEP BY STEP...

## that's the way it's done successfully!

As you can see, Chic Young, who draws the popular "Blondie" comic strip, goes through many steps to arrive at a finished cartoon.

And, cartoonist Chic Young, together with millions of other smart Americans, will tell you that the step-by-step method is the easiest, surest way of doing anything worth while.

Particularly, saving money.

One of the easiest and surest ways to set aside any worth while amount of money is to buy United States Savings Bonds the step-by-step method—

So set aside a *regular* amount week after week, month after month, year after year. Then in 10 short years you will have a mighty nice nest egg tucked away for you and your family.

**Get started now.** Get your Bonds through Payroll Savings or at your bank or post office.

## AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*

# VOX POP

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

### Everybody's Business

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—As an individual, I would like to express my opinion concerning the article by Nanette Kutner, If Your Child Gets Polio (August). In many respects I think the article a very fine one. Any organization only 11 years old and composed largely of volunteer workers is bound to make some mistakes.

True enough, the National Foundation has experienced difficulty in securing adequate co-operation from many hospitals. Your article made it clear that much progress has been made.

As you know, a great amount of the work is done by volunteers, and you can't tell someone who is not working on a salary what he *must* do.

Miss Kutner mentioned that since the resources of the various 2,809 units are so diversified, "chances of help depend on where you are located." No matter in what vicinity a person resides, the Chapter there, even with insufficient funds, can provide full and adequate treatment to anyone stricken with polio by calling on the Epidemic Aid Fund of the National Foundation for help.

Miss Kutner mentioned one very important suggestion; namely, that if finances are low, the people of the United States should do something about it, even if it means "collecting from door to door, explaining that more money is needed." This is the American way of doing things and if we are to preserve our democracy, this is the way we must continue to handle it. I think it perfectly obvious that should the National Foundation, through lack of support, fall down in its obligation to the American people, the federal government will assume this responsibility. Once that happens, thousands of government employees and red tape will eat up the great majority of additional taxes levied upon the American people for this purpose.

The Chapters of the National Foundation receive five cents from every dime collected from the March of Dimes.

Miss Kutner left the impression that the National Foundation has warned the public to look carefully into polio insurance. I do not think the National Foundation has ever attempted to pass judgment on any insurance, nor has it in any way tried to force the American public into using doctors or hospitals of its choosing.

(*Continued on page 8*)

# DEATH IS A POLIO STATISTIC

*The Jennifer of this story couldn't be saved, but some day, with the help of your dimes, medical science will find a way to save all the Jennifers from crippling paralysis*

◆ "A four-year-old girl died of polio today, bringing this year's deaths to a total of . . ."

Thus in half an inch of newspaper type, Jennifer became another polio statistic in our worst polio epidemic year.

Behind the brief statistical recording is a story of sympathy and concern told on the top floor of a city's largest office building where Jennifer's father, a crippled artist, has a small studio.

Few people knew him well. Indeed, until this happened, few knew him at all, since on this typical floor of an office building there are many offices whose workers have merely a nodding acquaintance with one another.

But that Monday morning when Jennifer's illness became known, the news spread as quickly as though this floor were a small town and the people suddenly alive with a common human interest.

"Did you hear? The dark-haired man who limps—his child has infantile paralysis," said the girl at the coffee counter.

"Not much chance. They say it's the fatal kind," said a railroad executive with grandchildren of his own.

"He bought her a pair of roller skates just last Wednesday," said Jim the janitor. "Just last Wednesday."

The artist's partner came in with a fuller report. The doctors held out little hope. Executives and secretaries, salesmen and customers, overlooked their business and personal problems to hope or pray, according to their beliefs, for a miracle to save Jennifer.

Then it was Wednesday. The child was still alive, but sinking fast. Now there was no hope at all.

"She's an only child; they can't have any more."

"Tough for them. He's an old polio himself, you know."

"They've had a lot of hard luck."

Thursday morning the story was ended. Jennifer had died.

◆ Could she have been saved?

The question was in many minds. People were aware, as polio raged with unprecedented ferocity, that fewer children would die in this epidemic, in proportion to the number afflicted, than in previous years. Greater knowledge of the disease existed, modern care had been improved, more hospitals had opened their doors to polio patients, more physicians, nurses, and physical therapists were prepared to give expert treatment. Much of this progress had been accomplished with March of Dimes funds provided by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Through its efforts, better co-operation of professionals and volunteers rushed aid to the stricken, preventing crippling, saving lives.

It didn't save Jennifer. But some day, surely, there *will* be a way to save the Jennifers. Other great plagues have been conquered or controlled. Some day polio also will be a "preventable disease." The solution may be found by a man working today on a March of Dimes grant in a research laboratory, or by some new worker now being trained in this field.

In a way, the solution, when it is found, will be a monument to Jennifer and her lonely parents; to all the other Jennifers dead or crippled by polio; and to the strangers who become friends when polio strikes. All of us who help make possible the medical care, research, and professional training through the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis are helping to build and maintain that monument. ◆◆

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES January 16-31

# HOW THEY GET THE H IN THE H. C. of L.

*If you work for a large corporation, the chances are that the amount of your take-home pay is determined by a small but highly important government agency. Here is how that amount is figured and how much it will buy*

By MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME 5 MINUTES During the last war the federal government adopted an entirely new policy for the settlement of industrial wage disputes. Somebody had the perfectly obvious idea of basing wages—in particular the constant demands that they be increased—upon the cost of living itself. And so that celebrated device, the "Little Steel Formula," came into existence as the measuring stick: to be certain that wages were high enough to meet the rising costs of living, and at the same time to be certain that they did not spiral dangerously above that level. The Little Steel Formula, to give it a brief definition, said that living costs and wages were at a reasonable balance on January 1, 1941; that all future increases in the weekly pay must be in ratio to the rise in the cost of the necessities of life.

Labor leaders asked, in effect, "But how are we going to find out how much it costs to live? Does anybody know? How can we be sure that the figures are accurate and fair?"

The administration had an answer. In the Department of Labor itself there was a special fact-finding branch, the Bureau of Labor Statistics. This Bureau was established by Congress in 1913. Ever since then it has been engaged in making an uninterrupted study of wages and job opportunities, production figures in old industries and new, housing, the migrations of the labor population, and, of course, the cost of living. Surely, said the administration, this was the obvious agency to call upon for the new and highly critical facts about the cost of living.

The labor leaders were willing to give it a try. And so from this beginning has grown the immensely important and sometimes controversial report of the Bureau, which they call the Monthly Consumers' Price Index—that analysis of the actual cost of living which is the key to every demand for increased wages in industry.

Let us see, first of all, exactly how the Bureau goes about the preparation of its Index:

The whole country is divided into eight departments, or regional offices, each headed by a thoroughly trained price economist who got his job through competitive examination. He is an expert in retail pricing, and he is also a trained statistician. He has under him a crew of field representatives, a staff which varies in size according to the population of the various regions. Some of these field representatives specialize in gathering price data on commodities: clothing, textiles, electrical appliances, and household goods of various sorts. Other field representatives specialize in food and rents.

Day in and day out these agents go through retail stores all over the land, finding out just what the public must pay—cash over the counter or on credit—for the necessities of life. Naturally they are interested in the cost of such things to the industrial wage earner rather than to the well-to-do citizen, and so their inquiries are based upon the probable cost of everything to the city family of moderate income—from $1,500 to about $3,500 a year.

To find out about food prices the agent visits those urban stores which would be patronized by an ordinarily thrifty housewife. In dozens of stores in each of 34 key cities they price at frequent intervals 67 distinct items of food.

The price of each item is noted in the agent's book, and then he examines the item for quality. These agents pricing food are trained to give special notation to prices which result either from bargain sales or temporary shortages in the market, so that true averages will not be affected by unusual conditions of the moment.

To learn the true retail cost to the consumer of the various commodities which he must buy in addition to food is a somewhat more difficult job for the Bureau's investigators, for in this case quality and durability are just as important as price. One $30 dress may be altogether inferior to another $30 dress in material, workmanship, and styling. Rugs and furniture, yard goods and cooking utensils, vacuum cleaners and shoes have an almost infinite range of quality and value for the dollar.

Now, the field agents of the BLS do not run a crusade to keep us from being cheated. But in learning the cost of living they must know the true worth of the goods we buy. For example, if a boy pays five dollars for a pair of shoes made well enough to last him a year, then his annual shoe bill is five dollars. If he pays the same price for a shoe that will last only six months, then he has to have two pairs a year, and his annual shoe bill is ten dollars. The same thing holds true, of course, for everything we buy.

In addition to these continuous surveys of the cost of food, rent, and goods, the field representatives also check the cost and quality of the services that we require: medical and dental care, laundry and dry cleaning, beauty and barbershop services, tobacco, gasoline, newspapers and movies.

Every fact that the field representatives learn in their daily rounds of price-shopping winds up in a monthly report to the Bureau's main office in Washington. And once a month they are announced from Washington in the form of a single number containing four figures—the highly crucial Consumers' Price Index.

The Bureau makes no announcement at all concerning the dollars-and-cents cost of living in America. It simply gives us the *degree of change* in that cost since January 1, 1941, the so-called Wage Base date.

An arbitrary figure, or value, of 100 is given to the basic cost of living as of that Base date. Variations in the cost of living since then are expressed as variations upon the figure 100. A recent report looks like this:

| | *All Items* |
|---|---|
| Sept., 1949 | 169.6 |
| June, 1949 | 169.6 |
| Aug., 1948 | 174.5 |
| Aug., 1945 | 129.3 |
| Jan. 1, 1941 | 100 |

Thus it is easy to see that the cost of living in the United States has increased by nearly 70 per cent since New Year's Day, 1941. Let us say that on that day a small family found that a budget of $100 would be enough to purchase all the necessities of life—rent and food and clothing and the rest—for a month. Nowadays the identical family would have to set aside $169.6 to purchase the identical items. ◆ ◆

# VOX POP

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 6*)

I hope you will construe this as constructive criticism, for that is how it is intended.—*H. Pat Russell, Chairman, Jefferson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.*

### Have Another Cup!

De Kalb, Ill.—Am I irate, irked, irritated? You just bet. I went home for lunch, found the November issue of Liberty, sharpened my pencils and moved my coffee cup for convenience, and prepared to work the crossword puzzle. NO PUZZLE! I can cook and, if I wish, can look up things in my cookbook; don't care about movie previews—my views always differ; the reading material is good and the articles interesting; but that CROSSWORD PUZZLE! It gave me more pleasure than any two mags I take. Am I mad? You bet.—*Mrs. G. A. Knaak.*

### Tantalizing Teddy

Washington, Va.—
Oh, Liberty! Oh, Liberty!
What has happened to your brain?
You put your life in jeopardy
When you left out Teddy Shane.
Though Teddy is a much damned
Yank,
Who only comes South to guzzle,
We will gladly fill his brandy
tank
In exchange for his Cockeyed
Puzzle.
So please continue Mr. Shane,
Whose puzzles are astigmatic.
His absence leaves a stagnant
brain
That in the past was acrobatic.
—*D. Lyle Miller.*

### The Fluorspar's Ready

Wallace, Idaho—I enjoyed Liberty's article, Watch Out for This Stuff! (October). However, I am inclined to question the statement ". . . with the steel industry gobbling great quantities and new uses for fluorine being added every day, we need still more."

We hold interests in a fluorspar property located near Superior, Montana. Ten cars of this ore were shipped directly to steel companies. We had to close down because

(*Continued on page 10*)

# Liberty shops

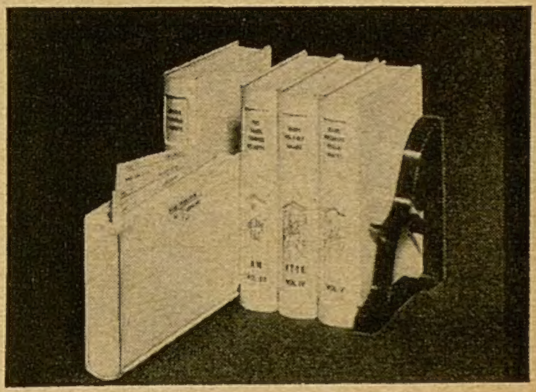
*If you're just beginning to contemplate that Christmas gift list seriously, shop by mail through these columns, and avoid that last-day pandemonium in crowded stores. There's still time if you act now*

By EILEEN BURKE

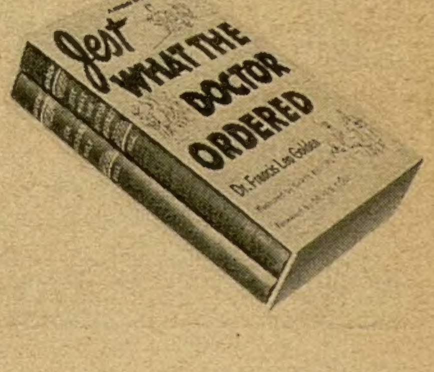
**Easy-do hobby** with colorful results. To acquire a reputation for talent in turning out hand-painted gifts, order this Homecrafts stencil kit. The paints take to any fabric; will withstand laundering if the fabric does. Kit contains 6 ready-cut stencils, 4 colors of paint, brush, cloth suitable for bridge set and 4 napkins, and instructions. Homecrafts, 799 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.; $2.25 ppd.

Decorate it Yourself!
HAND-STENCIL
TEXTILE SET

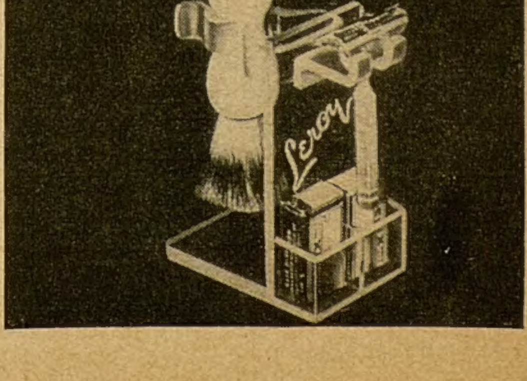
**Recipe collectors**—the systematic kind and the ones with clippings tucked away in odd nooks—will appreciate a Chef-An-Ette file. With white-enameled steel "books" and black ends, it's the only file we know that keeps recipes in order without an index. Comes with 56 recipes; there's room for 500. Terry's Origin-ettes, Dept. L-1, 3 Napoleon St., Valparaiso, Ind.; $3.25; 7-book file, $3.75; ppd.

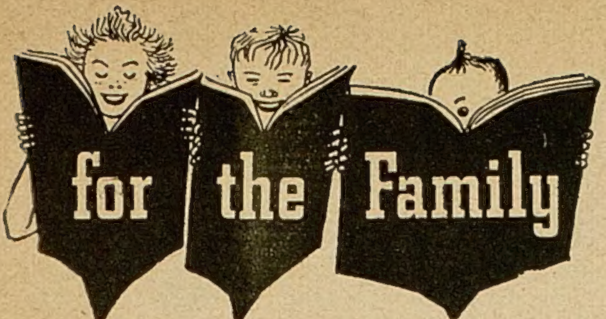


**Give laughter** to your friends and relatives this Christmas—laughter in the shape of this smartly boxed gift set of 2 best-selling books: For Doctors Only, and Jest What the Doctor Ordered. Both are hilarious collections of rollicking stories and anecdotes bound to tickle almost anyone's sense of humor. Frederick Fell, Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; $5.95 a set, boxed; $2.95 each; ppd.

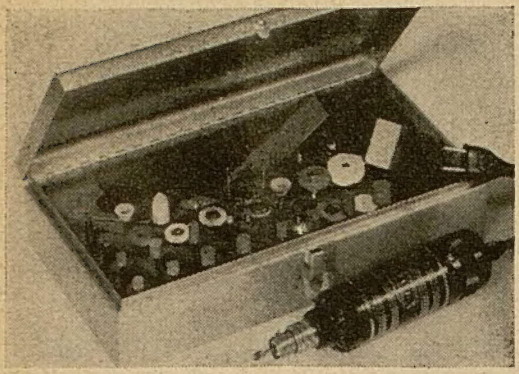


**A thoughtful gift** for men—this Lucite combination safety razor-shaving brush-blade holder. The crystal-clear rack preserves both temper and order by storing all the shaving paraphernalia in one convenient spot. Measures about 5 by 3 by 4 inches. Personalize it with the name of your favorite shaver. Crown Craft Products, 246 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; with name, $1.98; without, $1.69; ppd.



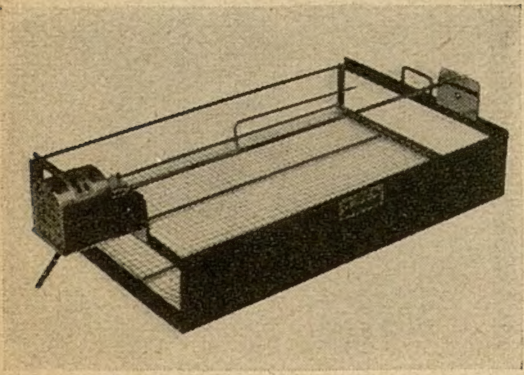


# for the Family

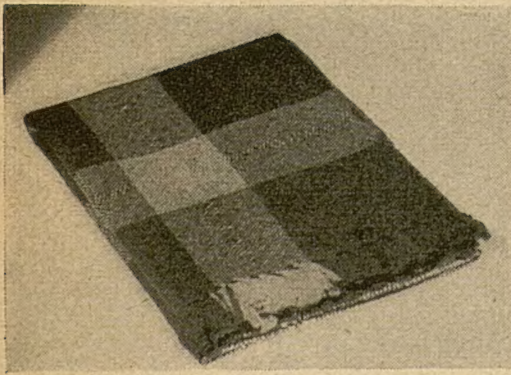


**If he's really serious** about his home workshop, set him up in business with a Handee tool kit. There'll be pleasant and profitable hours ahead as he grinds, drills, polishes, engraves, sands, or does any of the many other jobs possible with this small power tool and 51 accessories, all fitted into a steel case. Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co., 1101 W. Monroe St., Dept. L, Chicago, Ill.; $24.95 ppd.

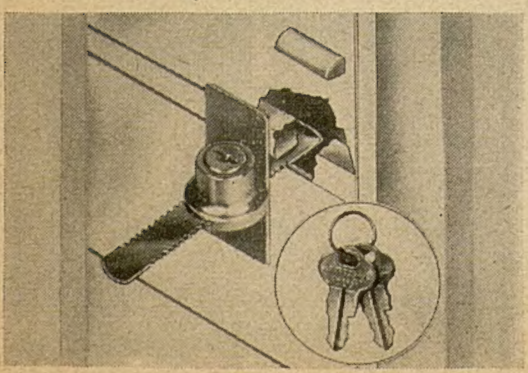
**Vest-pocket "eyes,"** smaller than a pack of cigarettes, for the theatergoer or sports fan among your friends. The powerful binoculars, made with light-weight metal bodies and a coated optic system, adjust to individual eye widths. Moisture- and dust-proof in the leather carrying case. United Products Co., 7941 S. Halsted St., Chicago 20, Ill.; $19.50 plus 20% federal tax, ppd. Add $1 for air mail.



**Sunday night show-offs,** as well as the three-a-day cooks who like to vary the routine, ought to have a Dixie fireplace grill. It fits into a fireplace for year-round barbecues, and is also ideal for picnics or back-yard cook-outs. Maroon enamel, with removable chrome-plated grill and a cooking surface 18 by 24 inches. Southern Barbeque-Grill Co., Box 427, Manhattan Beach, Calif.; $14.95 ppd.



**A delightful gift** for anyone from new baby to new grandmother—a hand-loomed, light-weight throw, distributed by St. Marys. Snagproof and preshrunk, it's all wool; measures 54 by 72 inches, plus fringe. In 12 solid colors, including pastels, gray, chartreuse, and burgundy; also 12 plaids—red, black, gray, blue, green, or brown. Three Weavers, 1206 Brooks St., Houston 9, Texas; $14.95 ppd.



**Positive protection** for your valuables and private papers if you have a Wonder Lock on doors and drawers of desks, file cabinets and such. The notched ratchet bar, 4¼ inches long, can be installed without tools. Then a lock slides over the bar, and a two-sided key doubles your safety. It can be removed in an instant. Rustproof. Wonder Lock Co., 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.; $2.50 ppd.

Whistl'n Pig

**BARBECUE SAUCE**

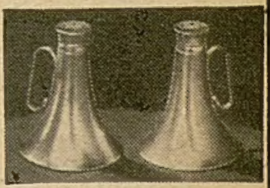
Gives that delicious barbecue flavor to your roasts, hamburger, steaks . . . any kind of meat. A tempting, tantalizing new taste that adds zest to everyday meals. Order your Whistl'n Pig Barbecue Sauce right now,
8 Oz. . . . . . . . . $1.00 ppd.

**. . . and CHARCOSALT**

This new seasoning imparts a delightful "outdoor flavor" to your kitchen-cooked meats. Sprinkle Charcosalt on any meat before cooking . . . you'll relish its distinctive charcoal-broiled flavor. Use Charcosalt when cooking indoors or out and savor the flavor of meat at its best. 8 Oz. . . . . . $1.50 ppd.

**WHISTL'N PIG**
**PORTLAND 5, OREGON**
*Nationally famous for Glorified Ham 'n Eggs*
*"From Pan to Mouth"*

**SAFETY FIRST** for a hot iron! Just slip your iron (any size or type) into this space holder, wrap the cord behind it and forget about it! Easily attached to any door, wall or your own ironing board. It's a perfect storage rack, keeps the iron convenient, and prevents accidents. Made of chrome plated heavy gauge steel. Screws provided. Only **$1.00** ppd.



**BLOW YOURSELF**
or somebody you like to these delightful Trumpet Salt & Pepper Shakers. They're polished brass—with non-corrosive silvery tops—and glass liners that come out for easy washing. *Boxed.*
Only **$1.00** ppd.

*Sorry No C.O.D.'s*
*Send for Free Gift Folder*

**CARLA JILL STUDIOS**
"headquarters of the unusual"
Dept. L Northport, New York

BE A PROFESSIONAL

LEARN HOW TO

DRAMATIZE YOUR MEALS

With Secret Skills of Famous Chefs

FEBRUARY HOME SECTION

**LIBERTY MAGAZINE**

# VOX POP

### THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 8*)

we were unable to find a market for the ore. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is unable to help us in a field warehousing program because they are not certain a market can be established for the eventual sale of the spar. Consumers refuse to place advance orders, although the fluorspar has proved to be a very satisfactory product.

Unquestionably there will some day be an enormous demand for fluorspar, but experience has taught us that day might be quite a way off.—*Jim E. Scott.*

## % # & . . . Oops!

CLINTON, IND.—d!!! ** -- ??? -- !!!!-- ** !!!! --???? --!!!! -- ???-- !! The nerve of you!!!!--!!!! the very idea!!!! *Where* is the that Cockeyed Puzzle!!!?—WHERE?—*Mrs. J. W. Reeder.*

## Crazy Like a Hairbrush?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Maybe I am the only bride who discovered one or two things about her husband she hadn't suspected—or are the rest of you gals just not telling? Anyhow, this handsome, good-natured prize that I captured is simply wonderful, only he says a man must be the boss of the house and a girl is improved by a good sound spanking at least once a year. And he gave me mine with a hairbrush. He says it did me so much good that he's going to make a New Year's resolution to keep up the idea. I'm wondering if he's crazy.—*Mrs. R. C. L.*

## Busting Bertas' Budget

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—May I tell you why I couldn't resist writing and telling you my reaction to A Budget That Really Works (November).

First, why hold up the Bertas as an average family? How many of us have a Santa Claus in the form of a parent who will give us a house of our own for free?

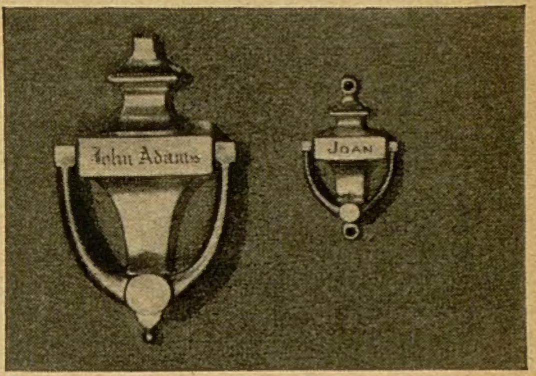
There are three in the Berta family who have to have haircuts. In Rock Island, haircuts cost a dollar apiece. We figure barbers are people and have families and have to meet high living costs the same as we.

(*Continued on page 11*)

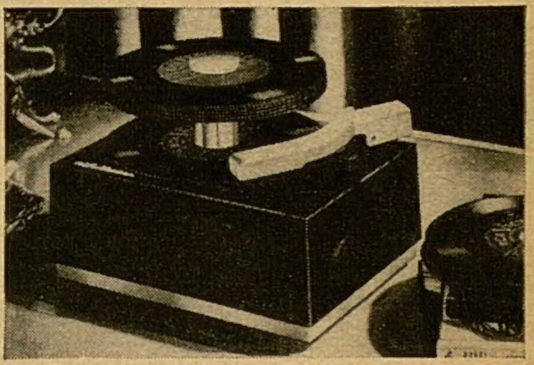
## Liberty shops

**Charm your friends** with this unusual "conversation piece" jewelry. Each sterling-silver horoscope charm bears a miniature sign of the zodiac hand-crafted with care. Be sure to indicate birth date of the lucky recipient—or how about yourself? Carla Jill Studios, Northport, L. I., N. Y.; stickpin, $3; earrings, $4.80; charm on a chain, $3; charm alone, $2.40; set of first 3 pieces, $10 ppd.

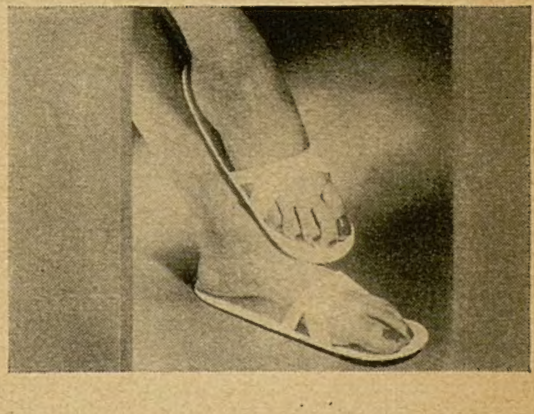
**For the lucky families** with new homes, door knockers are a thoughtful gift. They're even more thoughtful when individualized with name hand-engraved in Old English letters. The knockers are brass, 6½ inches high. A smaller version with one name, in block letters, is ideal for apartments. Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; $4.20 and $1.95; without name, $2.90 and $1.35; ppd.



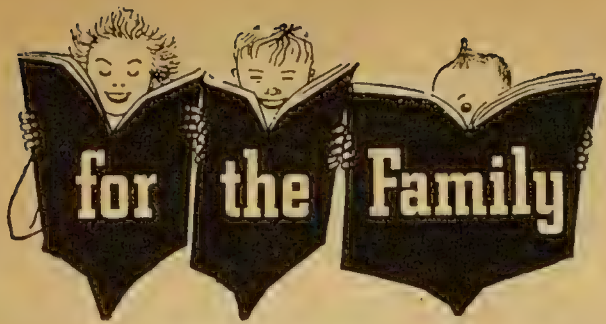
**If you've longed** to enjoy the new 45-rpm records but hesitated to toss out your present phonograph, RCA has an inexpensive record-playing attachment to plug into your old player. Completely automatic, it plays 10 records for more than 50 minutes of uninterrupted music. Compact size for handy storage. RCA Victor, 36 W. 49th St., New York, N. Y. (or see your local RCA dealer); $12.95 ppd.

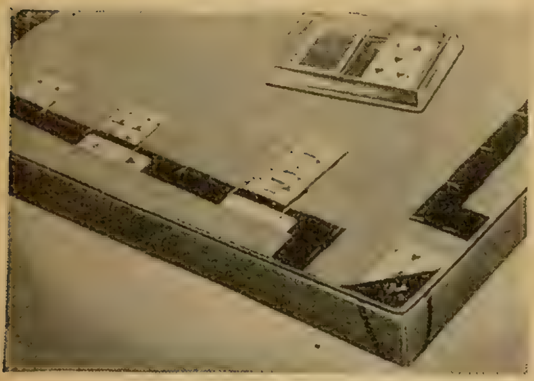


**Plastics underfoot.** Strappers are an Americanized version of a coolie slipper, curved to stay on the foot with only a single strap. All plastic, they roll up in a ball for packing, but you'll probably be slipping in and out of them daily at home. In a plastic traveling bag; small, medium, or large sizes; yellow, green, blue, or white. Trylyn Mfg. Co., 57 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.; $1.50 a pair ppd.



**Really keen**—that's what blades will be when sharpened with a Velvege. It's thriftily and scientifically designed to prolong the life of blades and give a more comfortable shave. Just settle the blade on the upright pegs, close the case, and stroke handle back and forth a few times to draw the blade over honing surface. Drug and department stores; de luxe model in a plastic case, $1; standard, 59¢.

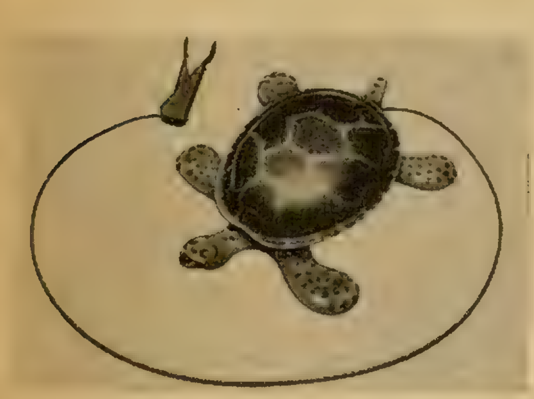




**To be in step** this winter, play Canasta. Here's the equipment for a snappy game: Canastop, a suède cover with pockets for completed canastas and elusive red 3s, in black and rust or black and green; 2 decks of cards; a Lucite tray for the draw and discard piles; and score pads. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., New York, N. Y.; Canastop, $3.95; cards, $2.35; tray, $2.50; pads, 6 for $1.50; ppd.

**Readers-in-bed** and invalids and convalescents will be delighted with this soft warm bedjacket. Since it's designed with no back to crumple under you, and no fasteners, it's universally comfortable. Nicely tailored, Relaxinjak slips on or off in a second. Comes in suèded rayon jersey in small, medium, or large sizes. Colors are wine, navy, beige, white. Sue-Don, 2733 W. 41st Ave., Denver, Colo.; $5.15 ppd.

**Play a lively game** of shuffleboard without spending time or money on a southern cruise. Set includes 4 pushers, 8 disks, and diagram stencil to aid in laying out a permanent or temporary court on attic or basement floor or in driveway. The disks and pushers are robust plastic in a red, blue, and yellow finish which won't peel. Lennor, 3246 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.; $6.95 ppd.



**A Mobo Toy-Toise** will lead your child into lots of fun. By just pressing the grip at the end of the control wire, he can steer the tortoise across the floor, out the door, and around the yard. There's nothing to wind and no clockwork to fiddle with. Collisions don't damage his steel shell. Bright red and yellow, 11 by 8 by 3 inches. F. A. O. Schwarz. 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.; $3.25 ppd.

**Versatile gifts** are always popular. Example: a 5½-inch plate with gadroon border, in copper or chrome finish, plus a glass dish and chrome-plated spoon. Use it to serve jam, sauces, candy. Lancaster's, 29 Lancaster Ave., Maplewood, N. J.; $2 ppd.

*Satisfaction guaranteed on any item purchased by mail through these columns, or your money will be refunded. Most of these firms prefer not to handle C.O.D.s. Prices subject to change.*

# VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

*(Continued from page 10)*

And sixty dollars a year for recreation for a family of seven gives a dollar and fifteen cents a week. Divide this by seven and what have you?

I also have chickens, ten hens and 15 fryer size. With the high cost of feed I'll just about break even. I raised them so I could be sure the eggs we eat are really fresh and our frying-size chickens tender. There is no profit in raising chickens in anyone's city back yard.—*Mrs. Sabina Smith.*

## We're Out Climbing Trees

AMARILLO, TEXAS—
WHERE
THE
HELL
IS
THE
COCKEYED CROSSWORD PUZZLE?

If Shane is too lazy to concoct them any more, I'll turn some in myself, and then you'll be sorry and your readers will be sorry.

What is it that growls like a bear, gnashes teeth like a worn-out differential, and threatens to sue Liberty editors? Me, that's who.—*J. Z. Alden.*

## Aw, We Were Teasing

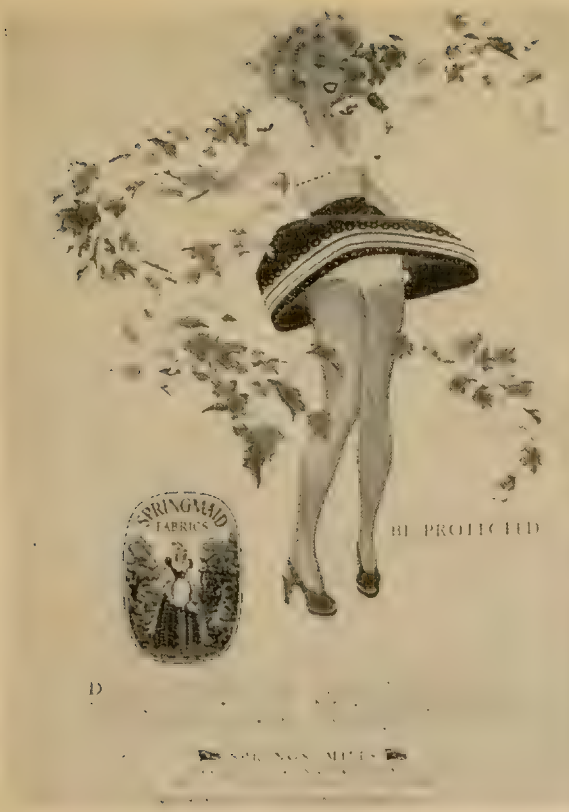
PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—We are two of your most meticulous readers, and today we are broadcasting from station AWM (Are We Mad). We hope you're tuned in, because we're holding a special "Sessions" to ask you what you mean by omitting our favorite Cockeyed Crosswords.

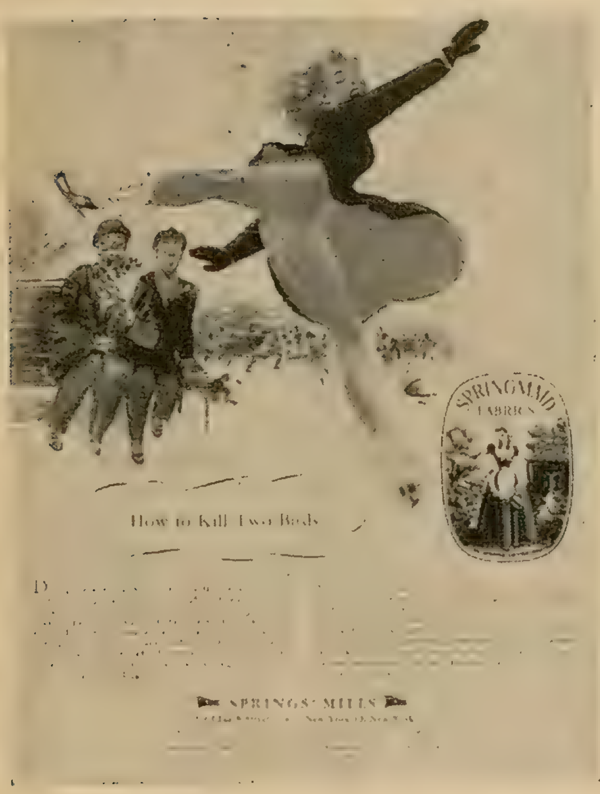
When we got the November issue, we each got a long sharp pencil, took two sticks of Wrigley apiece, and turned page by page, and it wasn't there! Is Ted Shane ill, or is he by chance off on a "good-will" tour to Rooshia? Anyway, Liberty is going to lose our good will if it doesn't get Ted Shane back on the job but quick.—*Dora Sessions Lee, Wilma Sessions.*

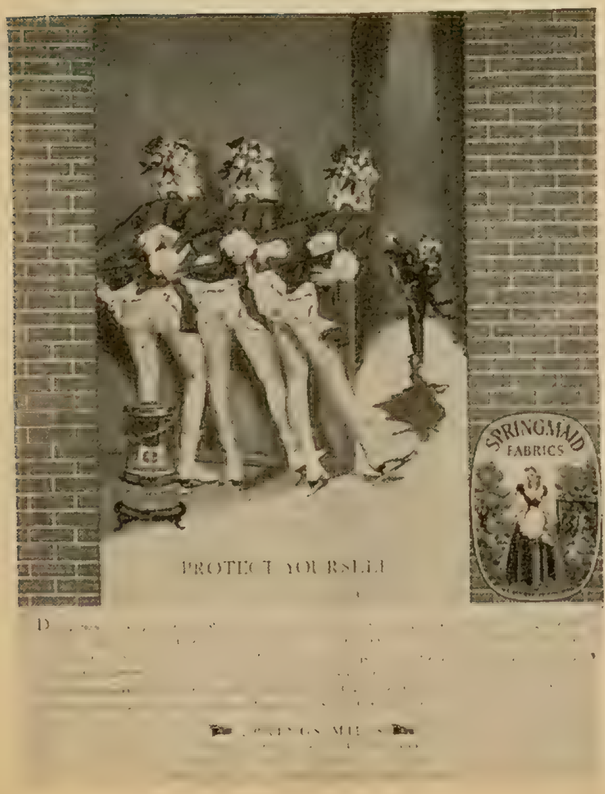
# IDEAS STILL PAY OFF

*By HILLIARD H. WOLFE*

***Cotton-mill executive, refusing to play "follow the leader," blazes successful new trail in advertising***







◆ Comrade Stalin and his cohorts to the contrary, the United States is still the land of opportunity—the land where a man willing to think independently, to blaze a new trail, to stop playing "follow the leader" can gather in the rewards.

While most success stories deal with the struggles of a poor man to gain riches, there has just recently been concluded a success story with a different twist—that of a man already possessed of an ample share of worldly goods who refused to follow hackneyed formulas or let others do his thinking for him.

About two years ago Elliott White Springs, president of the world's largest cotton mills under one roof, wanted to get his company's trade-mark well and quickly known to the retail buying public. Advertising experts and agencies failed over a period of months to show Colonel Springs any campaign which he thought would turn the trick.

Late in 1947 an enterprising magazine space salesman came up with three pieces of art that set the campaign in motion. One picture, by Fritz Willis, showed a beautiful blonde and some autumn leaves, the wind whipping her skirt about her thighs. Another, by Simms Campbell, pictured a girl in full skating costume doing a figure eight. The third scene, by Frederick Smith, showed three girls in skating costumes behind the curtain at an ice show, waiting their turn and warming themselves by an oilstove. All three pieces of art had been used before editorially in a well-known magazine.

Under a "Be Protected" caption, President Springs wrote some snappy copy for the Willis art, which introduced new terminology to the world of advertising. Readers of the ad, which first appeared in May, 1948, were surprised to learn that Springmaid fabric "is now available to the false bottom and bust bucket business, and if you want protection from a sudden draft on a windy corner, look for the Springmaid label on the bottom of your trade-mark."

Competitors in the industry, related manufacturers, advertising agencies, magazines—all were drawn into the ensuing excitement. Elliott Springs was even accused of endangering the good will certain advertisers had spent years building up. Undisturbed, the textile genius used the Smith art to feature a fabric "available to the ham hamper and lung lifter business."

And then the deluge. Many guardians of public morals attempted to find something indecent in the ads. (You don't think they're indecent, do you?) Several publications hailed the ads as vulgar, obscene, and in bad taste; and it looked as if Elliott Springs and the Springs Cotton Mills would have to withdraw with a red face.

Then the marines came over the hill as letters began pouring in from all over the world, praising the ads and damning their detractors. Most important, they demanded more ads of the same type. Two full-time secretaries had to be assigned to handle the avalanche of mail the ads produced, and they are still busy today, 18 months later.

◆ And so the battle was won. His ads now accepted by the majority of consumer magazines, Elliott Springs went back to his first love, that of running his vast textile empire, and turned the advertising over to his agency and advertising manager.

Almost daily, corporation executives write to him for advice on how to run an advertising campaign, and he is invited to crown beauty queens and speak before well-known organizations all over the country.

So far, Elliott Springs has received over 50,000 letters as a result of his Springmaid advertising campaign. Springs' fans want everything from autographed reprints of his ads to copies of his many books written about World War I.

Colonel Springs' victory was made even sweeter when his ad of the three girls before the oilstove was selected as one of the best national ads of 1948. ◆ ◆

# WASHINGTON

By STACY V. JONES

**BUSINESS CENSUS** Soon you'll be able to get an over-all picture of the changes that have taken place since 1939 in retail and wholesale trade, the service trades, the amusement industry, and the hotel business. The government is finishing its 1948 Census of Business, and the first reports should be available soon.

For the business man who has something to sell, the information is invaluable. Suppose he manufactures hair tonics: The Census Bureau will eventually be able to tell him the number of barbershops (they're a service trade) in his territory by state, county, and city, with the number of their employees, their payrolls, their sales, their inventories, their credit practices, and other information. Detailed information will probably not be out until late spring or summer.

For the average citizen the census will show the growth of the supermarket, both chain and local, the change from family butcher-shop to self-service meat market. Census officials guess that the count will be about 1,800,000 retail stores, 700,000 service establishments, and 250,000 wholesalers.

It will also show the growth of suburban shopping. On request, and for the cost of running off the cards on business machines, the Census Bureau will break down its data by *parts* of cities, to indicate what enterprises are moving out from the crowded centers where parking is so difficult. This breakdown is only practicable for cities of 100,000 and over.

One thing that slows up the detailed reports is the rule that information on any one business is secret. Nothing can be published that will reveal directly or through calculation the facts about a single concern. If there's only one hardware store in a town, therefore, hardware won't be tabulated separately for that town.

The 1948 Census of Business, the first since 1939, was begun in the field last May by a staff which reached 6,000 at the peak. The country was divided into 36,000 enumeration districts, each enumerator handling a number of them. In all, about 7,000,000 business-machine cards will be used in the tabulations.

The current census is to show where people buy; the 1950 Census of Population will show where they live. In 1950 also there will be surveys of housing and agriculture. The next Census of Governments will be for 1952, and the next count both for manufacture and business will cover 1953.

The reports to be issued on business will make a pile four feet high, and obviously nobody will need them all. Write the Bureau of Census, Washington 25, D. C., describing specifically what you want as to territory and type of information—such as the ratio of inventory to sales for women's dress shops in Pennsylvania, or the number of gasoline station employees in Pacific County, Washington. Usually a single copy of a report will be free, but if there is a charge, the Census Bureau will tell you the price and refer you to the Government Printing Office.

**CLAIMS AGAINST UNCLE SAM** If you have a damage claim against the United States, you can now sue the government in federal district court. In this class (the lawyers call them "torts") are the cases of the woman who slips and falls on a soapy post-office floor, and of the farmer whose melons disappear from a field next to an Army camp.

For personal or property damage incurred before January 1, 1945, you need a special act of Congress. Until the Reorganization Act of 1946 was passed, this procedure was necessary for all damage claims, and some 3,000 "private bills" were introduced in each Congress. As the cost of dropping a bill into the hopper is about $60, the old system was not only tedious but costly.

A private measure is always entitled "A bill for the relief of" So-and-So.

Government departments can settle damage claims of $1,000 or less without court action. In larger claims, the U. S. attorney, with approval of the Attorney General, can make settlement even after suit in district court is begun.

It is still necessary in certain damage cases arising today to ask your congressman to introduce a bill for your relief—if you are injured, for instance, by a government truck operated by a federal employee not using it on official duty. When it comes to breach of contract, your lawyer will have to tell you whether the matter should go to the U. S. Court of Claims, to a district court, or to your congressman.

The Court of Claims, established in 1855, gets most non-tort actions. Claims before it have ranged from $1.50 to many millions. You don't have to appear before the court in Washington, as commissioners are sent out to take testimony.

Many actions against the government in federal district courts nowadays arise from veterans' insurance claims, such as disputes over beneficiaries. The first thing to do, of course, is to try to settle a case amicably through the Veterans Administration.

**DEPOSITORY LIBRARIES** The whole range of the federal government's printed output—about 15,000 publications a year, filling 150 feet of shelf space—is available at no great distance from your home. For in or near your town is one of the government's 546 depository libraries, and 125 of the largest take samples of the entire production of the Government Printing Office. The others receive the standard reference books and publications of greatest local interest.

The Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., will send you on request a list of the depository libraries.

If the depository near you doesn't have what you want, it probably has the lists of federal publications and can help you order from Washington. At any rate it should have the Congressional Directory, U. S. Government Manual, Statistical Abstracts of the United States, and the Congressional Record.

One agency, the U. S. Tariff Commission, in order to help depository and other librarians place its reports promptly on the shelves, prints a library index card in the back of each. Though the Tariff Commission's work is little known to the general public, it produces many detailed reports (on dutiable commodities and products) which are useful to the business man. It also helps out the high school and college student assigned to write about reciprocal trade agreements or ad valorem duties.

For a free list of its publications, address the Tariff Commission at Washington 25, D. C. Number 20 in its War Changes in Industry Series is a 179-page report entitled Watches, which serves as a textbook in VA vocational schools. It's 40 cents from the Superintendent of Documents. The standard source for the high-school theme is The Tariff and Its History, 30 cents.

**ADVICE FOR MEN** and for wives who help select their husbands' clothes. When examining a suit, crumple the collar and lapel. If they spring back readily into place and don't show wrinkles, they're properly interlined with high-grade canvas. This is one of the tips in a new 24-page Department of Agriculture bulletin, Buying Men's Suits, 15 cents, from the Superintendent of Documents. ◆ ◆

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VOL. 27, NO. 1. ★★★★★ Liberty ★★★★★ JANUARY 1950

# "It's a Wide-Open Market"

***"And more chances for success than ever." So says FINN MAGNUS, who has parlayed $27 into a new American industry in 25 years***

**By ED CUNNINGHAM**

READING TIME 16 MINUTES

BACK in April, 1925, a 17-year-old Norwegian immigrant, with a name right out of viking history, arrived in New York. Traveling steerage, Finn Haakon Magnus had come to America because of a starry-eyed belief in the U. S. A. as the land of opportunity. He had $27, two battered suitcases packed with spare clothes and sports trophies, and the address of his older brother in Washington, D. C.

Three days later, all he had left was his belief in America's opportunities. He was alone and almost broke, with not even a spare pair of socks.

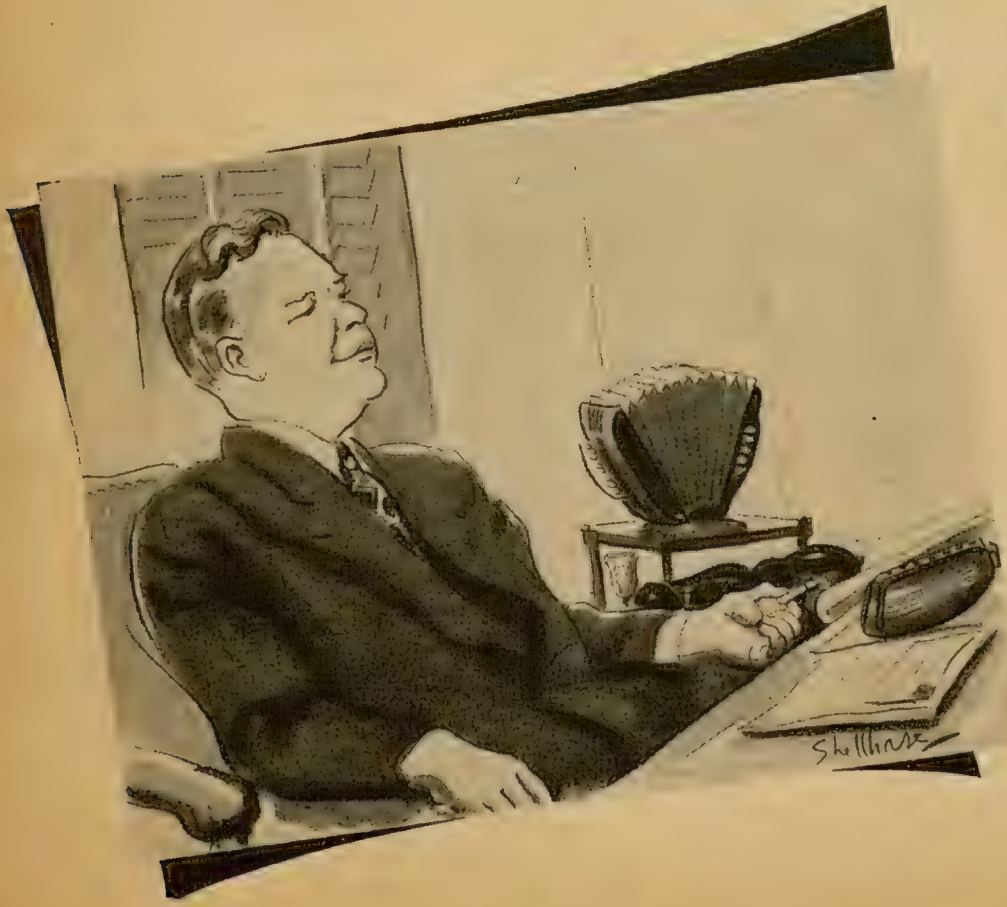
*In typical greenhorn fashion, the teen-age immigrant left his suitcases in a Brooklyn roominghouse,* then forgot the address. His brother, a U. S. marine supposedly stationed in Washington, had been shipped to Haiti. The $27 grubstake, hard hit by the futile trip to Washington, was nearly gone. Added to that, he spoke only a little English.

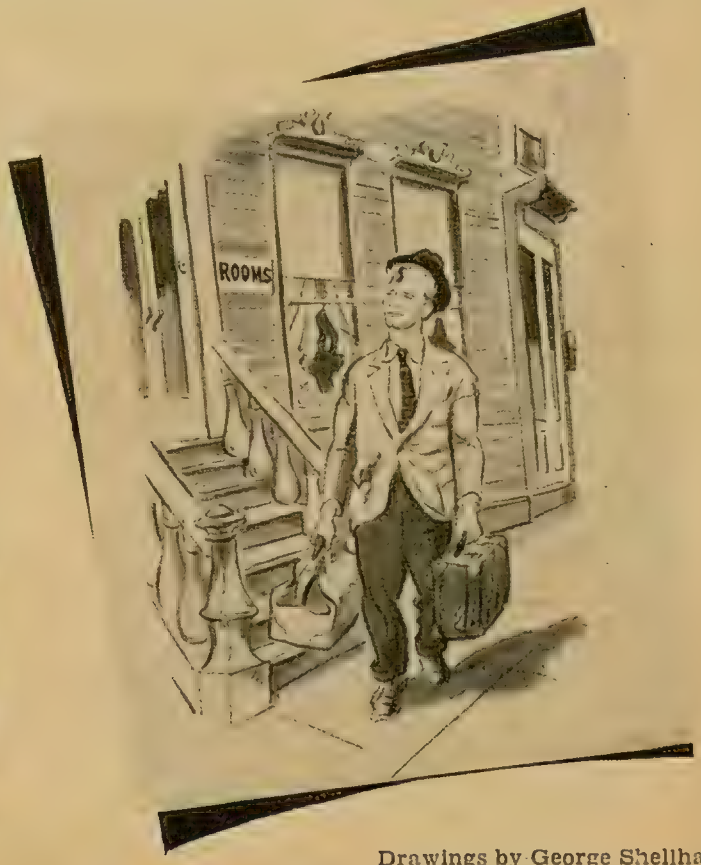
But Magnus was square-jawed and stubborn. America, for his money, was still the land of opportunity. He still thinks so, 25 years later. What's more, his own case history is conclusive evidence that American opportunity knocks just as often now as it did 20, 40, or 60 years ago.

*Now 42 years old, the Norwegian immigrant is one of the nation's foremost inventor-industrialists.* His Magnus Harmonica Corporation in Newark, New Jersey, is the world's largest producer of harmonicas. Yet the firm is scarcely five years old. Prior to its establishment early in 1945, harmonica manufacturing was virtually unknown in the United States. We imported up to 20 million mouth organs annually, the greater number from Germany and Japan.

Finn Magnus changed all that and, in so doing, created a new American industry.

The Magnus harmonica story begins in 1942. Magnus was then general manager of a Newark button plant. Starting eight years previously as a $30-a-week machine operator, he worked up to the com-





Drawings by George Shellhase

# "It's a Wide-Open Market"

*Continued*

pany's top production job. Wartime army and navy orders had boomed button-production demands. Magnus, working long hours, realized he must have some relaxation to temper the daily tensions.

Then he remembered his boyhood days in Europe, and the quiet satisfaction he found playing the harmonica. Next night he stopped in a Newark music store. "No harmonicas," the clerk told him. "We haven't had them for over a year."

It was the same story at every music store. The war cut off our imports from Germany and Japan. How about American-made mouth organs? Magnus asked. Nobody makes them in quantity here, they told him. Too expensive, too much trouble. Harmonicas are precision instruments, made in Europe and Asia by low-rate pieceworkers with painstaking technique handed down from father to son. It's cheaper to import them than to make them.

That last reason was too much for Magnus. He decided to find out why.

"I couldn't believe there was any item that the United States, with its engineering ingenuity and mass-production skills, could not make cheaper and better than any foreign manufacturer."

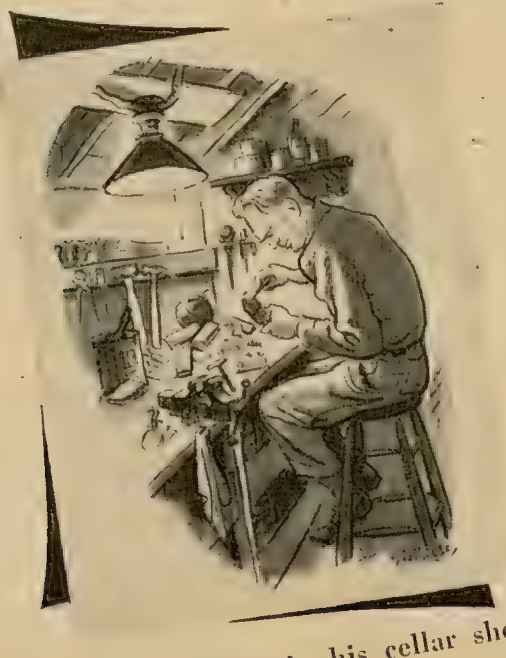
First, Magnus found the United States had only a half dozen men familiar with harmonica-making techniques. They were artisans, making expensive handmade models for professional harmonica players. They scoffed at his suggestion that harmonicas might be mass-produced, completely machine-made.

Some harmonicas have as many as 150 wood and metal parts, they told him. The reed section alone has 42 parts, with 20 that must be hand-tuned individually, filed down until the operator gets the proper pitch. The assembly process also ruled out U. S. mass-production methods; only cheap foreign labor could be used for the 100-odd assembly operations. That, the artisans said, was why Germany and Japan, before the war, had a monopoly on the close to $30 million annual harmonica sales in the United States.

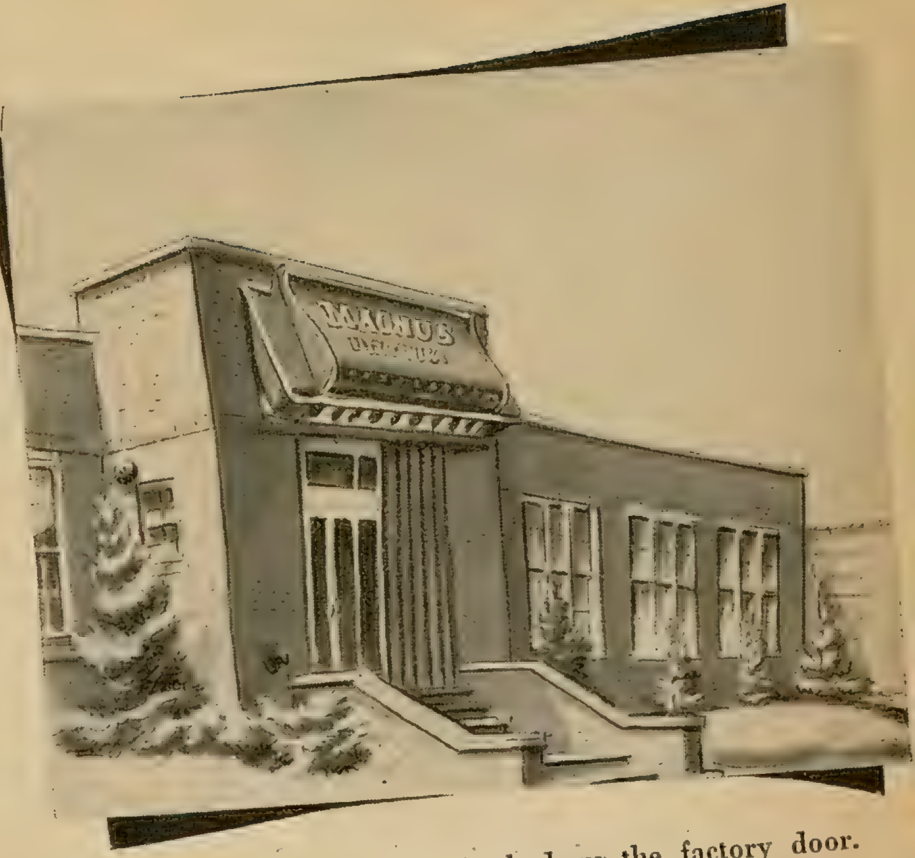
"Hohner, over in Germany, is the largest manufacturer of harmonicas in the world," they reminded Magnus. "He sells 25 million a year and they're all hand-assembled and hand-tuned. And he's been doing it that way for 90 years."

At that point, the Magnus jaw jutted out another couple of inches. Why is the old way the only way?

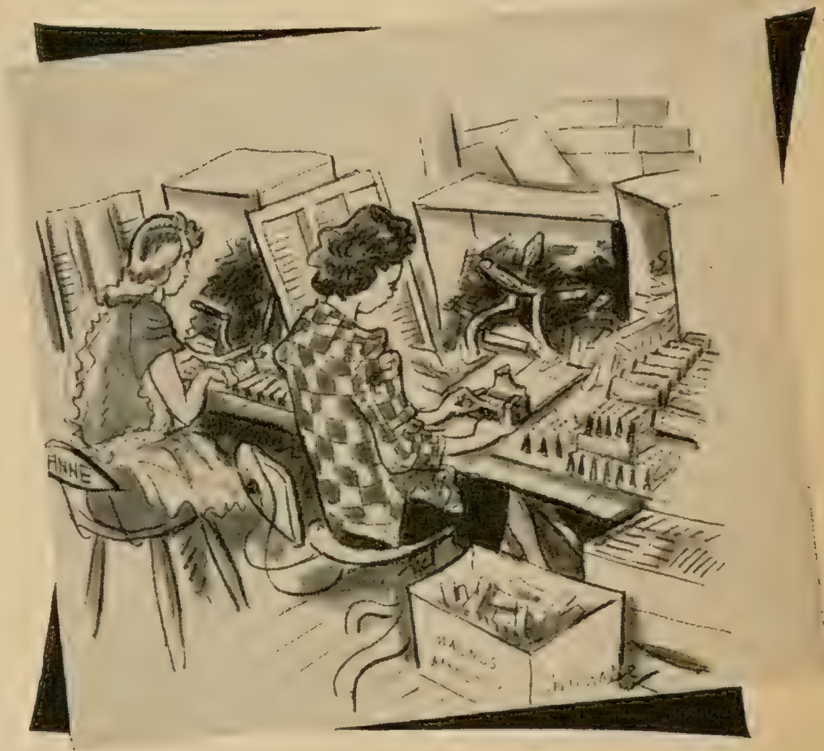
He then began experiments in the cellar workshop of his comfortable eight-room home in suburban Essex Fells, New Jersey. He borrowed a couple of old harmonicas, took them apart, pondered the production of each minute component. Why so many? Combining them would save costly assembly time. He worked on rough sketches.



Experimenting in his cellar shop.



The Magnus trade-mark shadows the factory door.

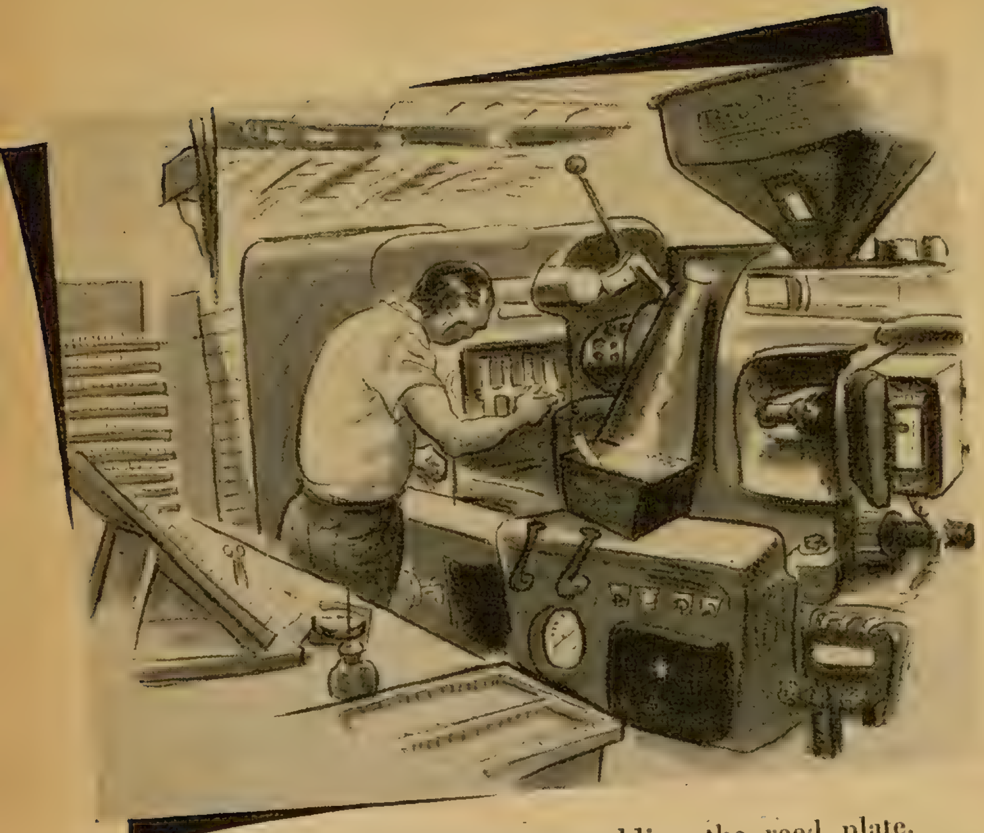


Girls assemble the parts to be welded.

Several weeks passed before he finally sifted out rough specifications for his American-made harmonica. It would be simple, no more than 10 or 12 parts, maybe less. Machine-molded, too. And those conventional century-old brass and wood parts? Maybe plastics would do the job instead. If so, why not a plastic reed plate molded in a single operation? That would eliminate the handwork method and tuning the individual reeds.

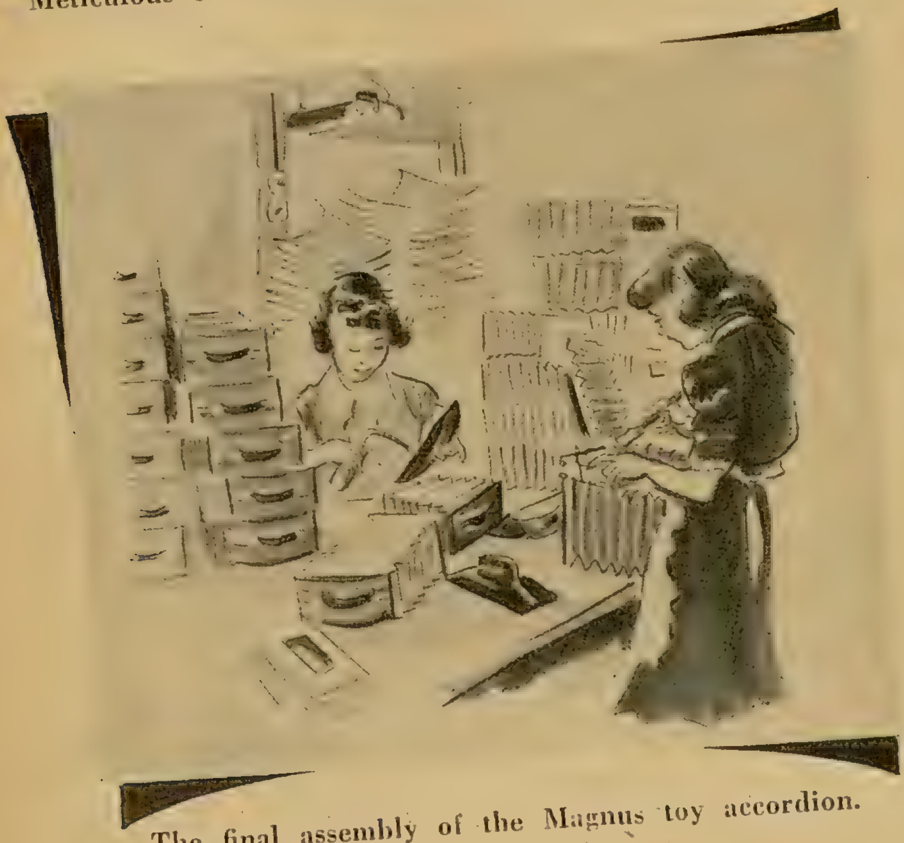
But plastics experts were skeptical. To insure a true musical note, they said, reed plates would have to be ground within a tolerance of .0001 inch, plus or minus. Nobody in plastics had ever attempted such precision work.

There has to be a first time, Magnus insisted.



Meticulous care is taken in molding the reed plate.

Magnus relaxes with weekend fishing trips.



The final assembly of the Magnus toy accordion.

Plastics is a new field. Nobody can say for sure what its precision limitations are.

Still convinced he was on the right track, Magnus went back to his workshop. Between plant duties and evening research, he was working a 20-hour day.

At the end of two years, during which he lost 20 pounds, doctors warned him of a nervous breakdown. His bank account was suffering also. The $200 originally set aside for research had mushroomed into several thousand, his life savings were almost exhausted. Business associates and friends begged him to abandon this improbable dream before it became his Frankenstein's monster.

Some nights, lying awake after another session of disheartening, inconclusive experiments, Magnus let his weary mind wander back to a blond, steel-blue-eyed boy who traded a comfortable home in Copenhagen for a crack at the New World. He had had some disappointments, too.

Washington, on a rainy April morning, and the Marine captain who said Corporal John Magnus had been shipped to Haiti two weeks before. . . . A Brooklyn roominghouse, a maze of streets, a forgotten address, and two suitcases lost forever, with that extra suit, the shirts, ties, and socks, and the silver trophy inscribed "Finn H. Magnus, junior pole vault champion, Denmark, 1922." . . . Blistered hands and an aching back, logical relics of an ex-clerk's first U. S. job—stevedore, at 50 cents an hour. . . . That cheap Brooklyn hotel as night elevator operator, an 84-hour week for $20. . . .

Silently he promised himself he'd find the correct frequency vibration for that draw reed plate. He did, too, one night in late 1944, after almost three years of grueling research. His new harmonica model, made of bakelite polystyrene, had only five plastic parts, could be assembled in 15 seconds. When injection molded, the ten reeds were an integral part of the plate, yet with each reed in perfect tune. Now mass production was possible. And America had a new *(Continued on page 50)*

# WASHINGTON'S MR. FIX-IT

*Smoothing foreign missions' contacts with Americans, from hostesses to cops, is all in the day's work for Stanley Woodward, Uncle Sam's international public-relations man*

### By STACY V. JONES

**READING TIME 8 MINUTES** Stanley Woodward hasn't had a silk hat on since before the war. The significance of this is that he is Chief of Protocol of the State Department, and therefore arbiter of Washington diplomatic proprieties. And his restraint in headgear is symbolic of a general trend toward informality and frankness in diplomacy.

The formality began to melt when the Roosevelts succeeded the Hoovers. President Hoover liked formality at the White House, but the Roosevelts were soft-collar all around, and their influence spread across the street into the State Department. Cordell Hull, as Secretary of State, did his best to unstarch procedure, and the trend hasn't changed under Secretary Dean Acheson.

Protocol has been defined as the code of international politeness. Woodward, as international public-relations man for our government in its home town, tries to make foreign missions feel at home in Washington, and to lubricate their contacts with Americans, from hostesses to cops. Part of his work is to advise the President and the Secretary of State on precedence, which is highly important in the world's most influential capital.

Although Woodward does arrange the seating at state dinners, he resents the popular impression that he spends all his time helping hostesses place people at table. Actually nine-tenths of Stanley Woodward's time is spent administering the written and unwritten laws affecting the diplomatic corps.

Woodward is a tall, slim, quiet man who looks younger than his 50 years. He is a career officer who is naturally fitted for his job by a personality without rough edges and by an "old Philadelphia" social background. He and his wife have a house in Washington's Georgetown section, and a farm near Charlottesville, Virginia, 100 miles away, to which they are glad to retreat for weekends.

◆ The protocol job is exacting. Nearly 9,000 persons live among us immune, partly or almost entirely, from our criminal and civil laws. There are in Washington alone 1,400 persons on the Diplomatic List, the little blue book issued monthly by the government which hostesses find convenient in choosing guests. And they have more than 2,000 clerks, cooks, butlers, and others of nondiplomatic rank who (unless they're Americans) are in the same protected category. In addition, about 6,000 persons connected with international organizations in New York City, Lake Success, Washington, and elsewhere are immune so far as official actions go.

The diplomatic corps has the most complete immunity. An ambassador could literally commit murder in the country to which he is accredited, and get away with it. His government would be asked to recall him, and if it didn't, he might be escorted to the boundary. So far as the records go, no such murder has (*Continued on page 52*)

Acheson and Harriman watch as Douglas becomes an ambassador.

With the ceremony over, Bruce becomes U. S. Ambassador to France.

Greece gets a new American ambassador, Henry F. Grady.

Woodward is host at this party as Mrs. Perle Mesta is sworn in.

Stanley Woodward, Chief of Protocol, is everything from official ticket fixer to oath administrator.

Photos © Harris & Ewing

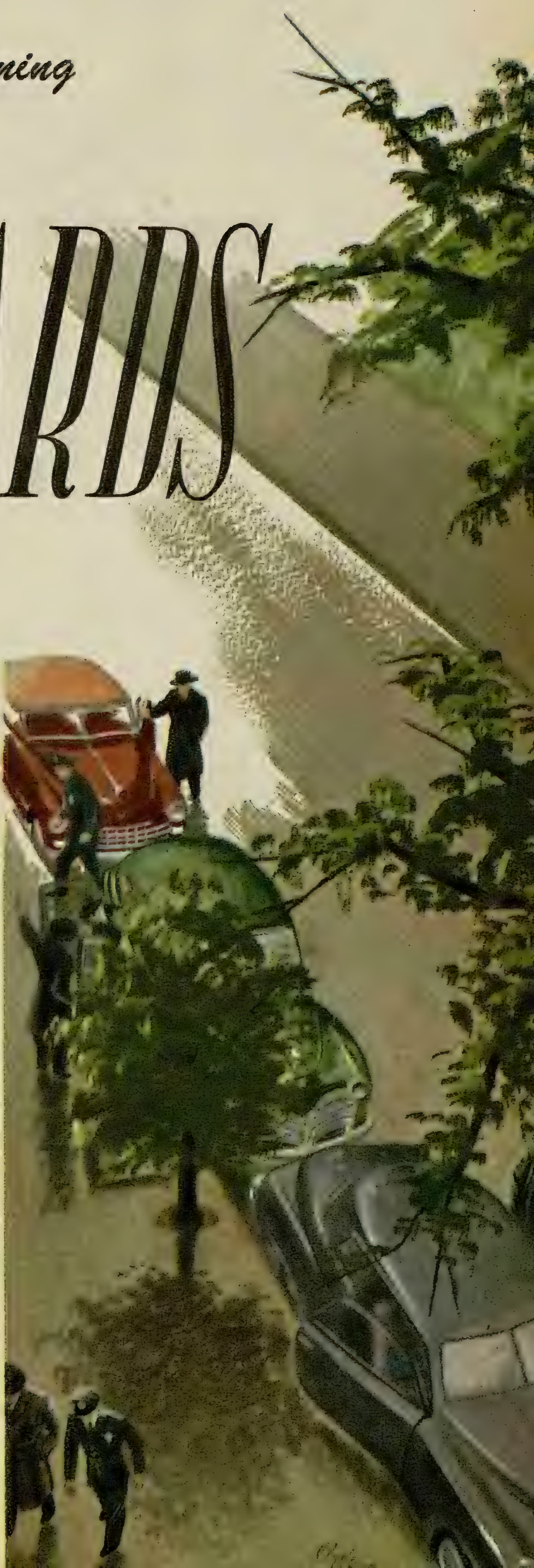
Brig. Gen. B. Davis, only Negro general in the U. S., is sworn in.

Official oath administrator Woodward welcomes a new envoy.

Woodward makes Stanton Griffis Ambassador to Poland in 1947.

*They came a little after nine o'clock. It was the beginning of the end for her*

# PALACE of CARDS



**By M. M. LAWRENCE**

Illustrated by Clyde Ross

READING TIME 36 MINUTES It was late of an Indian summer afternoon—with the pot roast steaming in the Dutch oven and Drusilla chattering with many a giggle of the tall lad who had walked her home from school—that the first gentle wind of good fortune touched the cheek of Katharine Winter. To be sure, Katharine Winter had never spent a single moment of her life brooding over anything that might really be called ill fortune.

Within the limits of the town of Maple Grove there were perhaps four hundred cottages which varied from No. 34-69 West 172d Street, the Winters', only in the color of their paint and the degree of care which had been taken with the tiny rugs of grass which lay between their front windows and the sidewalk.

The Winter home was white, with pale green trim. Its grass was smooth, full, and perfectly trimmed, and there was a border of scarlet salvia surrounding it on three sides. The lawn was Harry's department, and so, for that matter, was the garage. More than once, Katharine had stood at her kitchen window and watched Harry, more strong and handsome-looking than ever in the open-necked flannel shirt he always put on the moment he got home, as he stood dreamily in the garage doorway, picturing in each detail of polish and glitter the car which some day would roll in there and settle down.

Harry Winter worked for Tyler, Inc., which was perhaps the most important firm in Leather, Leather Goods & Leather Findings in the great city that lay across the river. He had never worked for any other *(Continued on page 76)*

# Have You Got

### By BEATRICE SCHAPPER

*The public's unfounded fear of mankind's most misunderstood disease, officially termed "only mildly contagious," often drives its victims to desperation*

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Nearly everybody knows by this time that the Hornbostels are home again. Their recent return was international news. So was their departure three and one half years ago. Why?

Mrs. Hans Hornbostel, wife of a retired army major, has leprosy. When her husband asked to be incarcerated along with her in the government hospital specializing in this disease, the nation's press, radio, and movies loosed an avalanche of romantic misinformation the Major himself termed a "melodramatic mess." Officials were bombarded with sentimental letters urging that the husband be permitted to martyrize himself in order to share his wife's "living death," exiled from the normal world. This was neither possible nor necessary.

But the case demonstrates with what deep horror leprosy is regarded. No other disease is thought to be so contagious, nor to bring such revolting physical results.

Leprosy is a disease. But it is not a horrible one. Experts declare it to be "just another germ disease," "only mildly contagious," "less so, perhaps, than any others." It is not the dread "unclean," "sin-caused" condition described in the Bible, but a chronic disease similar to tuberculosis, only not so catching. Further, leprosy is no longer so hopeless as it used to be, because there are new remedies to arrest it. Most victims may be attended to and loved like any other sick persons.

Nevertheless, today there is hardly a place in the whole civilized world that cannot be roused to mass hysteria, if not to mob violence, by discovery of a single case. People believe that a single touch, even sight of a victim, can cause the disease. When Dr. Ralph C. Matson, of the University of Oregon Medical School, and his brother Ray, then city health officer, confirmed a diagnosis of leprosy in a patient, people crossed the street to avoid the medical brothers, and they were forced out of their boardinghouse and had to sleep in the office.

Elsewhere, a sick man had to stand by helplessly while neighbors burned his house to the ground. Pursued by a sheriff's posse, a young woman was captured and rushed two-thirds of the way across the country in chains. Without getting answers to her frenzied questions, she was forced to enter an institution.

Such cruelties occur because people are still afraid of the disease. This fear is so pronounced, it has a name—"leprophobia."

Our leprophobia is more subtle than in Biblical times. But it is nonetheless cruel. Typical is the case of the lawyer, amazed to learn he had the disease and admonished about the necessity for absolute secrecy, who divorced his wife without explanation, denied his children, broke every bond of kinship and all lifetime ties with friends, moved away, and still tries, alone, to patch together some kind of life out of the heartbroken ruins. All this he did, and does, because he is afraid to bring the onus of the condition on his dear ones. He's afraid, too, he might in some way, unknown even to himself, hurt his fellow man, and so lives in a continual self-abnegating torment of guilt. One day he couldn't resist watching a parade, but even this simple pleasure was diluted by anxiety lest he pol-

Drawings by Irv. Docktor

# Leprophobia?

lute the air. This is the cruelty of modern leprophobia—all the more pathetic because unnecessary.

Today, for the first time in history, the world is waging an all-out attack on leprosy. A modern concept of the disease, new methods of treatment giving almost miraculous results, increased governmental activity—all these could bring leprosy under control as surely as other one-time global scourges have been tamed—cholera, yellow fever, typhus. But something blocks this possible progress. What stands in the road is not so much the disease itself as our fear of it.

*The doctors say leprosy is no longer as hopeless as it used to be, because there are new remedies to arrest it. Most victims may be attended to and loved like other sick persons.*

An institutionalized victim of this disease not having seen her children since their teens, heard quite by chance they would pass a near-by street corner for a pageant. Keeping herself carefully hidden, this mother stole the first soul-filling glance in 15 years, and later wept with pride at her own self-control as she confided, "I didn't—I didn't cry out to them." Leprophobia had silenced her.

When doctors, who know the doom that would overtake patients were the truth known, elect to conceal the facts (out of mistaken kindness) and treat for something else—that's leprophobia. When hospitals refuse admittance because other patients, nurses, and even doctors would desert the institution were it to be said a single case of leprosy was bedded there—that's leprophobia.

◆

The ironic thing is that while we in the United States have comparatively little leprosy, there is widespread leprophobia. The tragedy is that because of it people are denied the chance to get treatment when such treatment is most needed, and others are condemned needlessly to what amounts literally as death in life.

The patients at the U. S. Marine Hospital, our national leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana, can tell you that public opinion cuts them off from normal lives as surely as if they were already dead and buried. On entry, most assume other names, because they have already learned through bitter experience that to give their real names would mean not only social ostracism but possibly poverty for their families and friends.

Leprophobia—not leprosy—makes archaic laws close the gates on those who enter Carville. Major Hornbostel has asked many times, "Why should they call a man a hero because he wants to be near the wife who is very dear to him—especially when you consider that this is absolutely without danger to himself?" While the government could not house him in the hospital, the (*Continued on page 53*)

# COAL
# TO BURN!

### By EDMUND CHRISTOPHERSON

READING TIME 14 MINUTES The miner's head lamp bobbed against the black of the coal seam as he guided the long, orange-painted machine through the endless night of the mine. The massive wall of coal seemed to melt away before the machine's determined advance. A steady stream of coal flowed back over the chains and two belt conveyors which dumped it into the hold of the rubber-tired shuttle buggy behind. In 150 seconds its five-ton hold was full. Two tons per minute! "The Machine" was mining coal without the use of explosives, faster, safer, with less manpower than ever before, and at a cost that mining experts had thought impossible.

Already nearly 200 machines like the one I watched in the 400-foot underground vein of the Jamison No. 9 mine near Farmington, West Virginia, are at work in coal diggings from Pennsylvania to Colorado. These first models of the Joy Continuous Miner (the JCM 1) are setting new records for production that signify a mechanical revolution in the great bituminous coal industry.

The implications of the machine's successful operation are as vast as the changes foreshadowed by the invention of the cotton picker 15 years ago. It will mean a real jump in the productivity of our mines, where advanced mechanization has already boosted per-man-day output to 6.7 tons, or six times that of Britain. By mining without explosives, it will make the miner's job safer and cut the falling-mine-roof accidents that cause half the deaths and injuries in the industry today. It can mean cheaper coal production, which will give coal a new start in the competition among the fuels.

Cheaper coal, in turn, will mean cheaper power, gas, steel, plastics, and the whole raft of products which relate to the price of coal. A lower price will spur new uses like synthetic oil and gasoline and the use of the coal-burning gas turbine. For the same production volume, the continuous mining machine will mean a vast cut in the number of underground mining jobs. There will be higher wages and shorter hours for the men who remain in the mines, and new, highly skilled jobs aboveground for the men who make and service the complicated machine, but probably not for those it rooted out of the ground.

Thirty-five miles from the Farmington mine, in a coal vein worked by the Sunnyhill Coal Company near Reedsville, West Virginia, I saw another machine, appropriately named the Colmol, burrow its way into a 48-inch-thick seam. This large, ingenious, complicated, 26-ton, 25-foot-long mechanical hybrid gouged its way into the coal face by means of ten sharp rotating sets of gap-toothed claws that tear the coal loose and throw it on a conveyor which automatically dumps it into the underground coal car. Like its competitor, the JCM 1, it clawed out and loaded coal at an astounding rate. Even in its earlier stages, the Colmol mined four tons of coal a minute.

Reports of these machines have brought a flood of inquiries from all over the United States, and from as far away as Norway, Turkey, and Indonesia. Coal magnates from every corner of the earth have come to see the miracle machines at work. Their interest was tempered with skepticism. But after watching the new machines, one staid British mining official shouted above the crunching of the machine, "This is tremendous!" The next reaction almost invariably is "When can we get one?" Before the new machines were remotely ready for mass production, canny mine operators insisted on placing orders at $50,000 each for more than 500 of the coal-digging marvels.

Behind this surge of intense and almost frantic interest in the new machines is the fact that coal faces a crisis. Railroads, once coal's principal market, are turning to Diesels so rapidly that they use 10 per cent less coal each year. Manufacturers who used 141,000,000 tons in 1947, used approximately 31,000,000 tons less in 1949. The booming postwar export market has nearly vanished. Since '44, the use of coal for house heating has dropped one third. Even a moderate depression will mean a cut in the steel industry's use of coal. Of all coal's markets, the electric-power utilities are the only ones with a steady and increasing demand.

If there were enough railroad cars to haul it away, and enough customers, the bituminous industry could produce 700,000,000 tons a year. Yet in 1947, the all-time record year, only 631,000,000 tons were mined, and it has been dropping ever since. Even before John L. Lewis furloughed his men, and then put them on a reduced working week, the coal surplus was so great that prices began to fall. Miners who had worked a six-day week for years found themselves cut to four, three, and in some places two days a week.

In the midst of this crisis, coal producers know that without new uses and new market advantages, which depend on lower prices and lower production costs, their immediate future is rough. The continuous mining machines may be the miracle the industry's been looking for.

Shrewd, soft-spoken coal producer Clifford H. Snyder is the man largely responsible for the development of the Colmol. He's been in the coal business since 1927, when, with a high-school classmate, he bought a $75 secondhand Model T and started hauling coal to neighbors' homes. Today they sell $25,000,000 worth of coal a year, and own one of the largest strip mines anywhere at New Lexington, Ohio.

While making one of his regular trips to this mine, Cliff Snyder got his idea for the Colmol. Strip mining involves moving the earth that covers the coal seam. To get at the coal in the operation that Snyder was supervising, the drag line had to dig through 70 feet of hard-packed ground. This job of moving the overburden speeds up when it's loosened by drilling and dynamiting. Snyder watched the drill rig one day as it bored into the stubborn soil. As it dug 60-foot holes in 20 minutes, the speed and the volume of earth that its six-inch auger threw out amazed him. Why couldn't you dig coal this way?

In his first experiment, he tried digging into the coal seam with a specially built two-foot-diameter auger propelled by a regular horizontal drilling machine. It drilled, but the bit's milling action turned out coal in powdered form that has little market value. Out of further experiments came the rotary clawlike arm that tears out coal in satisfactory-sized chunks as it turns, like those used on the Colmol today.

With the drilling problem solved, Snyder started his mechanics building a machine with enough gouging arms to clear a whole passageway as it moved ahead under its own power. The first model had many faults. In the second machine these faults were corrected.

Snyder's brain child was three years old by the time the second Colmol was operating successfully. By the time mining-machinery manufacturers, the Jeffrey Company, started building Colmols commercially, it represented an investment of more than half a million dollars.

The Joy machine, which last fall started rolling off the assembly line at *(Continued on page 54)*

***The implications of this machine's successful operation are as vast as the changes foreshadowed by the invention of the cotton picker 15 years ago. It has already boosted per-man-day output to 6.7 tons, or six times that of Britain***

**The economic pressures for lower-priced coal are overwhelming. Mine owners hope machines like this will help solve production problems.**

# "Good night, jimmy. all is well"

## *The tender story of a small boy with a man's heart—and a Christmas that almost didn't come*

READING TIME 17 MINUTES Jimmy had freckles even in the middle of winter and a nose that turned elfishly upward at all seasons of the year. It was even turning a little higher than usual now, as he surveyed his nine-year-old face in the mirror of Grandpa's old cherry dresser. He brushed his hair impatiently and noticed with passing interest that his straight locks were nearly the color of Grandpa's brush handle. He swallowed hard three times, batted his lids over tawny eyes, and said to his reflection, "Please, ma'am, I would like a job."

"If Mom could have come along with us," his heart said to the earnest face in the mirror, "this new town might have been fun."

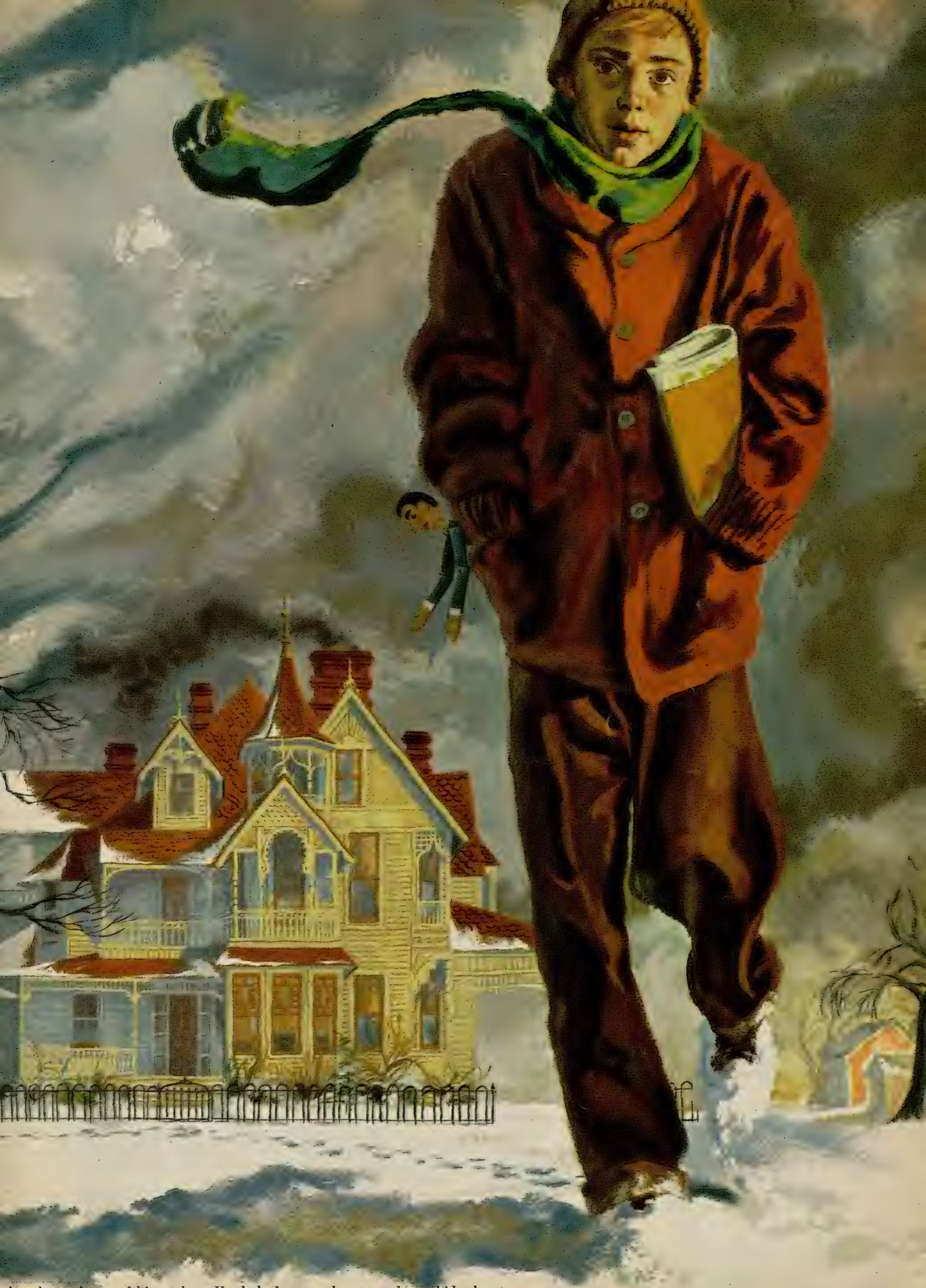
But Mom had had a flower-covered "frunral" two months ago, and that had changed everything. When Jimmy shut his eyes he could still see the great heap of flowers under the tall cedar trees back in Lexington, with bees buzzing over them even if it was October. Falls come late sometimes in Missouri. He could hear again Ellen's voice with a shaking in it, saying, "Come, Jimmy," and he had followed her and Grandpa and Ruth and Mixie to the shining black limousine. Any other time he would have (*Continued on page 47*)

By VIRGINIA GREENE MILLIKIN

Illustrated by John McClelland

John McClelland

At the Manleys' steps Jimmy realized that the cheap toys he h



bought stuck out of his pockets. He dashed across the vacant lot to hide them.

(Left) One family of nine children replaces worn-out clothing every payday. (Center) Every item is carefully examined before being placed on sale—anything usable is accepted. (Right) Weird and wonderful goods make the 298 Salvation Army stores a paradise for bargain hunters.

# THE BIGGEST BARGAIN BASEMENT OF THEM ALL

*You can pick up anything, from a goat to a bedroom suite, at the 298 stores operated by the Salvation Army throughout the country*

*By GLEDHILL CAMERON*

READING TIME 8 MINUTES The biggest bargain basement of them all stretches from New York to Texas.

Special sales are never advertised in the newspapers, but on a lucky day and supposing you were in the market for such novelties, you might buy (cheap) a goat with kid (if that is the phrase), a coffin (presumably unused), a framed letter of birthday congratulations signed by John L. Sullivan, a complete collection of phonograph records of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1920, all the fixings for a barbershop, or a small organ in good condition ($50).

Any day at all you can pick up more practical items such as a lady's dress for 10 cents to $1.50; or a man's suit, $2.50 to $3.50, with a choice of better tailoring at $6.50 to $10. Fur coats, up to and including Persian lamb, are $1 to $15, and shoes in good condition are 25 cents to $5. You also might choose a set of furniture for kitchen, living room, and bedroom for a total of $150.

All such things are possible when shopping at any of the 298 stores operated by the Salvation Army in large cities and small towns scattered across the country. And with the high cost of living what it is and not getting enough better to be good, more and more people are discovering the stores as a practical paradise for bargain hunters. Besides, there are more weird and wonderful items than even plain old Gimbels ever thought of merchandising.

The majority of Salvation Army store customers fall into two categories however. There are the young couples, just starting out, who want to furnish a home inexpensively. After the war, especially, the stores were swamped with enterprising youngsters setting up housekeeping on a G.I. allowance.

Then there are the people with large families where the life expectancy of a sofa is in inverse ratio to the age, vigor, and numerical strength of the progeny. With such large families, shopping at the store with the red shield often gets to be a habit. One store reports that a woman with nine children meets her husband there every payday to shop for replacements for children's worn-out clothing. Another store has a second-generation shopper. She is one of 15 children and seems well on the way to equaling her mother's record. She already has eight of her own and shops for *her* family at the same store her mother did.

On Long Island there's a shop that constantly sells (and sometimes gets back) furniture and household fixings bought by a group of young wives of flyers stationed in the vicinity. Since the men may be transferred at any time, the wives prefer not to have expensive furniture which would have to be shipped about the country. At Salvation Army store prices, they can afford to leave the stuff behind or to give it away.

There's one store in Manhattan, located at Forty-sixth Street, close to the docks where big ships berth. It has a steady cosmopolitan clientele. For with austerity regulations, rationing, and shortages in their own countries, the personnel of foreign ships, from cabin boys to officers, find the Salvation Army store a perfect place to shop.

They come into the store for clothing, household articles, and even for curtains and rugs. They can get such things cheaply and in excellent condition, and since the articles are secondhand, they don't have to pay heavy duty on their purchases when taking them home to their families.

Another group of steady customers now at many stores are the displaced *(Continued on page 74)*

**Decorators and antique dealers often visit the stores with the red shield for valuable objects.** ▶ ▶ ▶

# Wilmer Jackson And The

**By JOHN GILLICK**

***A diverting fantasy that***

**Liberty** SHORT SHORT • • • • • • READING TIME 7 MINUTES

IN 1957, Wilmer Jackson invented the levitator, a small and simply constructed device somewhat like a tuning fork, which, when struck, set up vibrations sympathetic to the vibrations of the human body. The corresponding vibrations had the effect of creating, through the suspension of gravity, an air pocket in which the operator of the device could rest while the earth spun around beneath him.

Jackson was a young physicist working in a small but complete laboratory which he had built with his bonus from World War III. After brief experiments he perfected the use of his device, so that he was able to travel by remaining static. Encasing himself in an air bubble which he could elevate by simple muscular movements, he would remain suspended until the revolution of the earth brought his desired destination directly beneath him, whereupon he would descend and dissolve the air bubble. He also learned to control its drift, so that he could travel longitudinally. In May, 1957, Wilmer Jackson was ready to give his invention to the world.

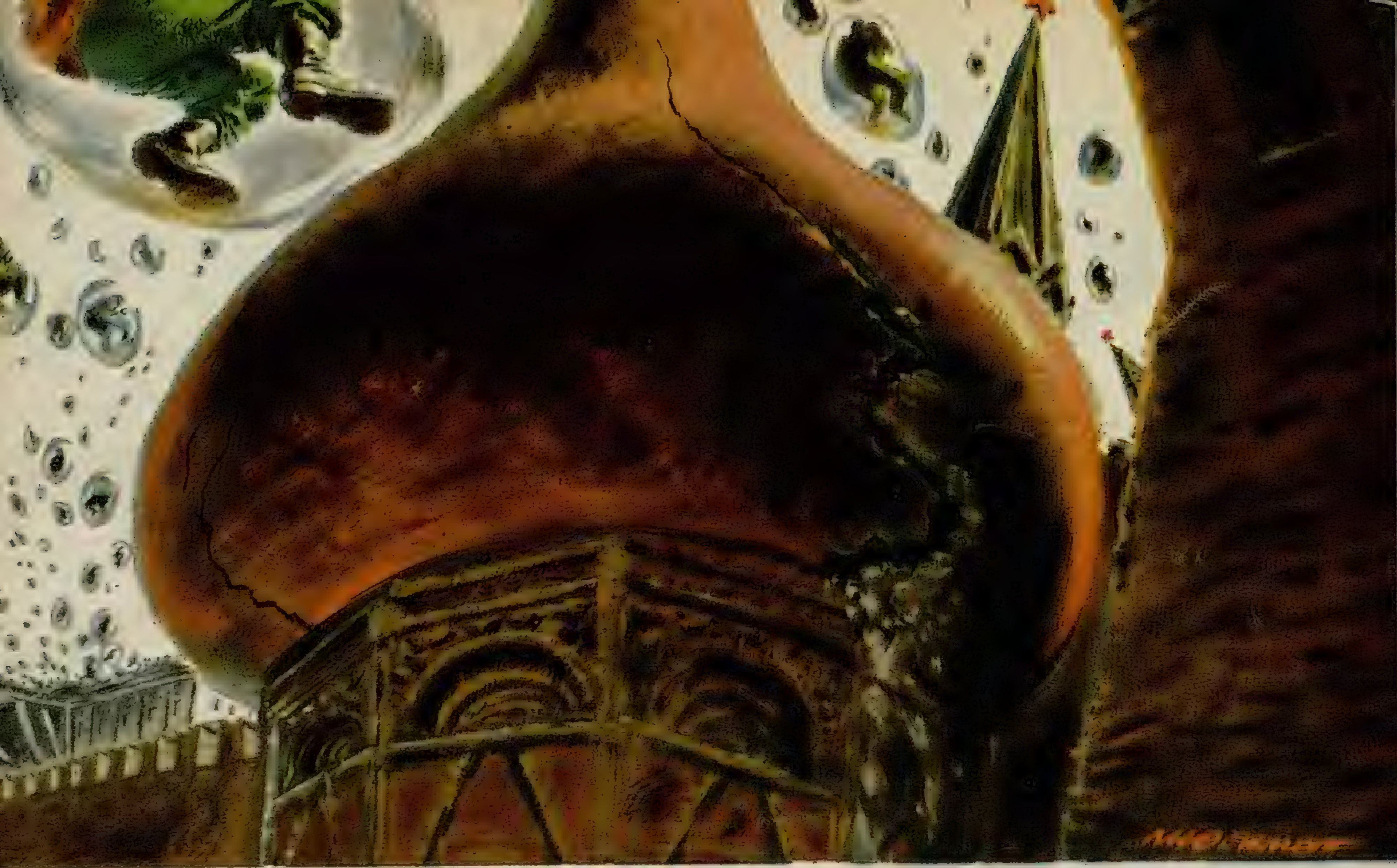
He wanted all mankind to benefit from his findings. Writing to the director of the television program, We, the People, he stated that he had perfected a cure for the world's most dread disease. The director invited Jackson to his office for an interview. Jackson refused to explain what his invention was, but finally the director agreed to have the inventor appear on his next telecast.

When he was introduced, he produced the levitator and described its construction, use, and operation. The announcer asked if the inventor could demonstrate the use of the levitator to the audience. Although the studio was a large one, it afforded scarcely enough room to operate the levitator. Nevertheless Jackson decided to make the attempt, and moving to the far wall, he elevated himself in an air bubble. The opposite wall, moving with the earth's revolution, reached the air bubble in a split second, and Jackson descended amid the tumultuous applause of the studio audience. When order was restored, the inventor announced his intention of going to the roof of the building, levitating, and descending at Le Bourget Field, in Paris, on the thirtieth anniversary of Lindbergh's historic flight. Broadcasting facilities were set up to cover the take-off, and just before Jackson set out, the program director, remembering the inventor's letter, asked him what disease the device would cure.

"Why, war, of course," replied Wilmer Jackson, and lifted into the night sky.

France at that time was just beginning to settle down after a period of political flux. During the previous year the Soviet, announcing that it was impossible to organize the French temperament, had relinquished the protectorate it had established at the close of World War III. The French voted to return to monarchy, and the surviving Bourbon, who was operating a garage in Galesburg, Illinois, was recalled to the throne.

A transcription of the historic We, the People broadcast was channeled to France, and the king, accompanied by a huge crowd, was present when Wilmer Jackson floated to a graceful landing and dissolved the bubble. The king introduced himself and asked about the National League pennant race.



Illustrated by John McDermott

# Levitator

## will provoke your chuckles now, but—who knows?

Jackson gave a demonstration of the levitator to the public, and then proceeded on his mission. Within a week he had visited all the great capitals of the world and was back in the United States.

The period that followed was the most amazing in the history of mankind. American railroad and air-line lobbies demanded the introduction of legislation to limit and regulate the levitator, but so simple was the device, and so easy to use, that all regulation was worthless. A great many small boys allowed their homes to run away from them. The passport became a useless document, since ports of entry were now largely ignored. Substratosphere air lines found their regular lanes of travel cluttered with floating free riders and soon ceased operations.

This confusion was duplicated in every country, and as the nations struggled to find a solution, there occurred the event that marked the turning point in civilization. Within a span of forty-eight hours, about eighty per cent of the population of Russia landed in the United States. Food supply, public services, and the maintaining of law and order came to a standstill. The situation was met by the President of the United States. He was of Slavic ancestry, the first of that strain to occupy the White House, and he broadcast in Russian.

He said that this sudden invasion could bring nothing but destruction to the visitors as well as the Americans, because no economy could be adjusted swiftly enough to prevent famine; that Americans had nothing that Russians could not have in their own country, and that if Russians did not have these things, the fault lay with the leaders, not with the country. He suggested that on their way home they drop in on their leaders to demand a better way of life.

*The Russians took his words literally, and within the next forty-eight hours so many of them landed on the roof of the Kremlin that the structure collapsed, killing all the members of the Politburo except the aging leader, who escaped to an Orthodox monastery in northern Greece,* where he remained in seclusion until his death two years later. The people organized an enlightened Socialistic state and abolished the veto by substituting "Yes, but" for "No."

The slogan "Remember the Kremlin!" was heard in every capital, and politicians for the first time set out to discover what the people really wanted, and gave it to them. War was impossible, because whole corps of soldiers let the rest of the world, including their officers, go by. International boundaries disappeared, and the United Nations Council became the vital governing body of the world. The representatives of the United Nations tried to find an honest and unselfish solution to the problems facing mankind, and they succeeded. Fear was gone, and distrust, and the goods of the earth were used for the betterment of all the people. Hatred disappeared.

◆ A monument to Wilmer Jackson was dedicated in Dubuque, Iowa, his birthplace. In the cornerstone was a permanent record of his famous broadcast, so that if by some catastrophe the great secret was lost, it could be rediscovered. The inscription on the monument read, "To Wilmer Jackson, who lifted Man above himself." ◆ ◆

Cesare Borgia (Orson Welles) chooses Orsini (Tyrone Power) as his crafty prince of foxes to kill Duke Verano.

Now a traitor to the ruthless Borgia, Orsini is led in chains to face his conqueror's vengeful punishment.

Orsini falls in love with Camilla (Wanda Hendrix), the beautiful wife of his intended victim, the benevolent Duke of Verano.

Camilla and the duke (Felix Aylmer) will take advantage of the plentiful harvest to defend the castle against Borgia.

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

# PRINCE OF FOXES

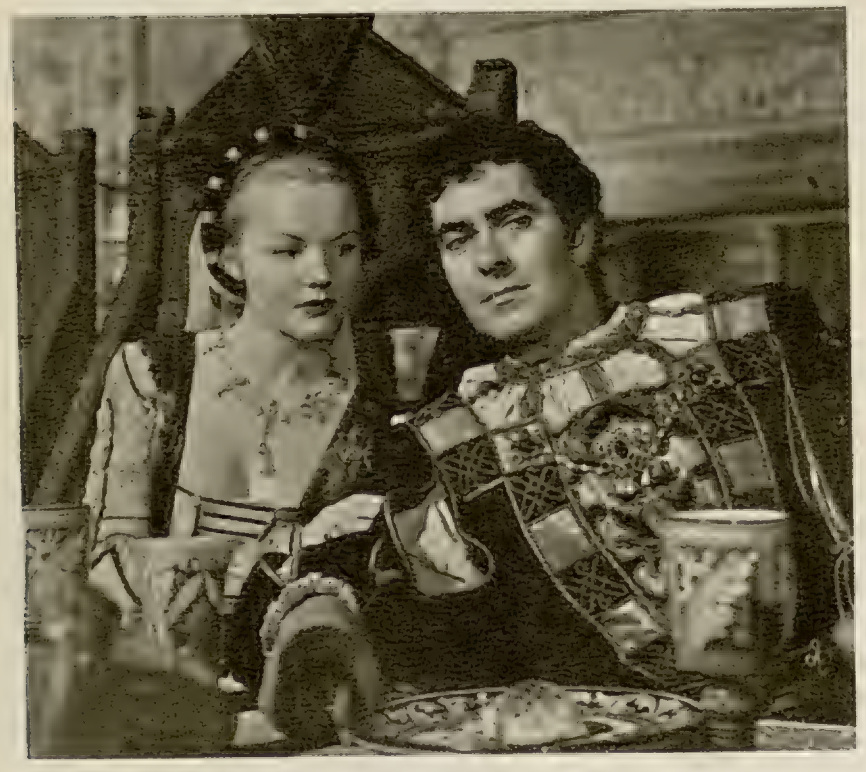
*A picture of intrigue stars Orson Welles and Tyrone Power in the first major American film shot in Italy since World War II*

LIBERTY SEAL OF FAMILY APPROVAL

Prince of Foxes is Twentieth Century-Fox's version of Samuel Shellabarger's novel of murder, treachery, intrigue, and romance in the days of the lusty land-grabbing Borgias of Italy. Tyrone Power plays the glib and courageous rogue sent by Cesare Borgia to seduce the beautiful young wife of the aging Duke of Verano, whose rich lands Cesare craves for his empire. Orson Welles (who else?) plays Cesare with the flourish worthy of a Borgia. And Wanda Hendrix is cast as Camilla, virgin wife of the wise, kindly Duke of Verano. That dashing young rake, Andrea Orsini (Power) falls in love with the lovely young duchess and develops great respect and admiration for the duke (Felix Aylmer). So when Cesare Borgia arrives with his clanking armies, Power, the former spy, master-minds the defense of the fortress city, Citta del Monte. In a spectacular battle, the city is overthrown, the good duke killed, and Borgia moves in. Power is put in chains. But don't worry—there's a happy ending.

Stand-out performances are given by Everett Sloane, an assassin hired to kill Power, and Katina Paxinou, Power's peasant mother.

By ELIZABETH WILSON



As Borgia's special ambassador, Orsini is treated with kindness by the duke, but Camilla is doubtful of his intentions.

Borgia will stop at nothing to win the rich lands of Citta del Monte from the kindly Verano.

Orsini's peasant mother (Katina Paxinou) is ashamed of her son's allegiance to Borgia's avarice.

Angela (Marina Berti), Borgia's cousin, professes her love for the handsome prince of foxes.

# DEEP SALVAGE

By H. VERNOR DIXON

Illustrated by Ric Grasso

***Find the killer in the illustrations!***

*In the illustrations for this serial (two of which you have now seen and the two to come) the artist has pictured all the characters in the story. The only hint we can give you at this point is that the killer appears more than once in the complete series.*

## SYNOPSIS

**PART I:** Red Donnelly had died diving in 100 fathoms to recover treasure on the S.S. Vega. I, Jim Bradley, a fellow diver and Red's friend, had come to San Francisco to get the story.

Pete Jeffers, pier caretaker, told me such a cock-and-bull story of how Red died, I suspected dirty work, and went to Sam Wise, Red's lawyer.

On the way to Sam's office, I had seen a pretty girl, Pat O'Keefe, younger daughter of Tom O'Keefe, shipowner.

Jeffers phoned me to go to a certain saloon and he would tell me why he had lied. When I got there, I found he had been killed. Across the street I saw Pat O'Keefe in a car and met her brother-in-law, Gary Chandler.

Next day I went to see Mark Chandler, Gary's father and president of the Atlas Marine Insurance Company. Gary and his wife, Karen, Pat's sister, were there. Gary and his father were annoyed when I told them I was going to take on Red's job. But when I said I'd dive anyway and let the courts settle the salvage award, the old man gave in.

Then the beauteous Karen went with me to see her father, president of Star Shipping and owner of the Vega. When I said I suspected Red's death was not accidental, he was visibly shaken, but gave me the ship's papers, with a list of the crew.

Karen said she would meet me downstairs. About nine minutes later I joined her in the building's garage. As we drove out, I heard the whine of a bullet as it ricocheted a foot or so from my head.

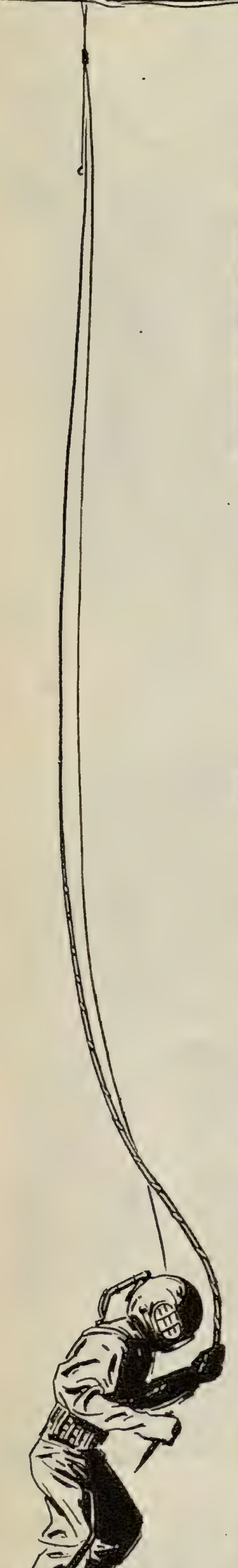
## PART II

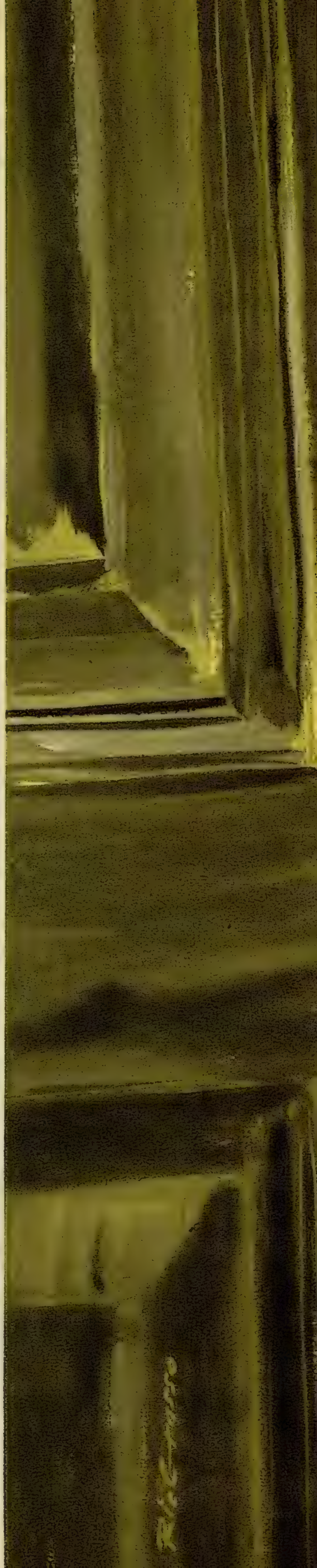
READING TIME 28 MINUTES I yelled, "What the hell!" and turned to look back.

Karen stepped on the gas and shot up to the top of the ramp. But as we reached the crossing over the sidewalk I leaned forward and turned off the ignition. Otherwise Karen would have turned the car down the street.

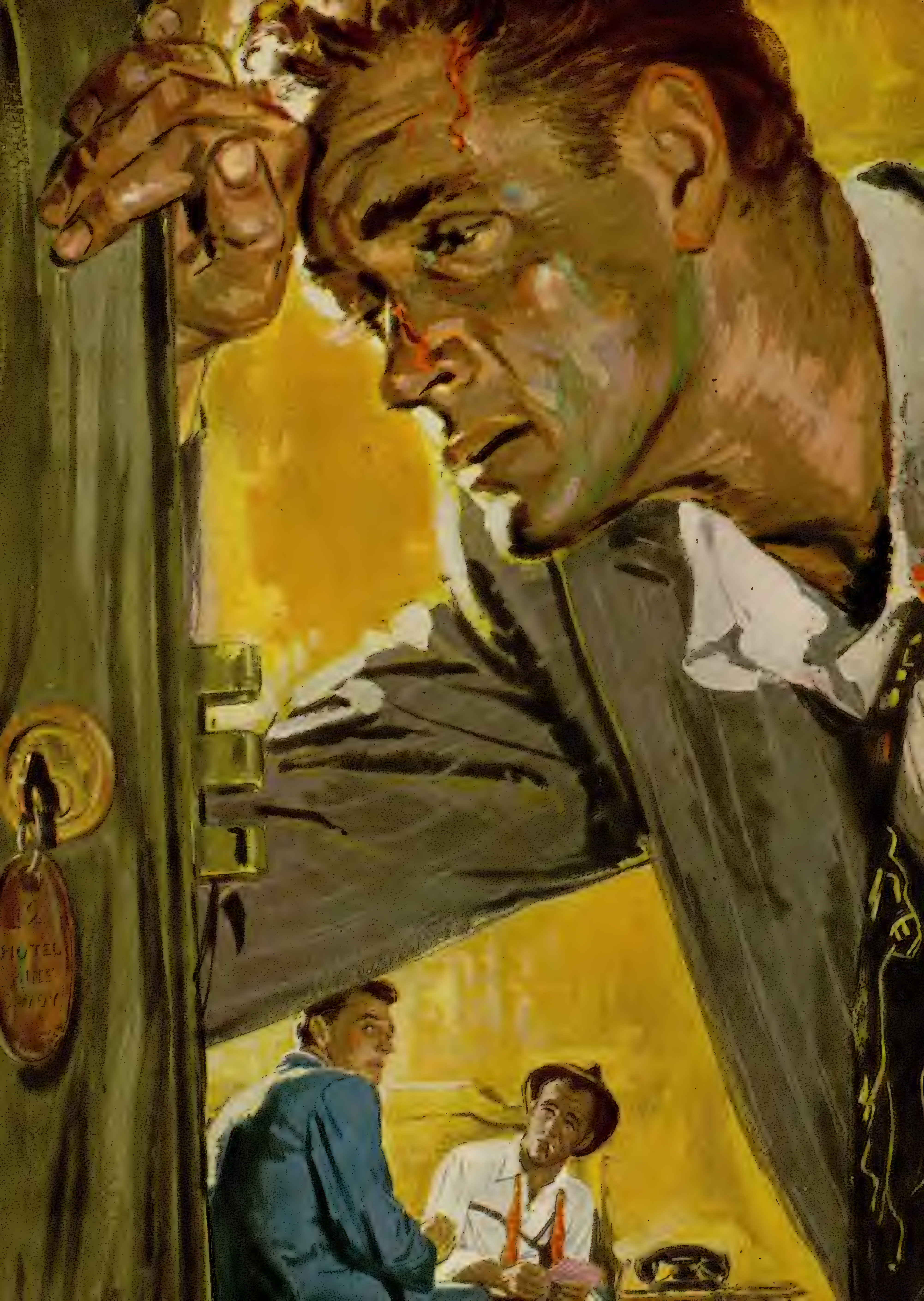
I jumped out of the car, ran down the ramp and back into the garage. A young garage attendant was just coming out of the men's room near the bottom of the ramp. I asked him if he had seen anyone, but he looked surprised and shook his head. I ran back along the long lines of cars, trying to look into each one, and found nothing. The attendant hurried back to see what I was up to.

He followed me as I walked to the elevators and looked at the dials indicating that the two elevators were high on the upper floors. Whoever had fired the shot was not in one of the elevators. I asked the attendant if there was any other way out of the garage,





I went up to my room, unlocked the door, and stepped inside. Sam Wise and Riley were sitting on the bed playing gin rummy. ▶


HOTEL

# DEEP SALVAGE

and he pointed to the rear. We walked back and went through a door leading into the furnace room. We threaded our way around a maze of pipes and up some iron stairs and then through a door that led to a back alley. No one was in sight, but that was probably the way the person had gone.

We went back into the garage and I used the phone in the attendant's cubbyhole to call O'Keefe's office. I was informed that he had left for lunch five or six minutes before. Then I called Mark Chandler's office. He had left about ten minutes before. Either one of them could have been in the garage.

I gave the attendant a dollar tip and started out of the garage. As I reached the bottom of the ramp, I glanced at the wall and saw the long scar where the bullet had dug in before ricocheting off in some other direction. There was no doubting the nature of that scar in the concrete. I went up the ramp and got back in the car with Karen.

She stared at me as if I had gone crazy. I said, "That backfire you heard was actually the sound of a gun. Someone was shooting at me."

She burst into laughter as she started the engine. "You're beginning to imagine things. Why should anyone try to shoot you? You're a stranger here in San Francisco." She turned the car onto the street, then said slyly. "Or have you been here long enough to have some irate husband after you? That wouldn't surprise me too much."

There were signs of tension about her mouth and eyes and her hands were not too steady on the wheel. What the hell, I thought. Everyone knows what's going on except me—and I'm the target.

Karen suggested having lunch at Jack's, but I said that it had to be Solari's, on Geary, as I would be expecting a call there. Fortunately we found a place to park in the same block, which is a minor miracle in San Francisco, according to Karen.

"The way it is here," she said, as we got out of the car, "instead of actually doing anything about the traffic problem, the city fathers have a wonderful time spending money each year on plans and more plans and then soaking the motorists so they can have enough money to make more plans."

I was not interested in traffic problems. I took Karen's arm and guided her into the restaurant. In spite of all I had on my mind, I could not help but notice every male in the place straighten up and fiddle with his tie as Karen came into sight. As she swished her hips between the tables, more than one diner almost stuck a fork in his eye. Napkins were conveniently handy for the droolers.

We found a small booth to the side and ordered lunch. Karen smiled at me and then deliberately leaned across the table to talk. But before she could start pumping me, I said, "You know, you and your sister are not much alike. I've only seen her twice, but still, you're quite different."

She gave me a lazy glance from half-closed eyes. "Really? In what way?"

"She doesn't throw her sex around the way you have the habit of doing."

She winked at me and laughed softly. "Does it bother you?"

"I'm not exactly at room temperature. But what's the idea? You've been with me all morning. Why? What's in it for you?"

She hunched a shoulder forward and leaned her head sideways to watch me. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I just like big men and, heaven knows, you're big enough."

"Your husband isn't exactly a dwarf. Where does he fit in this picture, with you bouncing off with a perfect stranger?"

"He won't mind." She studied me for a moment, then stated pointedly but in a matter-of-fact tone, "He is in no position to mind anything I do."

"Oh."

She reached across the table and for a brief second placed a hand on mine. "I'm glad you understand. I like you, Jim. Very much."

I liked the suggestion in the touch of her hand and the look in her eyes, but common sense warned me it was all a bit too thick. A woman with disturbing femininity had no need to make the initial advance with anyone, including me. She would know that even better than I. Then why all the speed, unless time was important? That was probably it.

The waiter brought two martinis and we relaxed. We started talking again with the soup, and halfway through the luncheon Karen was chatting away as if we had known each other for years. It developed that she and Pat were half sisters, Karen's mother having died when she was a baby, that the two had never been very friendly and that the father had even sent them to different schools. Karen dropped more than one hint that she considered Pat a prude and morally prim and a stuffed shirt. I hadn't had that impression, but it was interesting listening to Karen.

I was sorry when the waiter broke it up with the information that I was wanted on the telephone. I left the table and went to the phone in the back bar. It was Sam calling.

He said, "Your hunch was correct. Mark Chandler was simply one of the stockholders when Atlas Marine insured the S.S. Vega and did the underwriting on the cargo. The company took a bad licking because of that sinking and almost went under. That's when Chandler moved in, bought out the beat-up stockholders at ten cents on the dollar, assumed the presidency, and then took over the whole outfit."

"In other words, the sinking of the Vega was a terrific break for him."

"It sure was. But look here," Sam laughed, "he didn't have an in with the Japanese Admiralty, you know. That ship was torpedoed. But the way it all turned out, he gained by it."

"How about Gary Chandler?"

"I haven't been able to run down much where he's concerned. I guess you know he's in the marine construction business."

"Yes. Big operator?"

"That's right. Oddly enough, he too started operating in a big way right after the sinking of the Vega, but I think the old man must have backed him. From what I've learned, the loss of that copper put a crimp in one of the contracts Gary was handling, but he recovered quickly and went on to bigger and better things."

"Maybe I can find out more than you. I'm having lunch with his wife."

Sam whistled into the phone. "Slow down, chum. That's dangerous stuff to play around with."

"Because of her husband?"

"No. She's enough by (*Continued on page 41*)

## Liberty pastime

# ANYBODY CAN PAINT PICTURES

By ALBERT A. OSTROW

*"Sunday painters" include Winston Churchill and Hollywood stars, and many go on to achieve financial success*

◆ A Chicago doctor was seeing a patient to the door of his office. As the man was about to leave, he paused to look at a small painting in a frame on the wall. He cocked his head this way and that and finally commented, "That's the strangest-looking bowl of fruit I ever saw. What is it—some of that wacky modern art?"

"I don't know about it being art," said the doctor, "but thanks for recognizing it as a bowl of fruit." He smiled. "You see, I painted that myself."

The proud doctor belongs to that fast-growing fraternity of dabblers and earnest devotees whom Winston Churchill—an illustrious member—has dubbed "Sunday artists." So many people continue to give in to the urge to doodle with brush and pigments, that amateur painting has become one of the recreation sensations of the times. In Hollywood, for instance, the bug has bitten such notables as Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, June Havoc, Ginger Rogers, Linda Darnell, Lionel Barrymore, Vincent Price, and Gary Cooper, among others.

Adult-education schools are registering capacity enrollments in oil-painting classes. A recent lecture and demonstration for amateur painters drew such a crowd to a department store that several more sessions had to be scheduled. Oil-painting kits have become popular prizes on give-away shows. Many of the art material stores have special departments for the beginner, and such leading art supplies stores as Arthur Brown & Brother of New York report skyrocketing sales and large orders from the Psychiatric Institute, Ford Motor Co., and U. S. Steel.

Goateed Jon Nagy—whose show, You Are an Artist, has been viewed by audiences of over a million in television—is convinced there is latent talent in every normal human being.

"Though it varies in degree, the sensitivity and

(Top) Make your preliminary sketches first—directly on the canvas or on rough paper. It's easy to erase before painting. (Center) "Sunday artists" pull no punches in criticizing each other's work. (Bottom) Students in a rented loft.

Photos by David Lang

These famous artists were once students, too! The Institute of Commercial Art of Westport, Connecticut, teachers pictured here are (left to right): Harold von Schmidt, Erwin Eberman, Albert Dorne, Al Parker, Ben Stahl, Austin Briggs.

the desire to create something of beauty is there," he states. "I've found it in school pupils and business men, athletes, housewives, streetcar conductors, bankers, bartenders, teachers, policemen—in people in all walks of life. I've met amateur painters from seven to ninety-two. I've seen them working in family living rooms, veterans' institutions, homes for the aged, orphanages, and schools. A sports editor I know became so wrapped up in his hobby while in Louisville for the Kentucky Derby, he had to be reminded to go to the races."

Why this flare-up of interest in oil painting? Devotees give you lots of reasons: It relaxes tensions, soothes jumpy nerves, chases neuroses and inhibitions. It provides a simple outlet for self-expression. It brings the deep satisfaction that comes with personal achievement and seeing your own handiwork. It develops the "artist's eye" so that you can see beauty and meaning in ordinary things. It enhances your enjoyment of the great works of art. And you can paint in any kind of weather—outdoors when fine; indoors when not.

The fact that it is one of the easiest of all hobbies to pick up will surprise you if you think of oil painting solely in terms of masterpieces. Actually, anybody who ever colored a fill-in book with crayons in his kid days, chalked on a sidewalk, scrawled figures on the back of a lesson book, tried to improve a poster girl, or just enjoyed looking at pictures has all the background needed to wield a brush. The beauty of oil paints is that they are opaque—you can paint right over a mistake without it showing through.

Yes, you say, but what if you can't even draw a straight line? Albert Pels, a well-known painter and coach of amateurs whose pupils include Gene Autry, Duke Ellington, Arthur Godfrey, and Fannie Hurst, has a stock answer for that one. "If I need to draw a straight line, I use a ruler," he says. He maintains that few people, even among top-flight artists, come by their sketching ability naturally. Co-ordinating the hand and eye so that you can paint what you see is a matter of practice.

The important thing, Pels believes, is to make a beginning. Fool around with your materials to get the feel of them. Get something down on canvas, no matter how crude it looks. And don't go at painting with the idea you're expected to produce great art. After all, they've been battling over the definition of great art for as long as people have been painting. El Greco considered Michelangelo nothing but a dauber, Whistler hooted at Cézanne's work, and Cézanne himself looked upon Gauguin as an inept clown.

It turns out pretty often that you're much better at oil painting than you ever dreamed you'd be. A Detroit industrialist who took up the hobby on his doctor's advice got the biggest thrill of his life when someone thought enough of one of his paintings to buy it for $100. A Bronx tailor has no trouble attracting purchasers for his canvases. The spare-time paintings of actor José Ferrer's cook are arousing the kind of interest that speaks in dollars. And nearly everybody knows the story of Grandma Moses, the New England oldster who turned to painting late in life and soon was selling her pictures at fancy prices.

Jon Nagy, whose television show, You Are an Artist, draws over a million viewers a week, is convinced that every normal human being has latent art talent. He instructs here.

As with all interesting hobbies, continued experience with oil painting creates a desire to increase your knowledge and skill. Instruction on such things as perspective, design, and anatomy may be available in your own town. If not, pointers can be obtained out of a book on painting or by studying reproductions of masterpieces. Many people find a good correspondence course a big help in picking up valuable know-how in the techniques of art.

The rising interest in art instruction is reflected in some part by the growing volume of queries received by the Institute of Commercial Art of Westport, Connecticut. Not a few of the requests for information about its Famous Artists Course of home study come from individuals whose art interest was first stimulated by Sunday painting.

Albert Dorne, president of the Institute and a member of its faculty of top-flight artists and illustrators, likes to remind you that Ralph Waldo

Emerson once said, "Every artist was first an amateur." And if the claims of some scientists are to be believed, comments Dorne, prehistoric man was an artist before he was a talker and found that the most effective and natural way of expressing his ideas was in pictorial form.

Dorne also points out that technical training and the study of mechanics, while helpful, is of little use without training your observation. There is a reason for everything in nature and the artist must make a special effort to understand the reason. The eye must be trained as well as the mind, because it is through the eye you study the proportion and relation of objects, action, and color to one another.

If you've already made a start in oil painting, you'll profit by the following suggestions for amateurs gathered from leading artists and art instructors. If you expect to make a beginning soon, clip and file these suggestions for future reference:

Composition and design should be your first consideration in doing a painting. Get an over-all idea of how you want your painting to look and rough it out on paper first with drawing charcoal, or outline it directly on the canvas. This will act as your guide.

Make the design interesting. Avoid the beginner's tendency to place the point of interest in the dead center of your canvas.

Look at your subject as you would look at somebody walking down the street toward you. Get the outlines of this first impression down, then fill in the details. Other ideas will come to you as you paint.

Paint the background first. Then work forward from the background to the things nearer the observer. In this way you create an illusion of real depth.

Copying is good practice. You can copy art reproductions, a scene on a picture post card, or the magazine work of first-class illustrators. Or you can paint an object or your own grouping of objects in the home, the scene from your window or one right out of your imagination or memory. You can go outdoors and copy right from nature.

Try to get together with other people in your circle or community who are painting. Watch how the others work and exchange ideas. Talk over your painting problems. You can even use one another as models.

Now for the material you'll need. For preliminary sketching you'll want some medium and soft charcoal sticks or pencils and a kneaded eraser. You may use drawing pads (17 x 22 inches), but you can use cheap newsprint instead.

Oil sets for amateurs start at $2.50, or you can get a more complete set for about $10. Here is a breakdown of your basic equipment:

A palette for holding and mixing colors. Anything with a smooth surface will do as a substitute—a piece of plywood, an old dinner plate, or a piece of glass with a sheet of white paper under it. With this goes a double palette cup—one cup for purified linseed oil to thin your colors; the other, turpentine for erasures and cleaning your brushes.

A palette knife—to scrape unused paint from your palette. A painting knife comes in handy if you want to achieve that third-dimensional quality. Flat and round brushes. The flat brush is for the bolder portion of your composition, while the round one is for the finer detail work. They come in various grades and sizes—in pig's bristle, ox hair, and the more expensive sable.

Oil paints in student (*Continued on page 75*)

▲ This will get you started: Beginner's kit contains a palette, double palette cup, palette knife (can be used for painting as well as for removing unused paint from palette), flat and round brushes, several tubes of oil colors, varnish, canvas boards, and an easel. About $10 (Zeal-Art, New York, N. Y.).

◀ The more advanced amateur may want to invest as much as $30 in a more elaborate set. This compact carrying case with folding tripod is the painter's easel as well. Since one hand holds the palette and the other the brush, an easel is absolutely essential. The beginner can use a table easel ($1.50 to $2.50) and then graduate to a sturdy folding easel or perhaps to a larger stationary easel ($4.50 to $10).

### BOOKS THAT MAY HELP YOU

Get in There and Paint, by Joseph Alger. Thomas Crowell, N. Y.; Oil Painting, by Charles X. Carlson. House of Little Books, N. Y.; Oil Painting, by Walter T. Foster. Laguna Beach, Calif.; Oil Painting for the Beginner, by Frederick Taubes. Watson Guptill, N. Y.; Painting for Enjoyment, by Lee & Blanch. Tudor Pub., N. Y.; Painting for Pleasure, by Morris Davidson. Charles P. Branford Pub., N. Y.; Week-End Painter, by Lawrence V. Burton. McGraw-Hill Pub., N. Y.

# Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Beverly Hills

Backing Stark (Broderick Crawford) are his son (John Derek), and sidekick (John Ireland) who later realizes the truth about "honest Willie."

**ALL THE KING'S MEN** (Columbia) is an exciting exposé of American politics that will bring out the goose pimples. It is based on Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel of the same title. Willie Stark (Broderick Crawford) is a "man of the people" who becomes governor of a state by his magic oratory, and who almost succeeds in establishing an absolute government, with himself as dictator, before he is shot down by a doctor he befriended (Shepperd Strudwick). If you know your American politics at all, you'll guess the identity of Willie Stark. John Ireland plays the newspaper reporter who dedicates his life to destroying the legend that Willie was a great man. In the superb cast are Joanne Dru, John Derek (of Knock on Any Door), and Mercedes McCambridge, who plays Stark's hatchet woman magnificently.

Deputy district attorney Adam Bonner (Spencer Tracy) fears the worst when his lawyer wife (Katharine Hepburn) takes over in the courtroom

**ADAM'S RIB** (M-G-M) is a very funny and refreshing comedy, with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy playing husband and wife again. Tracy is a deputy district attorney who finds himself, to his horror, pitted against his pretty lawyer wife. Katie has a pet theory that women should have the same rights as men; so to prove her theory she takes the case of Judy Holliday (of Born Yesterday stage fame) who shoots her husband (Tom Ewell) when she finds him in the arms of his sweetie-pie (Jean Hagen). She doesn't kill him, but she tries her best, and Hepburn, using every feminine ruse in the book, gets her freed. It's one of the gayest court trials ever screened. All this doesn't set well with Tracy, and the domestic battling goes into high gear. An excellent cast and excellent fun with extra cheers for the performance by Judy Holliday.

Thelma Jordon (Barbara Stanwyck) gets away with murder, but not for long. Chief investigator Paul Kelly finally gets the truth from her.

**THE FILE ON THELMA JORDON** (Paramount) is a tense high-powered melodrama starring Barbara Stanwyck and that very excellent actor, Wendell Corey. Barbara plays Thelma Jordon, a mysterious lady with a rather lurid past, who takes up residence with a wealthy and respectable aunt for the purpose of stealing her emeralds. Caught in the theft, Thelma shoots the old lady and tries to throw suspicion on an unknown prowler. The assistant district attorney (Corey), who has fallen hard for Miss Jordon's charms, takes over the case, maneuvers the trial, and wins her acquittal. Not until then does he realize what a sucker he's been as the gal confesses her guilt to him. Remorseful, she drives her car off a cliff to make up for the wrong she's done. Paul Kelly does a good job as the relentless investigator. Joan Tetzel plays Corey's wife.

**DEEP SALVAGE** *Continued from page 36*

herself. Strictly high-powered. Been in half a dozen scandals before she was married and a couple since. Likes beautiful green money in great big gobs, wouldn't dream of wearing last year's old mink, plays around as she pleases and generally raises hell."

"So?"

"So she'll take you to the cleaners and then go happily home to her ever-loving. It's happened before, and each time Gary just closes his eyes. He's nuts about her. Maybe I'd do the same in his shoes."

"All right, she's dynamite. Now, how about O'Keefe?"

"As I told you before, he had two ships at the beginning of the war, the Vega and the Orion—names 'em all after stars. When he lost the Vega he collected on that from Atlas Marine and, in a way, I guess it did boost him ahead. He was able to spread the money he collected into buying seven more. If you'll remember, at that time the government was practically giving 'em away to shippers. It didn't take much cash."

"So O'Keefe's position was also improved because of the sinking of the Vega. Thanks, Sam."

"Say, do you want the keys to the pier shed and Donnelly's trawler?"

"Yes."

"I'll leave them in the cigar stand in the office building."

"O.K. Get that salvage contract from Chandler this afternoon."

"I'll get it."

I hung up and rejoined Karen at our table. She had finished her lunch and seemed ready to leave, but I took my time. I got her talking about herself again and then gradually about her husband. She was not at all reluctant to talk about him, but there were interesting gaps in her conversation. So far she would go and no farther.

The Vega was one subject about which she was evasive. I could not pin her down to anything, except that she thought I was being pretty ridiculous to tackle a job that had already killed one man.

I said, "It's odd how everyone complains about the damage the Vega sinking caused, yet from what I've learned everyone gained by it. Even your husband."

She did not exactly rise to the bait, but she said, "I wouldn't say he gained, exactly. Losing that copper held him back, and then he had to pay double the price for copper to replace it."

"Not out of his pocket, though."

"Of course not. He was contracting on a cost-plus basis. The government paid the bill. But I don't know much about it. I wasn't married to him then. In fact," she smiled, "that contract extended our engagement. He had to finish the job before we got married. He was pretty mad about the whole thing."

"I don't imagine he lost money, though."

"He cleaned up. Gary knows how to turn anything to his advantage."

I had no argument with that.

We left Solari's and walked down the street to Karen's car. She slid onto the seat, but I closed the door and remained on the sidewalk. She looked up at me with surprise. "I'll drive you wherever you want."

"No, thanks. I'm going to be busy. You're too damned distracting."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Pine-Savoy."

"I'll call you. Maybe this evening?"

I looked down at her and nodded. "'By."

She started the engine, put the car in gear, and pulled away from the curb with a wave of her hand. I watched her until she disappeared down the street. Brother, I thought, that isn't just dynamite. That's straight nitro, with a bonus for handling.

◆

I picked up the keys at the Bay Marine Building and took a taxi down to the Embarcadero. I went through Red's old desk in the pier shed, but found very little of value, so went outside and aboard the trawler. In the captain's cabin were the blueprints of the S.S. Vega. I spread them out on the chart desk and looked them over, paying particular attention to the notations Red had made on the main-deck print. It was puzzling to discover two question marks, one over the hatch to the main hold and the other forward on the port bow, probably where the torpedo had struck. Under the latter was the single word "Investigate."

I whispered under my breath, "O.K., Red, I'll investigate."

I put the prints away with the charts and then made a tour of the trawler. As I had known it would be, she was beautifully equipped and all set to go. All she needed was a crew.

I left the trawler, stepped onto the wharf and started through the door into the pier shed, but came to a sudden halt. There was a slight sound of someone inside. I slid cautiously in through the door and looked up toward the other end of the gloomy storeroom. A man was standing at the desk with his back to me. He was wearing a blue-serge suit and a snap-brim hat. When he moved his left arm to pick up some papers, I saw a telltale bulge under the left armpit. I picked up a bar of angle iron from the floor and tiptoed toward him.

A board squeaked just before I reached him and he turned around to face me. I wondered whether to jump him before he reached for the gun, but he made no move. He just stood there looking at me with shrewd, speculative eyes.

He nodded at the iron in my hand and said, "You won't need that. I suppose you're Jim Bradley?"

"That's right. Who are you?"

"Lieutenant Riley. Homicide."

I tossed the bar aside and looked over the credentials he handed me. When I gave them back I suddenly remembered him. "I saw you last night, in front of Angelo's."

"Sure," he said. "You were standing there while I was talking to the bartender. Why didn't you make yourself known?"

"I don't know."

"Yeah. No one ever thinks of helping the police. So this Pete Jeffers calls you and gets murdered while waiting for you to show up, and you don't think it's necessary to say anything."

"Who told you about it?"

"Sam Wise. He also told me where to find you. What's the dope?"

I sat on the edge of the desk, lit a cigarette, and told him everything I knew about Pete Jeffers and my suspicions concerning the death of Red Donnelly. I told him also, "I was shot at about an hour and a half ago. Missed my head about a foot."

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## THE ROCKS

By HAROLD HELFER

| THE DIVORCE SEEKER | THE GROUNDS |
|---|---|
| A Detroit Scoutmaster: | His wife and her mother locked him in the house to keep him from attending Scout meetings. |
| A Detroit woman: | Her husband was a seeker after perfection in the feminine form; carried a tape measure with him and kept detailed records of the physical measurements of other women he went out with. |
| A Seattle woman: | Her husband paid more attention to his stamp collection than to her. |
| A Camden, N. J., man: | He married "the girl next door" four years ago, and she returned to her home next door on their wedding night and has lived there ever since. |
| A Denver woman: | Her husband cared more for a pet alligator than for her. |
| A Chicago woman: | Her husband's army poker playing caused him to lose interest in other card games and ruined their pleasant pinochle evenings at home. |

"And I don't suppose you notified the police about that, either?"

"Well, I thought of it—"

"Uh-huh. You thought of it. Where did it happen?"

"Coming out of the garage in the Bay Marine Building. The bullet ricocheted off the wall near the bottom of the ramp. You'd have no trouble finding the scar in the concrete."

"You were with somebody?"

"Mrs. Gary Chandler. She was driving the car. However, she thought I was crazy."

"I'll have a look in that garage. Now, listen, Mr. Bradley. We got a guy who's been murdered and we'd like to know why. Until I talked with Sam Wise I thought it was just a brawl between two wharf rats. Now it's bigger than that, and you're the boy in the middle. Who do you think is after you?"

"I don't know."

"No idea at all?"

"Well, it could be one of three different people, or none of them."

"Names?"

He wrote them down in a notebook as I mentioned Mark and Gary Chandler and Thomas O'Keefe. "None of them," I explained, "is anxious for me to board the Vega."

"Any other reason for anybody taking a shot at you?"

"None at all."

"You have to be positive."

"I am. The people I mentioned are the only ones I know in San Francisco. I just got in from New Orleans yesterday."

"But it could be someone else you don't know about."

"That's possible, though I doubt it."

"So do I. These people are directly involved in the sinking of that Vega. The cargo was going to one of them, the other was master of the ship, and the other was in the company doing the insuring. O.K. That's something to work on. We'll get busy on that and keep in touch with you. But how about a little co-operation from you?"

"I'll let you know about anything that turns up."

"Good. Just call me at Homicide. Wise tells me you're stopping at the Pine-Savoy."

"That's right."

"If you check out, let me know where you can be reached. I'll be seeing you." He started toward the door, but paused and looked back at me. "Know anything about barratry?"

"Certainly. Fraudulent breach of duty by a ship's master or officer to the injury of ship or cargo."

He squinted at me and asked, "Well?"

"I don't think so, at least not the ship. She was torpedoed."

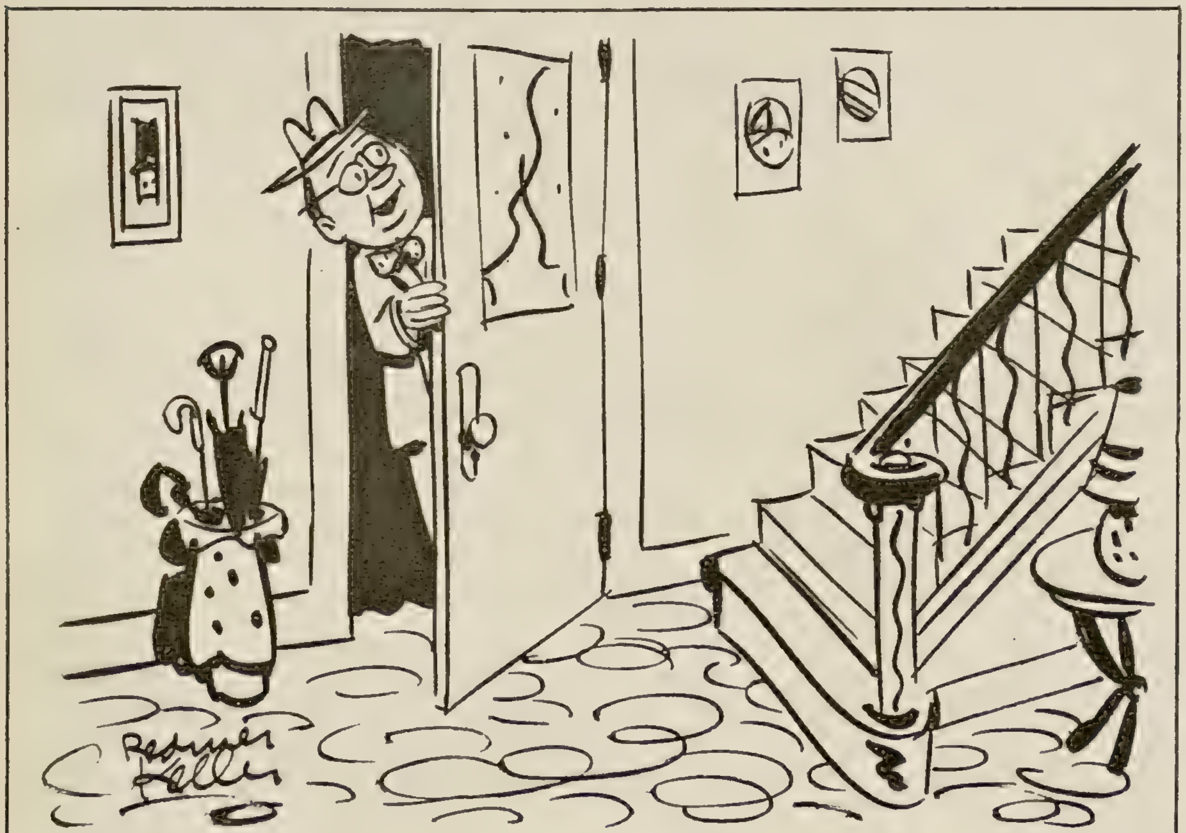
"How about the cargo?"

"That I don't know—yet."

"But you're going to find out." He smiled for the first time and said, "Wish I knew how to dive. I'd go down with you. For my money, I'd say there's a very interesting surprise waiting down on that ship. Good luck to you."

As soon as he had gone I locked up the place and took a taxi to a newspaper office, where I placed an ad in the Help Wanted column for a trawler crew and assistant deep-sea diver. I spent the rest of the afternoon hot-footing around town to get clearance for the trawler and to start supplies moving aboard for an extended voyage. In two days, I figured, I could be ready to put to sea.

I got back to the hotel about six o'clock. As I was crossing the lobby toward the desk, I saw the back of a blonde head in one of the chairs and at first thought it was Karen. But when she turned to face me it was Pat O'Keefe. She left her chair and joined me by the desk. "I've been waiting for you, Mr. Bradley."



LIBERTY

"I'm home, dear! Start talking."

◆

I took the room key from the clerk and dropped it into my pocket. I looked across the lobby toward an entrance leading into a cocktail room. Pat followed my eyes and nodded. We found a booth back in a far corner of the room, where I ordered two bottles of beer.

The contrast between Pat and Karen was startling. Karen was the heady fizz in a bottle of champagne. Pat was the full but quiet richness of the wine itself. Karen was the kind you thought of right now. Pat was the kind you thought of on a more permanent basis. I began thinking of her that way. It was easy to do.

I asked her, "Are you and Karen taking turns waiting for me?"

She looked down at the table and then she glanced at me with a sly, rather impish smile. "Has Karen made another conquest?"

"I'll let you know some other time. But what's on your mind?"

The smile gave way to a look of anxiety. "You," she said. "I hear you plan diving on the Vega. I wish you wouldn't. You remind me—well—too much of Red."

I watched her closely as I asked, "Did you like Red?"

She looked away from me, off into space, and nodded. "Yes, I liked him. We all did."

"Nothing more than that?"

"Oh," she smiled. "No—not that way."

"But it's easy for me to picture Red camping on your doorstep."

She looked confused but admitted, "He did like me pretty well. I went out with him a couple of times. But he had another girl he was pursuing more ardently."

That was news to me. I asked, "Who was that?"

"Irma Gibson. Didn't you know about her?" When I shook my head, she said, "I don't think he had known her very long before his—accident."

I took the slip of the Vega's crew list from my pocket and wrote Irma's name on the back. "Do you know where I can get in touch with her?"

"Well, she was a cocktail waitress at a bar on Market Street. I don't know the name of the place, but I know where it is."

"Would you mind taking me there?"

"Well—"

"Look, Miss O'Keefe. No one I've talked to has any idea what was on Red's mind when he went after the Vega. Maybe this Irma gal would know. I'd like to talk to her."

Pat looked distressed. She said sincerely, "Please, Mr. Bradley, I wish you'd forget all about the Vega. I—I don't know what is the matter, but there is something very wrong about that ship."

"That I agree with. You and everyone else are trying to keep me off that ship. Why?"

She bit at her lower lip and stared into my eyes a long while before saying, "All I know is that everyone is badly upset about it, and I have a terrible feeling that anything you do will simply lead to more tragedy."

"Mine or someone else's? Why don't you level with me, Miss O'Keefe? Someone close to you is responsible for Red's death and probably Jeffers'. I think you know who it is."

"No!"

"Or you have a hunch. That's why you're here to talk to me, to protect that someone. You may even have considered throwing your sex around a little, too." When she blushed I knew I was on the right track. I leaned forward and said, "Suppose I made an offer to leave town and go back to New Orleans tomorrow—if you went with me?"

She sharply sucked in her breath and looked steadily into my eyes, but made no reply. She was waiting for the real offer to be made, not just a suggestion. I said, "I'll be damned!" I kicked my chair back and stood up. "Your father sure means a lot to you, doesn't he?"

Pat's eyes went wide and her hand shot up to cover her mouth. The color ebbed from her cheeks.

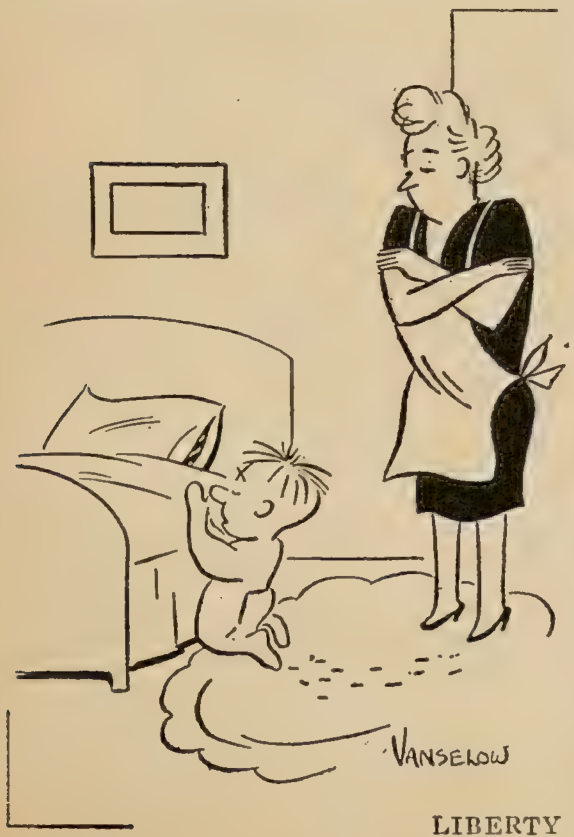
I said, more gently, "Forget I ever said anything. Now, how about showing me where that bar is located?"

◆

Pat waited on Market Street while I went into the bar. The manager smirked when I asked for Irma Gibson. "She ain't here no more."

"Another job?"

(*Continued on page 44*)



LIBERTY

"And please, Lord, put the vitamins in pie and cake instead of in cod-liver oil and spinach. Amen."

# "Socialized Medicine as I Saw It"

By DR. R. J. GAMPELL*

*Responsible for the health of 3,200 people; 20 patients an hour in the office; 36 house calls a day! An English doctor reveals what "for free" health service is doing in Great Britain*

READING TIME 8 MINUTES Nine years ago I graduated from medical school and became an interne in a hospital in Great Britain. Four months ago I became an interne in a hospital here in the United States. What happened in those intervening years? The government of Great Britain inaugurated its Health Service. After returning from five years of service with the medical branch of the Royal Air Force, I entered a large general practice in an industrial area in Great Britain, and that gives the clue to why I am here. I worked under this British Government Health Service and found it so objectionable, both personally and as a physician, that I felt compelled to break all ties—and they are real ties—with home and friends and professional background and to start afresh—and from the bottom—in a new country.

There are some things that one finds not worth doing at any price, and practicing that sort of government medicine seemed to me so intolerable that I made this momentous decision. I am not alone in making such a break. You won't see many of my British colleagues here in the United States, because the problem of obtaining dollars is almost an insurmountable one for Englishmen. But they are streaming out of Great Britain to the British dominions. This is hardly the action of men who are happy in the practice of their chosen profession. Believe me, one does not make such a decision readily.

Over here you have been led to believe that the vast majority of British doctors are in favor of this scheme. You have heard that considerably over 90 per cent of them have already joined. The presumption, of course, is that they joined willingly. Nothing can be further from the truth. Let me use my own case as an example.

Before the introduction of governmental medicine in July, 1948, England had a system which is little known here. When a doctor wished to settle in some area, it was not the usual custom for him just to hang up a shingle. In the normal course of events, he would succeed to the practice of a doctor who had died, or, more often, a doctor who had retired, and for the succession he would pay a purchase price usually calculated at one and a half times the annual gross income of the practice, though in particularly favorable areas this could go up to one and three-quarters or even twice the annual gross. These are not small sums of money.

In the practice to which I went—not an especially large one—the annual gross was approximately $8,000. Therefore it cost me $12,000. As you can imagine, after serving five years with the R.A.F. I had no $12,000. I borrowed the purchase price from the bank.

The coming of the National Health Service Act—a vast system of government medicine—made this long-established practice of buying and selling illegal. But it should be said in fairness that the doctors were not to be robbed of their practice value. A sum of some $264 million was ap-

(*Continued on page 46*)

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* Dr. Gampell is at present an interne at St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco, California.

(*Continued from page 43*)

"That I don't know, chum. But she ain't here. Quit about a week ago. Far as I know, she ain't working nowhere."

"Do you know her address?"

"Why?"

I took out my wallet and slipped him a five-dollar bill. He went into a side office for a minute, then came back with a slip of paper on which he had written Irma's name and address. "It's a little hotel on Geary. Walk-up lobby. But you can't miss it."

"Thanks."

Pat and I took a taxi to the hotel, but Pat remained in the cab while I went in. The lobby was a crumby little hole on the second floor, hardly big enough to hold a couple of chairs and the counter desk. The clerk was a dyed-blond pansy

"Irma Gibson?" he simpered. "Sorry, sir, but she isn't here any more." He looked me up and down and asked eagerly, "Would you like a room?"

"No, thanks. I have a room" I gave him a five and asked, "Where can I find Miss Gibson now?"

He shrugged and lost interest in me, but he got the forwarding address from his files. "I do so hope you find her."

"I'll try, dearie."

The new address was not the swankiest number on Nob Hill, but it wasn't far from it. I got out of the cab and looked up at the building with more than a little surprise. Irma Gibson had done right well for herself in a short space of time. I found her name on a card in the outside foyer and pushed the bell by the card. After a few minutes there was a loud buzz at the door lock. I pushed the door open and entered the narrow lobby. It was very plush. I went up in the automatic elevator and got out on the seventh floor. Apartment 7-F was down at the end of the hall. I could smell perfume as I pushed the bell.

A voice called, "Just a minute, darling."

Irma opened the door with a gay smile that faded fast as she stared at me. "Who are you?"

"I'm darling."

"Oh, a jokester. You're in the wrong building, you comedian. I don't know you."

She started to close the door, but my foot put a stop to that. "You're Irma Gibson, aren't you?"

"So?"

"I'm Jim Bradley. Does that mean anything to you?"

Her face flushed. She tried to shove the door against my foot and got nowhere. I put a hand against the door and shoved it wide open. She almost fell down. She stepped back, with her hands on her hips, and sneered, "Come right in. Make yourself at home."

"Thanks."

I walked by her into the apartment. The living room was very nice, beautifully decorated, but Irma had evidently added a few personal touches that gave it that obvious love-nest look. And Irma herself definitely belonged. Though she had on make-up she had apparently just come from the bath. She was wearing fluffy mules, a ribbon holding back her jet-black hair, and a soft robe carelessly wrapped about her body. Nothing else. She had a decidedly well-curved body and even rather beautiful features, but her expression was that of a cocktail waitress. She reeked of perfume, expensive stuff.

She dropped into a chair, crossed her legs, and watched me as I looked over the apartment. "Are you happy with what you see?"

I said, "Happy enough. I think I'm getting somewhere." I sat on a piano stool just before her and said, "Now, where did you hear my name before? Red Donnelly?"

She nodded. "He spoke of you."

"We were pretty close friends."

"So he said."

"And what did you think of Red?"

She snapped, "What the hell do you think? I was nuts about him."

"And Red?"

"Well, he liked me." She looked away from me and said, "You know."

"Sure. I'm going to put my cards on the table. I don't think Red's death was accidental. I'm picking up where he left off on the Vega salvage job. Did he ever mention it to you?"

"Yes."

"And I think I'll prove my hunch. But maybe you can help me."

She said sullenly, "I don't know anything about it. Anyways, I don't want to talk about Red. I'd like to forget him. Why don't you just run along?"

"Right after meeting such a charming person as you?"

"Oh, stuff it. I tell you I don't know anything."

"You seem to have done all right for a gal who knows nothing. Quite a jump from a cheap walk-up hotel to this place."

She frowned and said, "It's got nothing to do with you or Red Donnelly."

"I'll give odds that it has. You and Red were—well—intimate. He must have talked with you, told you things, maybe even given you an idea of what he thought about the Vega and the characters connected with it."

She said evasively, "All Red talked about was what a dangerous job it was. I wasn't surprised when he got his."

"But you know it was not an accident."

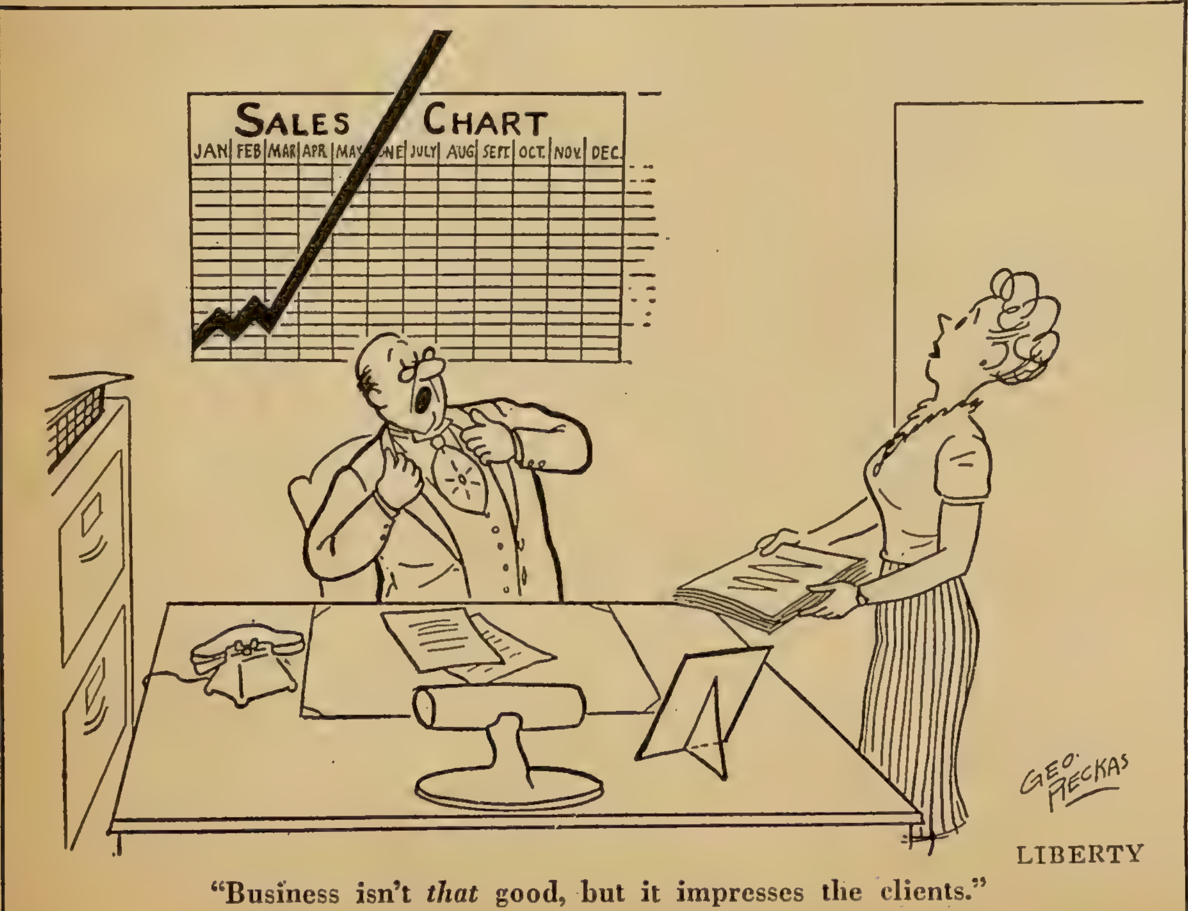
Her face clouded with remorse, or something close to it, and for a moment I thought she was going to talk. But then she was suddenly sullen again and jumped to her feet. She walked halfway to the door, then spun about to face me. "I wish you'd get out of here, mister. Like you say, it ain't an easy jump from a cheap hotel to this place. And I don't want no goon upsetting my applecart. I can get awful nasty if you stick your nose in where it don't belong."

I got to my feet and faced her. "How did Red ever get mixed up with you?"

"Maybe I got hidden charms."

"They're not so hidden, baby." I put my hands on her shoulders and shook her until her teeth rattled. "Listen, you cheap bitch. You're going to talk. Understand? I'm giving you until tomorrow noon to spill what you know. If you don't come through, I'm turning you over to a very interested guy in Homicide name of Riley."

"You get your filthy hands off


SALES CHART
JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT NOV DEC
GEO. FLECKAS

LIBERTY

"Business isn't *that* good, but it impresses the clients."

me!" she screamed. "The cops can't do nothing to me."

"How about a vag charge?"

She went limp in my hands. There was no more fight in her. That cart of hers was spilling apples all over the place. I said, "Tomorrow noon. The Pine-Savoy," and walked out of the place.

Pat was still waiting in the taxi. She was staring out at a dark bank of fog settling down over the city. I took her down to Grant Avenue and to the place where I had had dinner the night before. I like Chinese food. Pat called her father and then we had dinner. She relaxed and even seemed to enjoy herself. By a sort of tacit agreement, we kept away from any mention of the Vega. We talked about each other and I did a lot of bragging. It was nice. It was so nice that it was almost midnight before we broke it up.

I wanted to take Pat home, but she explained that she lived in Seacliff, which was evidently quite a distance away. I put her in a taxi and then leaned in and kissed her good night. It was like kissing a magnolia blossom. I stepped back and stared at her. She watched me with a solemn little expression through the rear window of the taxi as it pulled away, then she smiled lightly and waved.

Pat was a complication I hadn't counted on.

◆

It was only a short distance to the hotel, so I decided to walk. I turned up my coat collar against the penetrating fog, stuck my hands in my pockets, and hurried along Grant Avenue. There were a number of people on the avenue, even at that hour, but when I turned up Pine Street it was relatively deserted. I headed uphill toward the hotel, no longer thinking about the Vega, unable to get Pat out of my mind.

About a block from the hotel I heard someone walking behind me and looked around. He was a powerful-looking character about ten paces to my rear. He was wearing a turtle-neck sweater, leather jacket, and pull-down cap. I thought, Stevedore, and looked forward again. An old jaloppy was parked against the curb not far ahead. A man looked out the window in my direction, then stepped out on the sidewalk. He had left the car's engine running. I paused for a second, then thought that I could be wrong and kept on walking.

I wasn't wrong. The character in front of me stepped directly in my path and pulled the old wheeze about, "Got a light, chum?" That did it. I said, "Sure," stepped up close to him and swung a left with all my beef behind it straight into the pit of his stomach. He sagged and I caught him on the chin with an uppercut that sent a shock through my arm. He went down and I ducked. It was just in time. I felt air whistle by my head, spun about and slammed into the stevedore who had been walking behind me. He had swung a blackjack at me and was momentarily off balance. I caught him in the ribs and then clipped him on the side of the jaw, but he got the jack in play and smashed it down on my forehead. I went down to my knees. He kicked me in the side with a heavy boot and I dived at his legs. When he went down I got his hair in my hand and slammed his head on the sidewalk. He rolled aside, caught me in the groin with his knee and slapped the jack across my face with a back-handed blow. I felt blood and could taste it in my mouth.

I managed to get to my feet, but then fell over the other character who was crawling across the sidewalk toward the car. The stevedore kicked a vicious boot at my face. I grabbed his ankle and twisted. He went over me and fell across the hood of the car with a loud crash. I pulled him off the hood, straightened him up, and then swung lefts and rights into his ribs and face. He dropped the jack and slumped back against the side of the car. I jumped him, but that was as far as I got. The other character was now inside the car. I saw his hand come up holding a tire iron, but it was too late to duck. I got it flat over the top of the head and went down and out.

When I came to I was lying on the curb and the street was deserted. The car was gone. I got to my feet and took a quick inventory. Fortunately they hadn't worked me over when I had passed out. That had undoubtedly been their intention, but I suppose they had taken such a beating themselves they had been glad to get away. I got out a handkerchief and wiped the blood from my face and dusted off my clothes. Then I walked on to the hotel.

*I went up to my room, unlocked the door, and stepped inside. Sam Wise and Lieutenant Riley were sitting on the bed playing gin rummy.*

*To be continued in the next issue.*

LITTLE LULU

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*T.M.REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

"SOCIALIZED MEDICINE AS I SAW IT" *Continued from page 43*

propriated as compensation. Provided—and this is the vital proviso—that the doctor claiming compensation had entered the nationalized medical scheme on or before July 5, 1948, he would be reimbursed.

It will be clear to you that in my own case I stood to lose no less than $12,000—borrowed money at that—should the scheme come into operation on the appointed day and my head not be there to be counted. That story applies to almost every doctor in Great Britain. As the government claims, the doctors in Britain are 99 44/100 per cent pure.

You must wonder how it ever came about that British medicine, with a proud tradition comparable with any in the world, was faced with this wretched dilemma. To see this clearly, we must go back a bit in time. Socialized medicine reached its full British flowering in 1948, but the seed sprouted way back in 1911, when a government panel system was first introduced to care for manual workers in the lowest income groups. But, as these schemes so often do, politicians wanting more power, the income level was slowly raised and the panel scheme slowly grew until in 1948, with one stroke of the legislative pen, in came the entire population—all blanketed in as one conglomerate whole. No question of income, no question of need.

How did it work out, this panacea for all the nation's ills? As a general practitioner, I had registered with me (because of course in socialized medicine we must have registration) some 3,200 souls, and this, believe it or not, was not the maximum. I could have had 4,000 and even more in certain exceptional circumstances. I challenge any of you readers to have even a conception of what is entailed in being responsible for the health of that number of people. In America there is one doctor for substantially less than a thousand persons. I used to do three one-hour office periods each day. And I could expect 20 people and more in one of these periods; that is an average of three minutes a patient. And I have made as many as 36 house calls in one working day in addition to my work in the office. You will, I am sure, appreciate what sort of medicine that is.

It is just what we should have expected. The illusion of "all for free" has taken firm hold and the national hypochondriasis has reached truly alarming proportions. The doctors' offices are crowded to overflowing and the urgent sick are forced to wait their turn while the doctor's time is devoted to the mass of unnecessary demands on his professional skill. This impossible strain has meant inevitably that any case requiring more than the barest minimum of attention has to be got rid of as quickly as possible, and this is done by referring the unfortunate patient to the nearest hospital, not because of any necessity for hospital facilities, but because what is needed is that thing which is in the shortest supply—the doctor's time.

So the pressure is transferred to the hospitals, jammed in their turn with unnecessarily referred cases. The hospital specialists, endeavoring to keep up with this ever-increasing load of referred work, cut down more and more on the time for careful physical examination and rely on diagnostic aids—laboratory, X-ray, blood tests, etc., in the hope that they will be presented at the end with a ready-made diagnosis.

This, of course, is an intolerably costly form of medical practice, and the figures from Great Britain following the first few months of the plan's operation well bear this out. The government's original estimate for the first year's operation was that they would need all the sum realized by the payroll withholding tax as well as an extra $520 million from the general appropriation. At the end of the first nine months, however, an extra appropriation of some $230 million was needed to prime the pump—an eloquent commentary on the accuracy of the political planners. And, of course, this "free for all" assembly-line medicine requires an ever-increasing expenditure.

As long as he is in possession of the right form, there is virtually nothing that energetic patients cannot obtain — drugs, dentures, toupees, surgical corsets, elastic hose, spectacles, hearing aids, all to be had for the asking, and how they do ask! Before I left England I became a truly expert form filler.

I wish I had space to deal with all the manifold evils that this medical scheme has introduced; to discuss in detail the mechanism by which the whole control of medicine in Britain is in the power of one man—the Minister of Health—and how this power is delegated by him to boards of his own appointing; and of how a physician must obtain the permission of such boards before he may practice in any area or change from one area to another. I should like to talk of the bureaucratic red tape and of the records that must be available at all times for official checking and snooping.

Most of all, I should like to tell about the disciplinary tribunal. In England, we always prided ourselves on the excellent medical discipline preserved by the General Medical Council, vigilant indeed in all cases of malpractice and unprofessional conduct. And yet, despite the existence of this body, it was felt necessary by the Minister of Health to set up a tribunal with minority medical membership to judge the action of doctors in the National Health Service. And—I cannot emphasize this too strongly—from the decisions of this tribunal there is no appeal to the judiciary, even though the tribunal's sentence can remove a man from the medical list of the government's scheme and so take away his livelihood. The Minister, in fact, is his own prosecutor, his own judge and jury, and the approver of his own findings. It is difficult to imagine anything which has in it the seeds of more vicious injustice than this—a far cry indeed from the English tradition of justice, but illustrating well the fundamental rottenness of political medicine.

I felt that I had had enough of this sort of government medicine, and I made a clean break. I would urge everyone to consider the implications for all the people of this country in what I have said. The physicians of this country have the same hopes and the same ambitions that I have, the same hopes and ambitions which forced me to take the action that I took. Let us hope that none of them is ever forced to take the same action. ◆ ◆

### I ODE IT TO YOU

I look upon a pun as fun,
As wit wit'out a fetter;
I'm one who gladly stanza pun,
The verse it is, the better.
—*Berton Braley.*

LIBERTY

"I suppose I don't work hard all day, too?"

delighted to ride in it and would have wished all the kids could see him, but this time he pulled himself far back in a corner, hoping no one would see him.

Things were awful after that. It seemed that with Mom and her job in the library gone, there wasn't any money, and they all had to come to Dayton and live with Grandpa, who didn't have anything but a bad case of asthma and the interest from a trust "fun" and a big old house that needed mending in a lot of ways.

Ellen, standing in the doorway now, jerked his thoughts back to the important business ahead of him.

"What goes on?" she asked with that pretended cheerfulness everybody put on nowadays. "Brushing your hair without being told?" Ellen sometimes tried too hard to take Mom's place. She was halfway past sixteen.

He looked her squarely in the face. "Nobody's said a thing about Christmas yet," he accused her, "and it's only two weeks away. I'm going to hunt me a job—to buy presents—for Ruth and Mixie and you and Grandpa."

"Darling!" Ellen's voice sounded like crisp lettuce being washed. "We'll have to pretend our Christmas gifts are coming here to live with Grandpa."

"Mom wouldn't like it if we didn't have Christmas—and laughing a lot. She liked to laugh—remember? She made us laugh—remember? She said when we laughed we didn't quarrel." He followed Ellen into the cold bare upper hall of the drafty old house where Mixie, aged four, was yelling for someone to come and get her leg from between the rods of the banister.

"Ruth dared me to stick it in and it won't come out!" she moaned. Ruth, aged six, was calmly walking downstairs as if hearing nothing.

"What do you mean?" Ellen called crossly, stooping to twist the plump leg free.

"Serves her right. She chewed up my best paper doll and swallowed her," was the cool reply.

◆

Jimmy followed Ellen and the extricated Mixie downstairs. "See what I mean?" he mumbled, not expecting an answer.

The girls hurried to the kitchen, where it was warm. Jimmy got his cap and heavy sweater from the hall closet and went out the front door. Grandpa, bundled up to his ears in an ancient coat and brown scarf, was sitting on the steps.

"Who lives over yonder, Grandpa?" Jimmy waved an arm toward Spruce Street across the vacant lot in front of them. Dayton seemed a smaller town than Lexington.

"That's Quality Hill." Grandpa had fun in his eyes even when he couldn't get his breath. "They're the uppity folk over there. The Manleys and the Dillers been feuding and fighting for near four years. Leastways it's a cold war—they don't speak to each other. And Mrs. Jameson—she's the 'I-thank-thee-Lord' kind, meaning she's sure she's better than most and is much obliged to the Lord for making her that way—she's always trying to make peace between the others and getting nowhere fast."

"What do they fight about?"

"Darned if I know," Grandpa wheezed. "Something about the Diller cat eating something out of the Manley garbage pail that killed it. The Dillers claimed it had been poisoned, and the Manleys said if the Dillers fed it enough it woulda stayed at home—some such foolishness." Grandpa had to pant hard for his breath now and he waved Jimmy away with a tired hand.

◆

Jimmy dug his fists deep into his sweater pockets and walked slowly toward Quality Hill. He stopped before a house that was tall and stern. The windows were stern eyes daring him to open the iron gate and go up the walk to the protruding jaw of the house's long face.

With his heart thumping like a drumbeat he tilted his chin higher and walked to the door and pulled a tarnished brass knocker. A fat lady with bushy white hair came to the door, not at all a lady to match the house.

"Good morning," her words had a deep chuckle in them. Her eyes were as blue as the sky in summer, and her neck was so short it seemed that her head must be screwed in at the shoulders. Jimmy was fascinated at the notion of how much fun it would be to give it a twirl and watch it spin. He almost giggled. The woman smiled, puzzled, and he came to his politer self.

Jerking off his cap, he said carefully, "Have you any work I can do? We just moved into the Moffat place, my grandpa's, and I'd like to make some—Christmas money."

"Well, bless my high-heeled shoes!" chuckled the lady. She wore soft house slippers. "Are you the family of poor kidlets that lost their mother?"

He nodded. He'd die rather than let tears come to his eyes. He even gave a choked laugh just to show her.

"Mom says—she used to say—we must laugh, specially at Christmastime. So I'm going to buy presents for Ruth and Mixie—funny things to make them laugh. They won't fuss so much then, you know."

"Won't they?" Mrs. Diller frowned with the top part of her face and smiled with the bottom part, like when you swallow sour pickles.

"No'm, you don't fuss with people you laugh with, Mom says—said. Have you any work?"

"I'm sorry, sonny. I'm as hard up as a fieldmouse in a blizzard. But," with a brightening of her blue eyes, "try next door. They've got money to burn." She added as an afterthought, "Would you like a cooky?" as if a cooky would buy presents.

"No, thank you," he answered proudly.

The house next door was as fat as this one was thin. It looked as if a giant fist had knocked it in the middle and it had sat down so hard it couldn't get up. Little porches like ruffled petticoats jutted out all over it, and it wore a coat of yellow paint, the only house in the block that wasn't white, or meant to be. There was a push-button bell on this door, and when he pressed it, he heard chimes far back inside.

A girl about Ellen's age flung the door wide so suddenly Jimmy jumped back, not knowing what might be coming out. She was lovely. She wore ski pants and carried skates over her shoulders and had a bright red scarf around her head.

"Hi," she grinned. "Do we know you?"

"No, ma'am." Jimmy twisted his cap in both hands. "We moved into the Moffat place."

"Oh, you're the p— the new family with Grandpa Moffat," she said.

"Yes'm. Do you have any odd jobs I can do?" He dared her with his eyes to laugh. She didn't.

"What's your name? What kind of work?" Her eyes were dancing.

"James Warren Moffat," he answered proudly. "Any kind of work."

◆

"Mother," called the girl, "a gentleman to see you."

Mrs. Manley came to the door with an armful of fluffy pinkness which Jimmy knew must be a party dress for the girl. The woman carried it like Mom used to carry a dress of Ellen's when she was sewing on it, so it wouldn't get mussed.

A noisy car with a boy in it stopped out front and the girl cried, "Good-by now!" and ran down the steps.

"Good-by, Dot, have a good time," the mother called after her, then turned to Jimmy. "Won't you come in?"

"No, thank you. I'm looking for work." It seemed to him he had already said it a million times.

"Why," the woman seemed embarrassed, "we have a man for the furnace, the walks and all that," she said slowly. "I'm sorry. What is your name?"

"Jimmy Moffat." It didn't seem worth while telling it all again.

"Oh, yes, of course." The whole town seemed to know about them. She was staring at him as if he were a picture on a wall.

"Well," he asked finally in a small voice, "will I do?"

"Do? Oh, I'm sorry, Jimmy." She

thought hard a second, then said with that forced kind of brightness Jimmy had begun to know. "How would you like to take a message to Mrs. Jameson, just down this block and around the corner?"

He thought this over. "Does she have a telephone?" he asked.

"Why, yes, of course." Her face took on some of the pinkness of the dress in her arms.

"I'll take the message," Jimmy said; "but if you're making up a job you don't need, I can't take the money. If she has a telephone, seems like you'd phone her yourself." His tawny eyes held her.

"I see," she said slowly. "Thank you."

He wondered what she was thanking him for, but he said, "You're welcome."

"You have three sisters, haven't you?"

"Yes'm. Ellen's going to graduate from high school and get a job. She is smart as a million tacks, Grandpa says, but he says she sure must finish school. Ruth's in the second grade, and Mixie stays home with Grandpa. Her name's Mildred, but we call her Mixie 'cause she's always getting mixed up in things, like cutting off her hair and trying to shave the cat."

Mrs. Manley laughed, and he added hastily, "We like her, though."

"I just remembered, dear," the woman stepped back into her warm living room and very carefully spread the pink dress over the back of a chair. "I can't send books by telephone. Mrs. Jameson would like to have these very much. I will give you fifty cents if you will take them to her—just around the corner." She pulled a couple of books from a shelf near the fireplace.

"Yes'm." His hesitation was brief—didn't she have money to burn? "Is it worth fifty cents?"

"Certainly, and here it is." She dropped the silver piece into his waiting hand.

"Thank you very much." His spirits rose like the mercury in a thermometer in an August sun and he went down the street and around the corner whistling Santa Claus Is Coming to Town.

Mrs. Jameson had horn-rimmed spectacles and they made her eyes look like she was peeping at you out of a mousehole. ,

"Here are the books Mrs. Manley sent," he said.

"What books?" She peered at him more closely, giving him a chance to see the wart under her chin. "Wait just a minute," as the telephone behind her hummed.

He heard bits of what she was saying, "So that's it? Very well. . . . But I don't think I would have lied about it. . . . Of course. . . . Yes indeed."

She came straight back to him and took the books. "Thank you," she said without smiling. "Mrs. Manley just told me about them."

Somehow he wasn't quite so happy when he left Mrs. Jameson. Grandpa had said she was the I-thank-thee-Lord woman. Maybe a fellow felt that way in the presence of such good people.

It was beginning to snow. It was always nice to have snow at Christmas, but there were two weeks yet before then. He found Ellen hunched over the kitchen table in tears.

"What's the matter, Sis?" Ellen so seldom cried, it was frightening when she did.

"These darn bills!" She had several envelopes torn open before her. "Water bill—light bill—Mom's last doctor bill, and no money coming in until Grandpa's next check *after* the first of the year!"

The half-dollar was burning the hand he kept in his pocket.

LIBERTY

"Perhaps madam could do it better."

"I'm going to quit school and get a job! There's no use in putting it off." Ellen wiped her eyes on her cook apron. "I'm not in the—I'm not even invited to Dot Manley's party during Christmas week. That shows we—we don't be-belong. I might as well be making money—"

"Mom wouldn't like that," Jimmy said. Then out came his hand. "Here, you can have this. I made it—and I can make some more." He'd simply have to find other jobs, even if this Saturday was half gone and only one more before Christmas. He told her how he had made it.

"Keep it, Jimmy," she said and managed a tearful giggle. "I am just a no-good weakling. It—it seems so hard to find things to laugh at any more."

Jimmy braced his feet far apart, grasped his ankles with both hands and ducked his head far back between his legs and wiggled his ears. "Look!" he shouted. That was his prize gymnastic stunt and it had always been the sign for everybody to burst into merry laughter. Ellen didn't disappoint him. She got up, crumpling the envelopes in her hands. "You win, Jimmy," she said. "I'll try to be good."

But being good was harder than ever during those days that Christmas was coming closer. Grandpa had to take to his bed and so could not look after Mixie during school hours. Ellen had to stop school for the present and look after both Grandpa and Mixie.

◆

Jimmy tried hard to find some other jobs. He did succeed, the last day before Christmas Eve, in getting a few walks to clean off after the last obliging snow. He had made two dollars before Mr. Flannigan, the only policeman in the town, said good-naturedly, "Get off my beat, young man, before I run you in. You're plumb tuckered out now.

He was having to breathe plenty hard, almost like Grandpa, and the two dollars, with the fifty cents he'd been saving, would go a long way. He could buy one of those funny jumping men on sticks for Mixie and a colored picture book for Ruth. Why, he could even get something for Ellen, maybe one of those sparkly combs for her hair—and a necktie for Grandpa. He'd let Ellen spend the rest for the dinner.

It was strangely quiet when he entered the kitchen. Mixie was sitting in her chair with her hands held tightly together in her lap and her eyes as big as suckers. Ruth was trying to set the table for supper, tripping over Ellen's big apron tied around her.

"Grandpa's awful sick," she whispered. "Ellen's in there."

The doorbell rang at that moment and Ellen came from Grandpa's room to answer it. Jimmy followed her to the door.

"Here's the medicine you ordered," a delivery boy said. "Mr. Gordon says it's collect."

"I—can't pay now." Ellen's face turned very red. "He can't mean—you'll take it back unless—"

Jimmy's fist waited only a tiny speck of time before it dug into the pocket where all his wealth was. "Here," he mumbled, thrusting it toward Ellen, not looking at her, because he knew he was about to drop some tears.

"It's only two and a quarter," the boy said.

The door slammed behind him, and silently Ellen dropped twenty-five cents back into Jimmy's pocket.

◆

The medicine must have helped Grandpa, for the next morning he insisted on getting up and eating breakfast with the family. It was Christmas Eve, he reminded them, and everybody must be happy. With the beautiful faith of childhood, Ruth and Mixie were talking of where they would hang their stockings.

Ellen said, "Santa Claus doesn't know where we've moved, girls, so you mustn't be disappointed if he doesn't find us in time."

"Oh, he'll find us," Ruth assured her.

Grandpa was looking at the weekly paper. "That Dot Manley is going to give a big party a couple of days after Christmas." He looked across at Ellen. "You should be going to that."

Ellen flushed uncomfortably. "They don't even know we—we're nice people." She tried to laugh. Laughter was getting mighty scarce around the house these days.

"Are we nice people?" Ruth was making marbles from the biscuit on her plate and pretending to choke on each one.

"Of course, silly," Ellen answered, "and we won't forget it. Stop that this minute and drink your milk."

"What's nice people?" Mixie stumbled unexpectedly into the conversation.

Grandpa was ever ready with an answer. With his eyes twinkling he said, "They're the folk that eat *cav-i-ar* and use finger bowls, like this," and he pretended to dip his bony fingers into his coffee cup and dry them with scornful daintiness on his napkin.

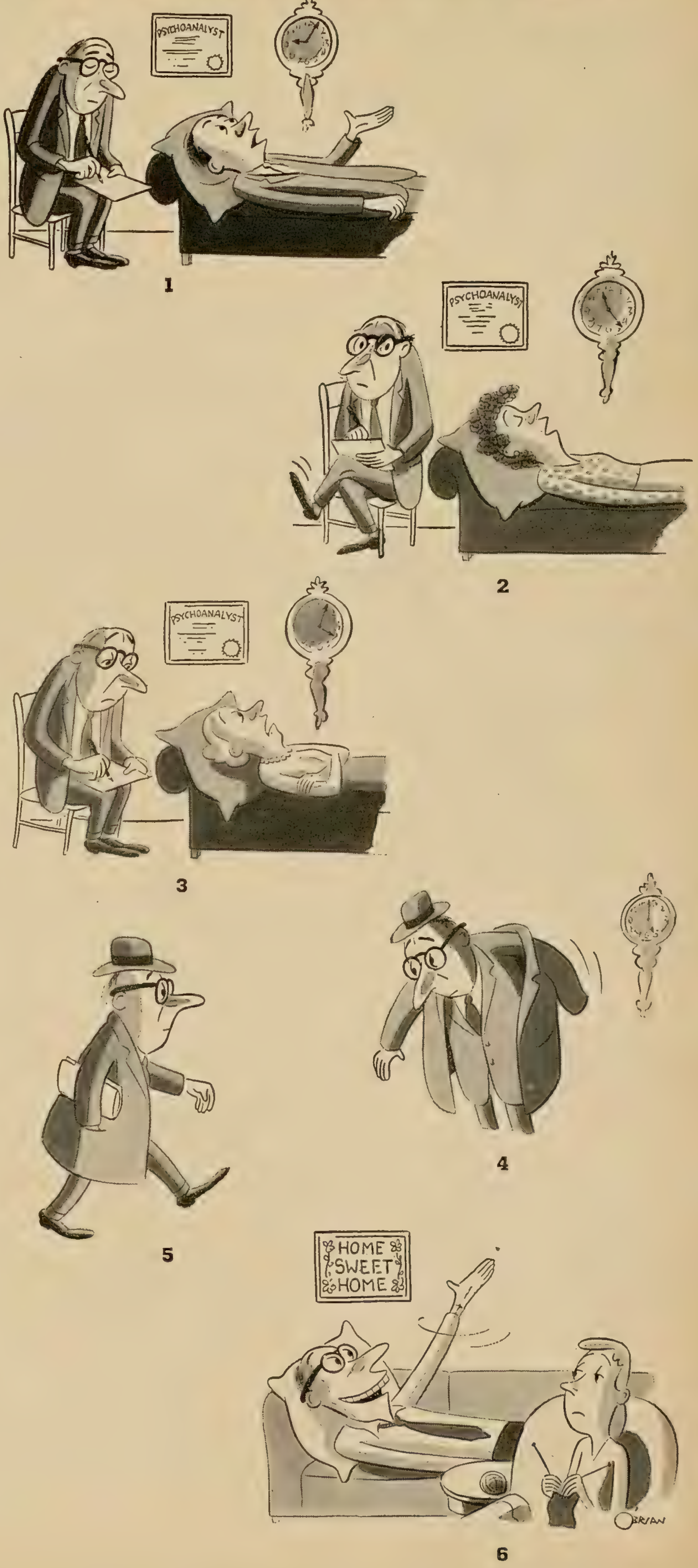
The little girls howled in glee and Mixie immediately tried washing her hands in her milk and upset it in her lap. With her lips shut tight, Ellen sprang for a cloth to sop it up. Grandpa chuckled, then wheezed, "Ellen, my apologies, my dear."

Determined to keep up the laughing farce, she turned to him with a limping gurgle. Jimmy could tell she was about to cry but was holding it back with all her might.

After breakfast Grandpa drifted off to the post office and Ellen hung up the red-paper bells left from

(*Continued on page 68*)

## AT LAST! By William O'Brian



## "IT'S A WIDE-OPEN MARKET"

*Continued from page 17*

industry that was forging ahead.

Although he had the method, Magnus still needed machines, materials and markets to translate his design into dollars. The market, oddly enough, came first. Magnus saw a magazine article showing War Secretary Robert Patterson, as a World War I soldier, playing a mouth organ. That was his cue.

He wrote Patterson, suggesting plastic harmonicas as recreation items for G.I.s overseas. Magnus also pointed out that, unlike their brass-wood predecessors, his harmonicas would not rust in the tropics or glue to the lips in arctic temperatures.

Patterson's reply suggested Magnus see Pentagon procurement officers. Three weeks after demonstrating his sample model to Army Quartermaster officials, he had an order for 38,000 harmonicas. But Magnus still had headaches. The war was still on, everything was on priority. Plastic suppliers said they could take no new customers. Machinery manufacturers could not guarantee delivery under 30 months.

Then Magnus played his trump. This can be a new American industry, he told the plastic and machinery officials. But it needs your help if we are to break the foreign strangle hold on the $30 million American retail market. That did it. Suppliers cut red tape, sent him the plastic materials and molding machines he needed to turn out mouth organs for overseas servicemen.

When the war ended, Magnus shifted from G.I. to domestic markets. One trade-magazine advertisement brought $250,000 worth of orders within ten days. Then came a real surprise—a $50,000 offer from Hohner for the Magnus patents. Refused, the German harmonica magnate countered with a royalty offer in exchange for exclusive manufacturing rights. The Newark inventor declined again.

"If it's worth that much to Hohner, it's worth much more to me," Magnus said.

Exactly how much more it was worth is a secret shared by taxpayer Magnus and the Internal Revenue collector. But, just as a general idea, Newark is the world's new harmonica capital. The U. S. firm's 1949 unit production far outstrips Hohner's prewar annual output of 25 million harmonicas, yet with only 500 employees, compared to the German company's 4,500 skilled and semiskilled workers. That is the Magnus answer to the skeptics who said harmonicas could not be mass-produced.

With his nine-model harmonica line dominating the market in the United States and 63 foreign countries, Magnus began considering other musical instruments that might be mass-produced. One day somebody casually mentioned that Italy and Germany controlled the accordion market, with no real U. S. competition. Magnus smiled a bit smugly, said: "Brother, they got some now."

It was no mere circumstance that early Magnus patent applications covered all reed instruments. The natural aftermath was the 1948 Magnus sales catalogue which listed the music trade's first all-plastic accordions. Made of bakelite styrene with the same plastic reed process as their harmonica predecessors, the original two models were actually musical toys rather than professional-type accordions. But their button keys, playing up to two and a half diatonic scales, made them ideal training instruments for juvenile accordionists.

◆

Streamlined and simplified, the accordions had less than 20 plastic parts compared to 186 in comparable foreign-made models. Like the harmonicas, they soon dominated the musical-toy market, far ahead of the field with their eye-catching colors and cheaper prices.

Magnus soon will introduce a professional-model accordion and an all-plastic concertina. They will retail at about $17, compared to the foreign manufacturer's minimum $42 model. Another example of simplified processes and modern materials producing a more economical product.

That Magnus fetish for simplification even extended into his wife's kitchen last summer. Watching her make piecrust one afternoon, he decided the traditional wood rolling pin was but a relic of a less enlightened age.

Several months later, Chicago's Marshall Field store reported a minor riot in its kitchenware department—women shoppers, five and six deep at the counters, trying to buy the new $1.69 all-plastic plate-shaped rolling pins.

"With a lift handle, madam, so you can roll the dough with one hand. Only weighs four and a half ounces, too, compared to the old wooden model's two pounds. Makes the kitchen an easier place for wives."

It also makes the home a safer place for husbands. Reports from Des Moines say that one Friday-night poker club has already nominated Finn Magnus for the 1949 Nobel Peace Prize.

Finn was born in Bergen, Norway, but the family moved to Copenhagen, Denmark, five years later. His parents still live there, along with three married daughters.

Brother John, the marine who was shipped to Haiti, is an American citizen, and now owns a small manufacturing plant near Washington.

◆

Although a lineal descendant of the medieval Magnus clan, one of three tribes which ruled Norway from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, Finn pays scant homage to his viking ancestry. Looking back, he prefers instead to reminisce about that silver trophy he won as Denmark's junior pole-vault champion.

"Only eleven feet six inches," he says, "but they gave me a trophy for it and then I had to lose it in a Brooklyn roominghouse!"

Soccer was another of his schoolboy sports. Later, when he came to the States, he tried professional soccer for a while, but quit when the manager skipped town with the gate receipts.

Finishing school at 15, Magnus went to work as a ten-dollar-a-month office boy in a Copenhagen insurance firm. He cleaned inkwells, delivered interoffice memos, dreamed of himself as a junior executive. Then he got fired. Disrespect for the president. The chief clerk said, "You should bow before addressing superiors."

That convinced Finn that Old World obsequity was not for him. He repaired bicycles, sold sports sweaters, wrote soccer stories for a Danish sports magazine. Finally he had $250, enough for steerage passage to New York.

After his initial greenhorn disappointments and several minor jobs, Magnus finally got an assembly-line job in a Newark typewriter factory. Eager to absorb the secrets of American mass production, he skipped lunch hours to study machines in other departments. At night he took correspondence courses in business English, read books on engineering and modern production processes.

When National Cash Register took over the typewriter plant six months later, Magnus was a $60-a-week inspector. Besides that, his production-boosting suggestions brought many bonuses; one year's extra pay totaled $1,500.

Disciple of mass production that he was, it was inevitable that Magnus should eventually journey to the feet of its master, Henry Ford. A junior executive training program was started at Ford's Kearny, New Jersey, plant, designed to prepare foreign-born young men for supervisory positions in the company's overseas assembly plants. Norwegian-born, 23-year-old Finn Magnus was selected as a future executive of the Ford plant in Copenhagen.

Several months later Ford changed over from a Model T to a Model A, and the Kearny plant was closed for retooling. They told Magnus he would be recalled to resume training for the Denmark job. The budding motor magnate replied: “No, thanks. I really didn't want to go back to Denmark anyhow.”

Instead, he went to Dayton, Ohio, with a manufacturing plant. He stayed for almost three years. Then he got thinking about the surf fishing along the Jersey coast and returned east. A small button plant outside of Newark gave him a $30-a-week job as a night machine operator.

◆ When Magnus started work at the Button Corporation of America, in the depression winter of 1934, things were tough. Company officials told the 27-year-old newcomer if he had anything on the ball, the executive doors would be oiled and waiting. So Magnus played another long shot. Starting as a night machine operator in the automatic cutting department, he went through three departments in 30 days. By then he was an inspector. Two months later he was plant superintendent.

Meanwhile, with a free operating hand, Magnus had revamped the entire production system. He offered bonuses for best shift records, combined several time-consuming operations, simplified some machines by merely removing unnecessary parts.

Result: the daily button production increased from 8,000 to 25,000 gross.

Three years later, when the Button Corporation moved to larger quarters in Newark, it had 300 employees (700 during the war) instead of 38. And the new general manager was Magnus. When he resigned in 1945 to make harmonicas, his annual salary was well up in the five-digit bracket, quite a respectable advance from the $30 job of 11 years before.

Although his own boss now, the 5-foot 11-inch, 205-pound former machinist still works long hours. Up at 6.30 A.M., he drives the 15 miles to Newark in a 1949 blue Cadillac, is at his desk by eight o'clock each morning. His schedule includes weekly policy meetings with department executives, semimonthly confabs with plant foremen.

About two nights a week he's at the plant until 7 or 8 P.M. Then home and dinner with his wife and seven-year-old son Kenneth. After dinner he often slips out to his new completely equipped experimental laboratory, an annex of the garage, for two or three hours' work. Most of his new ideas and products (he now has 31 on the drawing boards) are tested there before his plant engineering department sees them.

Obviously, that daily schedule leaves little time for social activities. So Magnus and his wife, a New Jersey girl he married in 1940, live quietly, seldom entertain. Summer weekends, however, are spent at their seashore cottage in Manasquan, swimming or deep-sea fishing. An avid fisherman, Magnus has a 39-foot boat under construction for use next summer.

Despite Magnus' deep-seated belief in hard work and long hours as the twin tickets from an employee's machine to an employer's desk, labor relations at his plant have never been acrimonious. His employees work a 48-hour week, with three shifts on a round-the-clock production schedule.

Company benefits for employees include free hospitalization and surgery, paid holidays and vacations, free life insurance, Christmas bonuses, and seasonal picnics or parties. Wage scales exceed union minimums in any comparable industry, although it is a non-union shop. An attempt to organize Magnus employees last year was defeated by a three-to-one vote in a National Labor Relations Board election.

This year (1950), the twenty-fifth anniversary of his arrival in America, Magnus plans a round-the-calendar contribution toward maintaining his adopted country's better way of life. Each month he will introduce a new plastic product which he feels will be more useful and economical than any current counterpart. They include new developments in such varied fields as photography, packaging, and toys.

What does Magnus think of plastics' future?

“We haven't scratched the surface yet,” he maintains. “But don't just think of plastics as a mere substitute for other materials. Its real application is to cut out the excess operations required by other materials, opening the way for mass production of a more useful, beautiful, and economical product.”

The man who revolutionized the harmonica market has a word of warning for those with a creative bent. Your invention is only one part of the over-all picture, he says. Production difficulties, styling, and public acceptance must be researched as intently as the form, composition, and function of the article itself. Don't forget airtight patent rights either. Magnus speaks from experience there. He had several long, expensive legal fights against competitors' infringements. But he won all of them.

◆ And what does Magnus think of America's opportunity picture as we enter the second half of the twentieth century?

“Better than ever,” he says; “even more so than when I arrived here. New industrial fields are opening every day. Yet there's still tremendous room for improvement in every phase of our daily lives. It's a wide-open market for anybody with the ability, energy, and determination to do something about it.”

Finn Magnus, the man who parlayed a $27 grubstake into a new American industry in just 25 years, has one more observation which might interest budding industrial magnates.

“There is,” he says, “no forty-hour-week road to success.” ◆ ◆

LIBERTY

“I'll marry you, Al. But you must get your glasses changed.”

been committed, but diplomatic immunity is ancient and broad.

A foreign diplomatic representative is immune from both criminal and civil laws. He cannot be arrested, punished, sued, or forced to testify against his will. His house and goods and records cannot be searched or seized.

The reason for diplomatic immunity is rooted in pre-Christian history: nations can't do business with one another if their agents are hampered. Diplomats, like army officers, are presumed to be gentlemen, and fortunately most of them are. Otherwise the system would not work. The suasions which are brought upon them are largely moral, but successful. A diplomat, for instance, cannot be arrested, and his car carries diplomatic tags. More than 800 such plates, issued by the District of Columbia, are now in use. If a car with diplomatic plates overparks, the cop leaves a ticket, which the diplomatic mission sends to the State Department.

As official ticket fixer, Stanley Woodward writes the ambassador or other chief of mission a polite letter, explaining that a regulation has been violated, and leaving the settlement up to him. Sometimes the culprit is required by his own chief to pay a fine or is given a dressing down. The mission then customarily advises Woodward what has been done and promises greater care in the future.

◆ Officers of the law outside the District of Columbia are less well schooled. A great furor was aroused in 1935 when the Iranian Minister, Ghaffar Khan Djalal, was stopped by the police in Elkton, Maryland, and his chauffeur charged with a traffic violation. They were both arrested. His Excellency, jealous of his prerogatives, was fit to be tied, and indeed was placed in handcuffs. The justice of the peace before whom they were taken dismissed the charges and suspended a fine on the chauffeur, but forced him to pay 75 cents costs. The overzealous cops were tried, fined, and dismissed. The Governor of Maryland apologized and Secretary Hull expressed federal regrets. Iran was not entirely mollified. She recalled the indignant Djalal and sent no minister to Washington for several years.

◆ Protocol staff members on occasion act as travel agents and impresarios for distinguished visitors. Heads of foreign states are entertained in Blair House, across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, and Protocol men accompany such parties on tours around the country.

Looking after these strangers requires tact, vigilance, and ingenuity. His Royal Highness Amir Saud, Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, accompanied by an ambassador, a minister, three counselors, an aide and two attendants, brought 2,400 pounds of baggage to Blair House. On their tour around the country, Raymond D. Muir, Assistant Chief of Protocol, watched to make sure they were served no pork, no alcohol, and no tobacco. He also had to supply the native boys with charcoal for the royal incense burner.

On tour, many matters of procedure can be settled on the spot. In Washington the Protocol staff has its own list setting forth the precedence of all officers of the American government. Although it's never been made official by Presidential directive or Congressional act, and is therefore kept confidential, hostesses have been able to watch it in operation at dinners and know its outline.

Recent changes have made room for the Secretary of Defense and the Economic Co-operation Administrator. The table of precedence published by Carolyn Hagner Shaw in The Social List of Washington for 1949 is regarded as a faithful reflection of Protocol's list. This begins as follows: "President, Vice-President, Chief Justice, foreign ambassadors, Speaker, Secretary of State, United States Representative to the United Nations, foreign ministers, associate justices, the cabinet (including Secretary of Defense), Economic Co-operation Administrator, ECA representative in Europe, governors of states, Senators, Representatives, Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force, five-star generals and admirals," and so on down the ladder.

Any Washington hostess can get a copy of the Diplomatic List from the Government Printing Office for 30 cents, and make up her invitation list. She is confronted by more than 1,400 names of men and women from 68 countries. The delegations vary from 108 for Britain to two for Luxembourg.

In seating, the men are placed right and left down the table from the hostess, in the order of precedence, and the women right and left from the host. This can't be inflexible, because some of the guests mightn't be speaking the same language, or they just mightn't be speaking.

◆ White tie is back at the White House, after being out for the duration. The men in Protocol used to wear tailcoats, striped trousers, and silk hats on formal occasions and when meeting heads of states, but that was dropped also for the war.

Abroad, our foreign-service men have to follow foreign protocol, and either wear cutaways to tea or stay home. The threat of having to wear silk knee breeches at Buckingham Palace hasn't come up since Ambassador Charles Gates Dawes balked at them and got a special dispensation from the Lord Chamberlain to appear in evening clothes.

As concerns his job, Woodward varies the formulas if it will make our foreign guests feel more at ease. He doesn't have to emulate Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who is reported to have drunk tea from her saucer because one of her guests did so. But he can see that an Arab prince is not seated next to a man who smokes like a chimney, and that he is not forced to listen to a speech of welcome on an airfield in zero weather. Fortunately, most of the code of protocol is unwritten and flexible. ◆ ◆

"Nice birthday party. Something doing every minute!"

## HAVE YOU GOT LEPROPHOBIA?

*Continued from page 23*

Major—like any other visitor—could be with his wife from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. daily. Mrs. Hornbostel—as other patients—could take one month's vacation, twice a year, anywhere, when her physical condition permitted.

Mrs. Hornbostel is one of the few patients ever to enter Carville under her own name. She was glad to get proper treatment. But in order to get care she had to go into custody. Understandably, any patient resents having to give up freedom just because of illness. The Major didn't have to renounce the world while spending his days with leprosy patients. He could motor in from Baton Rouge, Louisiana's capital city, in an hour, or reach gay New Orleans quickly.

◆

Actually, Mrs. Hornbostel, as many another victim, might just as well have been treated at home, were popular opinion at the stage where she would not have been persecuted. "Far from being outcasts and untouchables, the Hornbostels could have lived together all the time in any community without danger to anyone," says Dr. Hartman A. Lichwardt, Detroit specialist and a founder of the International Leprosy Association. "With proper care, Mrs. Hornbostel need not have been isolated. She could have done her own shopping and mixed with people, provided she was under competent medical supervision. Many other persons with leprosy could lead nearly normal lives in the United States today. The disease could be virtually wiped out if enlightened medical care were available to each one who contracts the disease." But leprophobia interferes!

Four decades ago, scarcely anybody with the disease had been released anywhere in the world as an "arrested case." Only 16 years ago, "Who is next?" was a common question at Carville. Then fear filled every heart because another patient had become worse, had turned into a hopeless case. Today patients still ask, "Who is next?" but now they are wondering who will be discharged.

For at long last something has been found that checks leprosy. Patients now date their lives "B.P. and B.D."—before promin and before diasone. For ages, standard treatment was chaulmoogra oil—now considered almost worthless—and strict isolation, needless for most cases. In 1941 the late Dr. Guy H. Faget, famed director of Carville, discovered the great effectiveness of the new sulfone drugs. He reported enthusiastically, "The sulfones have stopped even the most hopeless cases."

Since then a new drug is also proving efficacious—sulphetrone.

So miraculous are results that some medical people believe eradicating the disease from most of the world is a goal within sight. Others believe there is now no real reason for a patient to become an advanced case.

Today the death rate at Carville has been more than halved; the number of cases released as arrested, more than doubled. A drop of 75 per cent in number of necessary wound dressings more than covers costs of the new medicines.

Slow-acting, the new drugs nevertheless do wonders. A typical case is a woman who had been a patient 25 years without the least sign of improvement. After taking the new medication two years, she could safely be discharged. Happy though this release may be for many patients, it sometimes turns, ironically, into frustration. While science deems them fit for society, society does not. Relatives and friends are afraid to have them around. Leprophobia is still active!

Many people think a good way to overcome the irrational horror of the disease is to change its odious name, since there is grave doubt that what we know as leprosy is the same disease as that known as leprosy in the time of Christ. Scriptural authorities hold that much of our fear and misunderstanding is due to a mistranslation of the word "Zaraath" from the Bible. Celebrated medical men declare that in ancient days many other skin diseases were known as leprosy, and some doctors go as far as to say that the particular one generating most of the present repulsion was actually not the leprosy of today but syphilis.

More and more doctors, therefore, now make it a point to refer to modern leprosy as Hansen's disease or Hansenosis, after the Norwegian scientist, Dr. G. H. Armauer Hansen, who in 1874 first isolated and identified its germ. While the word "leper" cannot be used in any American Medical Association publication, the society has not been willing to adopt "Hansen's disease" as a substitute for the word "leprosy." Those who urge use of the name Hansen's disease point out the marked progress in controlling tuberculosis that followed the discontinuance of the words "lunger" and "consumption."

◆

Hansen's disease resembles tuberculosis in many ways; they are often termed sister diseases. Both are caused by rodlike microbes of the same family. Both are "family" or "home" diseases; leprosy particularly is believed to infect those susceptible upon prolonged, intimate contact. In both, infection is unlikely to start after the age of 30. Latest research seems to confirm the belief that 70 to 80 per cent of those who now have leprosy picked it up in childhood. In the "open" stage, discharging germs, both tuberculosis and leprosy patients are infectious and should be isolated until the condition is cleared up. A healthful regimen of rest, fresh air, proper diet and sanitation is as important in treating the one disease as the other. Chances for arresting either are about the same, but many victims of Hansen's disease, seldom fatal in itself, succumb to tuberculosis.

Despite their similarities, our attitude toward these diseases is not the same. While tuberculosis is far more communicable than Hansen's disease, victims of the more infectious disease are treated like any other sick people, while those who get the less infectious one are treated like malefactors. Largely responsible is the mystery about Hansen disease's transmission. Doctors are still trying to solve this puzzler, but meanwhile they have established many reassuring facts about communicability.

◆

Chances are you couldn't contract Hansen's disease, even if you wanted to. Most adults seem to have a natural immunity to it. Not one scientist in more than 145 recorded cases has been able to infect himself or other human volunteers. Repeated efforts to inoculate animals meet with no success. Thousands of doctors, ministers, and laymen who have worked with the disease all over the world and who took just ordinary precautions have remained immune, except in a few instances, and there is some question whether those who did contract the disease caught it after they began their work or before.

The leprosarium at Carville was founded 52 years ago, and to date not a single member of the medical or nursing staffs, nor of the hundreds of neighbors employed in maintenance jobs has caught the disease, although they use only simple precautions, not comparable with those taken in dealing with diphtheria, typhoid, and other really communicable diseases. What sanatorium dealing with tuberculosis can equal Carville's record?

In the United States, twice as many men have the disease as women, twice as many whites as Negroes. Carville records cover people formerly in 130 vocations, high and low.

Nevertheless, our leprophobia causes nearly all known to have the disease, however slight or severe, to be subjected to restrictive laws and acute social pressure. In most states, doctors must choose between mistreating, bootlegging proper treatment, or turning patients over to the local Board of Health. Usually the latter ships them off in custody almost overnight to Carville, where they are detained until they show improvement, no matter how long that takes.

Although the disease is endemic

in, or native to, only four states—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California—only New York and Massachusetts impose no quarantine. In New York City, cases are reportable to the Department of Health, but there is no isolation imposed. Should those who have Hansen's disease progress to the point of open lesions—when there is real danger to others—they are expected to stay at home or go to a hospital—that's what people in that condition want to do anyway. Bellevue Hospital in New York City cares for a case and nobody thinks anything of it.

Consequently, today the problem is not so much one of finding new remedies as of inducing afflicted persons to turn up early for treatment, before there is any permanent disability and before the patient has become a menace to his family. Sufferers shy away from Carville, which is in reality their best hope at present.

While, luckily, there are comparatively few cases of Hansen's disease in the United States, the trouble, if you consider patients and their dependents, probably affects not fewer than 5,000,000 people (one out of every 500) in the world, with less than 2 per cent of the victims getting any medical attention.

Great Britain, Brazil, Colombia are among countries ahead of the United States in cutting through leprophobia. Many missionary societies are intensifying their efforts. One of these—the American Mission to Lepers, Inc., representing 40 denominations, raises $500,000 annually to combat leprosy. The mission is now providing $60,000 worth of sulfone derivatives annually.

Says Dr. Frederick A. Johansen, medical director at Carville: "The day is not so far away when leprosy will no longer be that 'dread disease.'" However, before that day can dawn, leprophobia must go. When everybody knows—and believes—the truths already substantiated about the disease, leprophobia will disappear. It's just common sense and plain humanity to speed the day. ◆ ◆

## COAL TO BURN!

Continued from page 25

the rate of 50 a month, is the result of another coal-producer's foresight. In 1926, Carson W. Smith, president of Denver's Consolidated Coal and Coke Company, foresaw the decreasing demand for coal in large chunks. The ideal solution would be a mining method, or machine, to get the coal out in smaller sizes.

When Smith took his scheme to mining-equipment manufacturers, he found little interest. Years later, Smith broached his idea to his Denver neighbor and golf partner Harold Silver, stoutish, deliberate president of the company which bears his name and makes sugar-beet processing equipment. Silver took up the challenge.

Together they overcame the complex technical difficulties the project presented. Early in the '40s they put their first experimental machine into operation in one of Smith's mines in northern Colorado. When Smith died in 1945, the machine was well beyond the experimental stage. Later Joy bought Silver's rights, and mass production of the JCM 1s began.

The Jamison No. 9 mine, where I saw the Joy machine in operation, is typical of today's relatively up-to-date mines. After one month's experience, the four miners in the crew which operated the new machine were turning out 300 tons a shift. One man operated the machine itself, peering through the coal-dust haze that persists in spite of the water sprays in the cutting head. As it moved ahead, the second man put props under the cross timbers the machine hydraulically lifted and held in place. The other two members of the crew operated the two rubber-tired, battery-driven, self-loading shuttle buggies that park behind the JCM until loaded, then speed through the darkness to the main haulage line, where they unload their five-ton loads into track cars in a matter of seconds.

In another section of the Jamison mine I watched another crew turning out coal by methods that were the most efficient devised before the new machines came along. Twelve men, with the best equipment, working in swiftly scheduled succession, cutting, drilling, blasting, loading, hauling, and timbering. At the end of a shift, these 12 men turned out 300 tons of coal, or the same amount that four men did with the new machines. Both the Colmol and the JCM 1 actually turn out three times as much coal per miner at the working face!

In fact, these mechanical wonders create an entirely new problem for mining engineers, for they turn out coal faster than any present method can haul it away. Under the most efficient system in use today, the new machines must stand idle at least a third of the time. Already mining experts are at work on conveyor belts that can be extended as fast as the continuous miners move ahead. When this happens, the new machines will turn out an even more astounding volume of coal.

Men who work with the JCM 1 and the Colmol have no doubt that these new super-gadgets will mean fewer jobs. The Jamison No. 9 mine employs 400 men, including the superintendent, foremen, lamp chargers, timekeepers, and the men who work in the tipple where the coal is cleaned. On an average two-shift working day these men mine, clean 4,000 tons of coal, and load it on railroad cars. On the basis of their experience with the mine's first JCM 1, eight such machines would produce the same amount of coal with 100 or 125 fewer men

On an industry-wide basis, the continuous miner alone means the shadow of unemployment for at least 125,000 of today's 400,000 miners. Increasing skill in the use of these new machines, plus other developments that will go with their use, and the abandonment of less-efficient mines may cut the number of miners to half!

In spite of this unemployment threat, mine operators install the new machines knowing that labor will not oppose their use. "The United Mine Workers recognized three or four decades ago," John L. Lewis reminded a reporter recently, "that the only way to increase the standard of living in the mining industry was to create new values by greater productivity—more tons per man per day."

Lewis was first elected to the presidency of the U.M.W. in 1920, at the beginning of the decade when mechanical loaders were coming into use. There was grumbling in the pits about the unemployment these new machines would mean. But John L. stood firm, and today loaders are standard equipment in most mines.

The miners' leader has not only refrained from opposing this trend toward increasing efficiency, but claims much of the credit for it. Last year he said, "If it hadn't been for the policy of the U.M.W., our mining industry would have been in the same situation as Britain's. It's a tragedy that 45,000,000 people in the United Kingdom are literally standing on billions of tons of the best coal in the world and lack the aptitude to pick up enough of it to keep themselves warm. . . .

"By increasing our productivity we are able to pay our miners over three and one half times more than Great Britain on a weekly average, with an output six times as much per man employed. . . ."

The economic pressures for lower-priced coal are overwhelming. Coal and a healthy coal industry are an absolute necessity. Steel, our standard of living, and the very ability of our nation to function in case of another war are all dependent on maintaining a large, efficient capacity for coal production. In spite of our increasing use of oil and gas, nearly 99 per cent of our energy reserves are in coal.

To a large extent this lower cost and coal's immediate future depend on the machines which are burrowing away in their gloomy underground corridors—the JCM 1s and the Colmols—bringing a new era in mining, a revolution in the mines. ◆ ◆

**Liberty home**

# CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT PAIN OR FEAR

### *What the "Read method" is and what it actually does, described by a mother who has tried it*

**By LOUISE RAYBURN**

READING TIME 18 MINUTES Childbirth without fear? A nice theory for male doctors, certain Nature will never call for personal proof of their ideas! Or for prim professional women who are carefully avoiding the necessity of practicing the "New Deal in Childbirth" gospel they preach (for nice word rates). Perhaps you, too, have experienced some such reaction to the many articles about, or condensation of, Dr. Grantly Dick Read's book and method reporting the wonders of "natural delivery."

My first introduction to this "revolutionary system" was a magazine condensation of the book, which I read in 1947. When I had finished it, I said (as hundreds of young American mothers must have said with me), "If only childbirth *actually* could be pleasant!" I believed that the ease of the births described was exaggerated, or that the cases were exceptions. That any normal mother approaching a normal birth could enjoy such an experience seemed far-fetched. I remembered too well the arrival of my first-born, three years before.

Like any normal, healthy American woman, I am built for having babies. The delivery of my first baby had been no easier and no harder than the average delivery experienced by other women. However, it had been anything but a pleasant experience!

For one thing, ether or gas makes me deathly sick. I had that to recover from along with the rest. Also, the drug used in twilight-sleep pills had such a constipating effect that I was two years re-

*Dr. Hall held out a hand to me and asked, "Would you like to walk to the delivery room?" I was out in the hall on Del's arm when the nurses hurried into sight with the cart. They stopped, amazed. Dr. Hall waved them back. "This girl doesn't have to be hauled around," he said.*

DELIVERY
ROOM

turning to normal. Most important of all, having been far away somewhere in a reeling world of bad dreams when my first baby arrived, to me she seemed more an unwelcome little intruder for several days afterward, rather than the precious little bundle of sunshine and sweetness my mother and mother-in-law chattered about.

That passed, of course. But I was four long, weary months fighting my way back to anything approaching my usual vigor. I had never been much given to blue periods before. During those months I made up for all the rest of my optimistic life. I believe the aftereffects of the drugs were as much responsible as the struggle which that first labor and birth had been.

However, as I got better acquainted with my first baby and came to love her more and more, I felt the price had been inconsequential. I retained no regrets about the experience. But I am certain this very unsatisfactory experience in childbirth plays a large part in setting up the extremely unhealthy psychological condition known as "momism," widespread in American mothers today. We cannot forget the "great price" we think we paid for this new life—nor, being human, do we want anyone else to forget it. It seems to us our chief claim to a lifetime possession of that new life. Another result, which intensifies that unhealthy parental attitude in us, is the diminishing size of the average family.

For my part, thought of inviting such an experience a second time was something I preferred not to face. Yet the more precious my first-born became, the more I came to long for another like her. As she passed her first, then her second, and then her third birthday, that longing intensified. I no longer had a baby, but a big little girl.

◆ LouDel was now big enough to need a playmate. Del and I realized this, talked of it often. Neither of us liked the picture of her growing to be another lonely little person such as "only" children invariably are. We began talking about adopting a child her own age to raise with her. We still think that idea is not without merit, but it was no answer to the question we were trying to side-step.

Five months after LouDel's third birthday, I read a condensation of Childbirth Without Fear. I wanted to believe it but could not. After all the stories an average American girl hears as she grows up, stories about the physical terrors of childbirth, it requires much more than one brief introduction to such a revolutionary philosophy before she has any chance of really believing it.

Perhaps I believed it just enough to grow a bit less careful than I had been, however. Two months later I had strong reason to believe my second baby was on the way. And had it not been for my husband, I probably would have again followed the course most American mothers-to-be still follow: I would have gone to the handiest O.B. and sought assurance that I would be fast asleep, would feel nothing, when my baby came. I would have simply approached this second birth with the same old ignorance, out of which to nurture the same old fears, out of which would have come the same tension to set up the same pain which had made my first childbirth such an exhausting struggle.

But Del has an intense curiosity about all new ideas, and a tenacious determination to thoroughly investigate them. When our new baby's existence was certain, he said, "Louise, we're going to find a doctor who will use that Read method. We're going to try it to the limit before you go through any such time as you had with LouDel!"

His first step was a letter to Dr. Alan Guttmacher

Photos by George Lazarnick

at Johns Hopkins, whose endorsement of the Read method had been on the forepage of the magazine condensation we had read. He asked the name of a Denver doctor who could be recommended as a reliable disciple of the method. But Dr. Guttmacher was unable to supply such a name.

So we interviewed several of the leading O.B.s in Denver. We found none of them more than mildly interested. They said they had never before had any call for use of the method. None had any actual experience in its use. They seemed too busy to care about trying it. The universal comment was, "Only one American woman in ten thousand has nerve enough to go against the traditional ideas about childbirth. And only one out of one hundred of those exceptions would have nerve enough to go clear through with it. The desire for escape is too deeply ingrained into the minds of American women. *A doctor's routine and the routine of hospital delivery rooms are geared to that demand.*"

In other words, they doubted *me!* Already I had caught Del's enthusiasm about the idea that childbirth did not have to be an "ordeal" to escape from into an artificial oblivion. Now I had a challenge. The doctors were saying it was my fault, and the fault of all other American mothers-to-be, that childbirth continued to be a pain-filled ordeal.

Like it or not, however, I seemed to be headed for the same unsatisfactory experience the birth of my first-born had been. Because of that lack of demand for Read-method doctors, supposedly at least, we were unable to find a single interested O.B. I had reached my last month before we heard of a doctor in San Diego who was more than passively interested in the Read method.

That was in early March. Heavy snowstorms were covering Colorado and the other mountain states between Denver and southern California. According to the books, I was much too far along to travel even 100 miles—much less 1,500. But Del and I have traveled whenever and wherever the urge took us ever since our marriage. He is a young fiction writer, therefore not tied to any particular spot. My first pregnancy had not curtailed our activity in the least. And I had suffered no complications. I felt more than equal to this trip and was determined to have a Read-method delivery if at all possible. So we started.

The doctor in San Diego is a specialist in gynecology and obstetrics, Dr. R. C. Hall. The day we arrived I made my first appointment. The next day, after all the usual tests and examinations had been made for his records, he started to visit with me. I had not yet told him why we had come to him. So in his preliminary remarks he said, "Of course you will be asleep when your baby comes—"

*A great many modern women seem chiefly interested in making the experience of childbirth as dramatically awful as possible—to use later as a club over the heads of their husbands for their own private purposes!*

I interrupted. "But, doctor, that is exactly why we have come to you all the way from Denver. I don't want to be asleep when my baby comes! I want to try the Read method."

Up to that moment I had been just one more patient to Dr. Hall. But his face brightened now. For a moment he looked as if he doubted that he had heard aright.

"We have heard that you believe in the Read method; that you will help a mother use it," I explained. "That is the way I want to have this baby."

*Unsatisfactory experience in childbirth plays a large part in setting up the extremely unhealthy psychological condition known as "momism," widespread in American mothers today.*

An hour or so later, after he had explained the whole process of childbirth to us and had given us a copy of Childbirth Without Fear to study, we returned to our hotel room as enthusiastic as he was. We knew we had come to the right place. Before my next appointment we read the book through. We tried to buy a copy of our own and almost failed to find one. I told Dr. Hall about it and asked if there were not many mothers interested in having their babies the Read-method way.

His face fell a little. "A lot of them are interested," he said; "but you have to be more than interested. You have to *believe* it—believe it with your heart and your head. But American women have been educated to want everything easy—it isn't easy to believe something so contrary to what you've been taught and always heard. It requires a lot of repetition, a lot of reassurance. I've tried every way I can think of to educate my patients into such a really steadfast belief in the method. Indifferent husbands and 'experienced' mothers and mothers-in-law, however, seem able to destroy faster than I can build. The old superstitions about the inevitable pain of childbirth seem still too strong. I'm not just certain how they can be overcome. I think the great magazines American women read most, however, may prove to be the most important source of that education."

He paused a moment then, shaking his head, before he said, "It's a bigger job than most people outside the profession realize. For one thing, *a great many modern women seem chiefly interested in making the experience of childbirth as dramatically awful as possible—to use later as a club over the heads of their husbands for their own purposes!*"

I felt complimented and challenged that the doctor had come to consider me definitely too emotionally mature to stoop to such momish deceits and feminine subterfuges. I determined I would go the whole way with the Read method, would prove that Dr. Hall's judgment of me was not mistaken.

One morning, just four weeks after our arrival in

*(Continued on page 70)*

# Don't Just Buy Toys SELECT THEM

*Ten cents or ten dollars—select toys with imagination and care. They're basic to your child's development*

◆ Watch your child at play. You'll soon discover that he indulges in many activities. Primarily, however, they fall into four groups—active, physical play; constructive, creative play; imitative, imaginative play; and social play. If you want your children to benefit from your budget-breaking, give them toys in each group.

Each of the four groups is important. (For examples for different ages, see the columns at the left. Notice many toys, in changing versions, are good for several years. This is a sampling only—by no means a complete list.) Physical toys aid your youngster's muscular development and co-ordination, give him needed exercise. Social toys prepare him for school, and teach poise and co-operation. The imitative, imaginative group encourages self-expression; leads to an understanding of the world and its rather amazing adult activities. To stimulate talents, look to the constructive, creative group to develop vocational skills and hobbies. The best toys, of course, fit into more than one group; their cost may have little relation to the amusement and educational value.

"To grow healthily and happily into a balanced individual," says Melvin Freud, president of the Toy Guidance Council, "every child needs a balanced diet of the right toys, given him at the right age." And according to Emma D. Sheehy, assistant professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University, "Parents must remember, too, that children's tastes are just as different as grown-ups' tastes. Know your child's special interests, then try to choose a toy to enlarge this interest—not forgetting that occasionally he needs to be introduced to new experiences through toys."

Look first for safety in toys. That means smooth edges, non-toxic paints, toys neither too big nor too heavy to handle. For the crib-age set, it means no toy small enough to swallow. Don't select a complicated toy, hoping a youngster will "grow into" it. Many playthings interest both boys and girls, so don't be disturbed if Jack plays house while Peggy pounds and hammers.

If it's news you're after, watch for magnetic toys. Up-to-date children put the tail on the donkey with magnets, not pins. Remote-control toys are popular; so are puppets and marionettes. Postwar plastics have given a new realism to exact reproductions of everything from tractors to tea sets. Construction and hobby sets have been adapted to the four-to-six age group. Plastics have improved many craft sets, too—modeling clay and paints that don't stain, for example. And all along the counters, childhood classics—dolls, electric trains, stuffed animals, storybooks, the old favorites—boast improvements. ◆ ◆

### IMITATIVE, IMAGINATIVE TOYS

To 2 years: Small plastic toys, blocks, bath toys, washable stuffed animals, small dolls, put-together toys, picture books, sand-box toys, and rocking horse.
2-4: Dolls, mechanical toys, blocks, tea-party sets, housekeeping toys, miniature cars and trains, stuffed animals, wagons.
4-6 ★Miniature mixers, stoves, washers; doctor and nurse kits; store play equipment; dolls, doll clothes, doll houses; mechanical toys; cowboy, etc.; costumes.
6-8: Lifelike irons, vacuums, etc.: dolls, dress-up materials, masks; electric trains and accessories, mechanical toys.
8-10: Science toys, hobby and model kits; school-skill games, maps, puzzles; electric trains and advanced accessories; sewing and cooking materials; costumes, masks.

### PHYSICAL TOYS

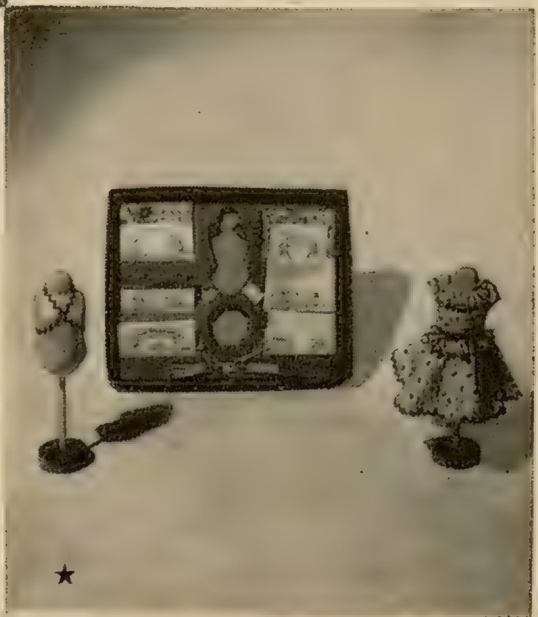
To 2: Push-pull toys, blocks, rattles and crib toys; large beads; fit-together toys, soft balls.
2-4: ★Pedal and "straddle" toys, tricycles, swings, steps, balls, trackless trains, water toys.
4-6: Roller skates, scooters, wagons; simple gym equipment—bars, rings, etc.; sleds, tricycles.
6-8: Baseball, football, and other sports equipment; bicycles, boxing gloves, gym equipment.
8-10: Sports equipment, bicycles, roller and ice skates, sleds, archery sets, and gym equipment.

### SOCIAL TOYS

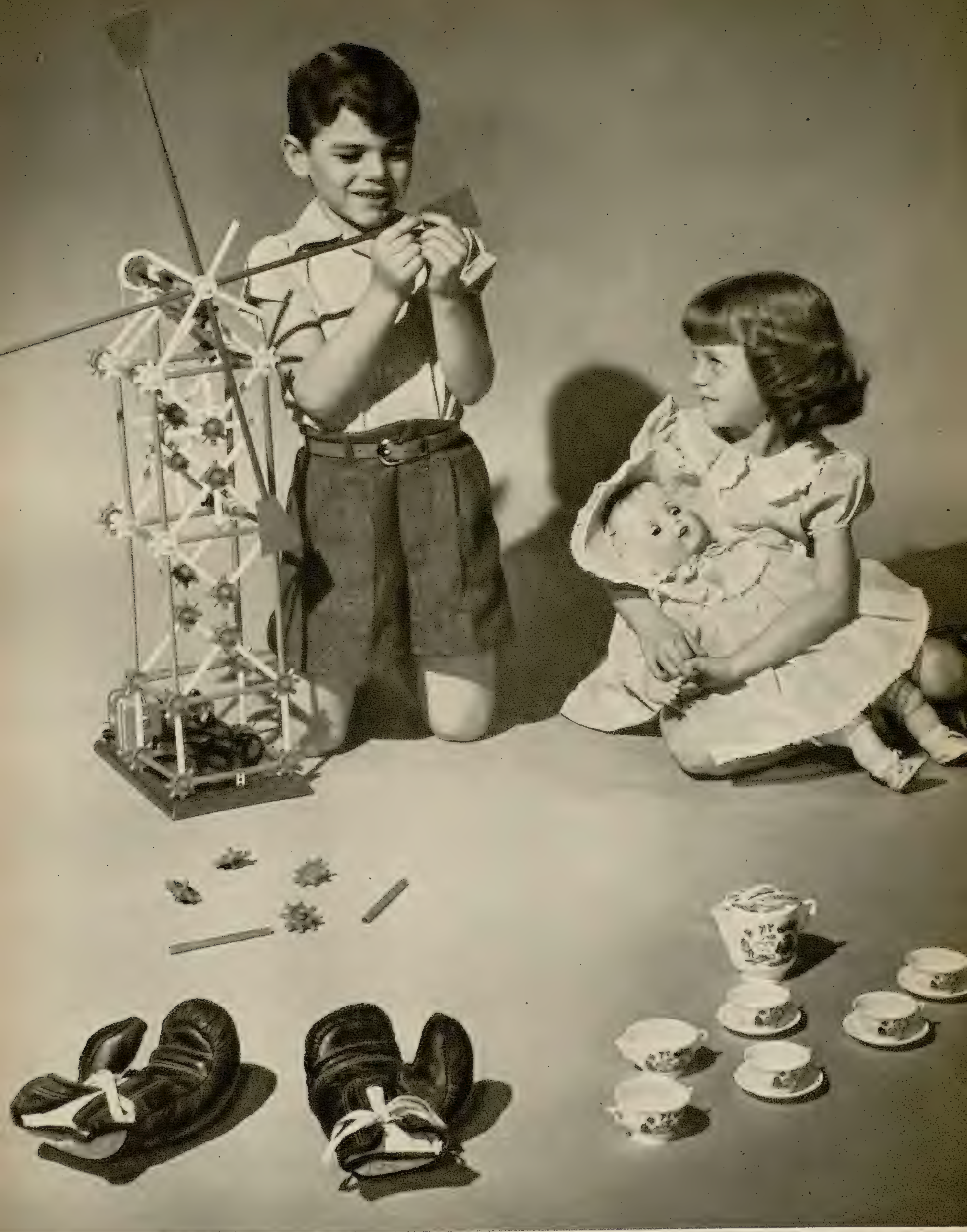
To 2: Baby plays pretty much alone.
2-4: Tea-party dishes, telephones, simple musical toys, elementary board games, dress-up materials, costumes and masks.
4-6: Simple group games—jackstraws, marbles, etc.; phonograph and records; doctor kits; store play toys; costumes.
6-8: Table and parlor games—dominoes, anagrams, etc.; phonograph, records, spelling and magic games, materials for community play—policemen, firemen, etc.
8-10: ★Puppets and marionettes; printing press; costumes; housekeeping play equipment; games, maps, and puzzles for school skills, musical instruments.

### CREATIVE TOYS

To 2: Wood or plastic take-apart toys, sound-makers, sand-box equipment; color matchers.
2-4: Blocks, crayons and chalk, modeling clay, peg and pounding boards, finger paint, blackboards.
4-6: Blocks, construction sets, finger and easel paints, drawing and modeling sets, simple puzzles and tools, blunt scissors and paper.
6-8: ★Dressmaking kits, construction sets, tools, electric trains, magic, craft and model building sets, stamp albums.
8-10: Construction sets, science toys, model-building sets, advanced craft materials, simple electrical kits, art materials.



Toys—Toy Guidance Exhibit



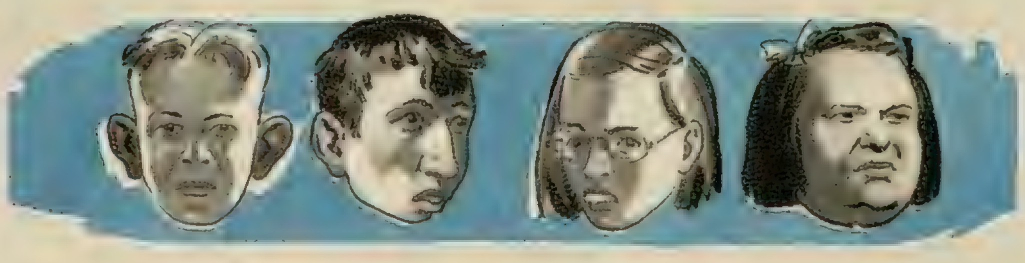
Photos by Hans Knopf

Tops in toys this year—plastic construction set with endless possibilities, unbreakable dishes, a lovely doll with a lifelike voice, and boxing gloves.

# DOES YOUR CHILD

### *Ninety per cent of those in mental institutions are*

**By CHARLES HENDERSON and ALYCE CANFIELD**



*Psychiatrists make the bold statement that if they could get the child at eight or ten, when mental problems first reveal themselves, less of us would go completely off base at 30 or 40.*

READING TIME 9 MINUTES A few weeks ago at an international meeting of psychiatrists, the amazing statement was made that if children with neurotic and psychotic tendencies were treated psychiatrically in childhood, within 20 years psychiatrists might be out of business so far as the adult trade was concerned.

In other words, fewer adults suffering from mental breakdowns due to deep-seated inferiority complexes would be flocking to the offices of psychiatrists for help.

Every good psychiatrist knows that neurotic and psychotic tendencies can often be detected and treated from earliest childhood. An important part of the treatment is the removal from the child's mind of the conviction that he is "different."

Take the doting aunt who used to harp on the pity it was that Charles' older brother had broken Charles' nose in one of their games. Fortunately, Charles had the skin of an alligator, and his desire to be good looking played second fiddle to the more important affairs he was conducting with his buddies in the back alleys of Roswell, New Mexico.

In a more sensitive child, however, such careless talk could easily be the launching ceremony of life's most serious obstacle.

If Junior has a receding chin, a low forehead, a big nose, or buckteeth, it might be a good idea for the folks to sit down and talk over the wisdom of plastic surgery. Too often parents underestimate the seriousness of such facial symptoms because they have grown accustomed to their child's appearance. Often they even reach the point where they think it's cute. A loving mother may be inclined to say, "I love Junior's nose. I wouldn't change it for the world."

That is wrong. All that matters is what *Junior* thinks of it.

We all know that the most brutal groups in the world can be found on any school playground in America. Most of us at one time or another have been subjected to the more or less innocently delivered barbs and gibes of pre-adolescent playmates. Some of us have passed these experiences off with shrugs, which is what Junior might do, too. But the odds are better than even that such remarks will sink in, make him progressively more conscious of his strange appearance, until he winds up eventually with a 24-carat inferiority complex.

A bitter seed of thought put into a child's head on the school ground may well grow into the handicap which 30 years later is responsible for his pushing a pen forever in the bookkeeping department of a dark warehouse.

The tragedy of such cases is that *there is no need for the great majority of children to reach adult life as ugly ducklings.* Every day orthodontists and doctors are correcting buckteeth, long noses, low foreheads. It's comparatively easy if it is done in time. The operation to correct a weak chin takes an hour and costs no more than the average tonsillectomy. But even if it cost $1,000, what a small investment in time and money as compared to a lifelong inferiority complex and the consequent loss of earning power.

But it isn't easy to correct effects of such physical shortcomings if they are left untreated until the child reaches maturity. At 30, the weak chin is no longer the problem. The real problem then is the result of the *kidding*, the disparaging remarks, or Aunt Minnie's careless talk. Those are the things which have carved their grooves into the brain of the child and left their mark in the personality of the adult.

A lot of people consider plastic surgery an anodyne for the wounded vanity of fat and fading matrons or something to be indulged in by crackpots. They overlook its greatest importance. You can live and be healthy with a nose like an anteater, whereas it is an accepted fact that bad tonsils or a ruptured appendix *must* come out. It is easy to lose sight of the fact that being *mentally* healthy is important, too.

It is true that great numbers

# NEED A PSYCHIATRIST?

*there as a result of something that happened in their youthful years*

of men and women in the history of the world have achieved eminent success despite strange appearances. There is, for instance, the example of Clark Gable and his big ears.

But let's take a look at Gable and his record in life. When Carole Lombard, his wife, was killed under extremely tragic circumstances, he withstood a shock which would have sent the average man to the bughouse. Moreover, at the peak of his sorrow, he went back to work, because his studio was up against a tough production schedule and would have lost a lot of money if he had stayed off the job. When he was 41, he joined the Army Air Force as a private, went through physical training which wore out much younger men, and worked his way up to the rank of major. Gable is the kind of man who would get by under any circumstances, which is to say that so far as moral fiber is concerned, he is one in a million.

Junior may not be so emotionally stable. If he has a face that only Mother can love, why not at least give him the break of talking it over, not only at home, but also with the doctors? His economic, social, and personal future may depend on such smart action—particularly in this highly competitive day.

*It has long been known by psychiatrists that schizophrenia (split personality) is a disease of youth. The greatest number of victims are between 15 and 30 years of age. Parents should know what to look for in sensitive, shy children, for all schizophrenics were shy, sensitive children.*

Nor are adult psychiatric problems necessarily rooted in a child's physical difference from his playmates. There are also mental quirks which, if corrected early, may avoid adult tragedy.

Schizophrenia (split personality) is a good example because it is usually rooted in an abnormal desire to live in a dream world and is ordinarily apparent from childhood.

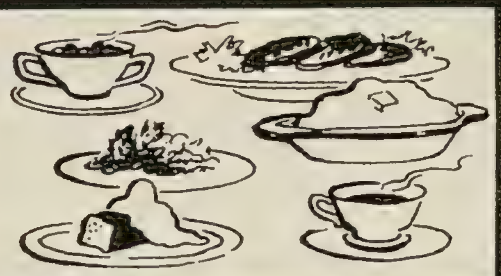
It has long been known by psychiatrists that schizophrenia is a disease of youth. The greatest number of victims are between 15 and 30 years of age. The greatest tragedy of this disease is not that patients die of it, but that they don't die. They live long lives, charges of the community, a care to their families. Yet if certain tendencies had been detected in childhood, schizophrenia would never have resulted in many cases.

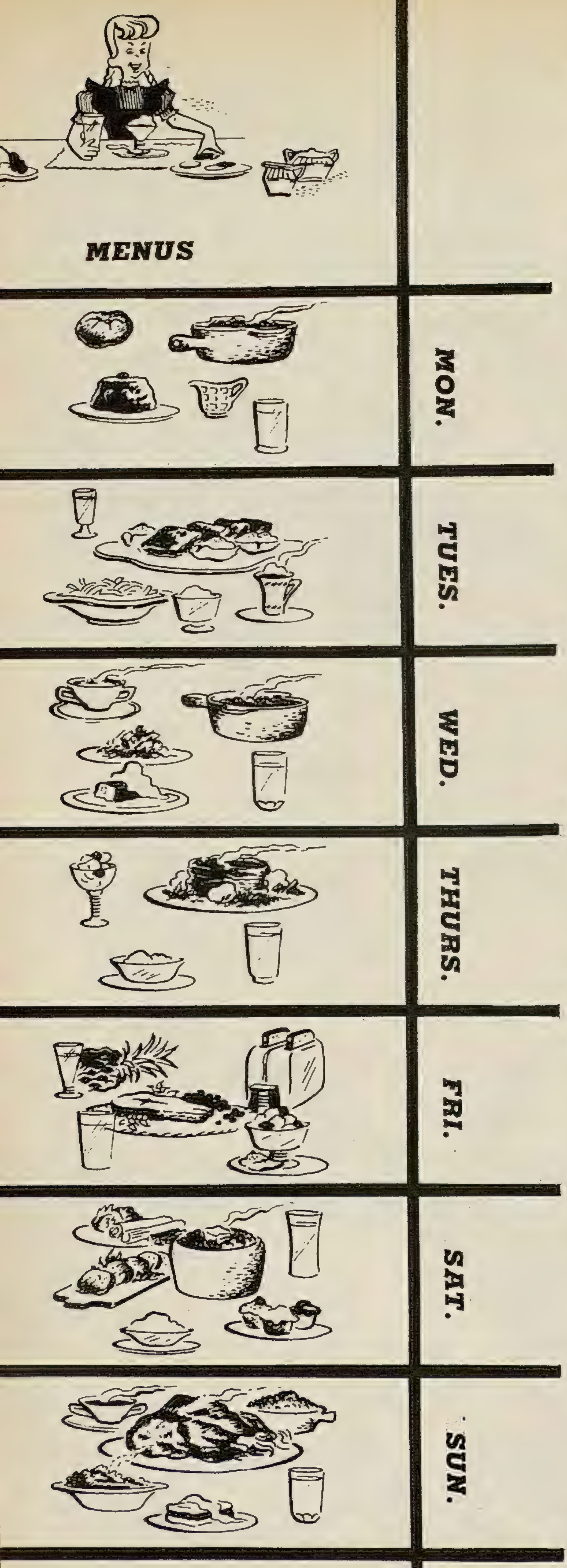
Parents should know what to look for in sensitive, shy children, for all schizophrenics were shy, sensitive children. Not that there is anything wrong with being shy. Some of our greatest thinkers have been introverts. They look *within* themselves for their greatest joys. Einstein is an introvert, and without his ability to look within himself the world never would have benefited from his great genius. Neither is there anything wrong with extroverts, who look *outside* themselves for their greatest joys. The person who loves to talk, who has social ease, who likes to be the center of attention delights the people he is near.

But if the child prefers a make-believe world to reality, that child should be guided

(*Continued on page 72*)

*The playing of favorites, the centering of attention on the brother or sister of an introverted child, can have serious consequences.*

| | <br>**ADULT MENUS** | <br>**CHILDREN'S** |
|---|---|---|
| **MON.** | *Tomato Juice with Worcestershire Sauce*<br>*Casserole of Lamb with Rice;*<br>*Curry Sauce and Chutney*<br>*Baked Fruit Pudding, Madeira Wine Sauce*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Tomato Juice*<br>*Casserole of Lamb with Rice*<br>*Baked Fruit Pudding with Whole Milk*<br>*Milk* |
| **TUES.** | *Broiled Grapefruit Halves*<br>*Baked Meat Loaf with Spicy Tomato Sauce*<br>*Stuffed Baked Potatoes*<br>*Green Beans*<br>*Apple Pie with Cheese*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Grapefruit Juice*<br>*Baked Meat Loaf*<br>*Stuffed Baked Potato*<br>*Green Beans*<br>*Apples, chopped*<br>*Milk* |
| **WED.** | *Vegetable Soup*<br>*Ham Patties*<br>*Scalloped Potatoes*<br>*Green Salad with Herb Dressing*<br>*Ice Cream-Sponge Cake*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Vegetable Soup*<br>*Diced Beef*<br>*Scalloped Potatoes*<br>*Green Salad*<br>*Ice Cream-Sponge Cake*<br>*Milk* |
| **THURS.** | *Fruit Cup with Mint*<br>*Pot Roast with Vegetables, Barbecue Sauce*<br>*Butterscotch Pudding with Chopped Nuts and Whipped Cream*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Fruit Cup*<br>*Pot Roast with Vegetables*<br>*Butterscotch Pudding*<br>*Milk* |
| **FRI.** | *Pineapple Juice*<br>*Pan-Broiled Fish with Cucumber Sauce*<br>*Green Peas*<br>*French-Fried Potatoes*<br>*Compote of Fruit and Oatmeal Cookies*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Pineapple Juice*<br>*Pan-Broiled Fish*<br>*Green Peas*<br>*Toast cut in strips to resemble French-Fried Potatoes*<br>*Compote of Fruit and Oatmeal Cookie*<br>*Milk* |
| **SAT.** | *Carrot Sticks, Celery, Lettuce Wedges*<br>*Baked Beans and Brown Bread*<br>*Piccalilli*<br>*Apple Sauce and Cup Cakes*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Carrot Sticks, Celery, Lettuce Wedges*<br>*Vegetables and Beef*<br>*Apple Sauce and Lady Fingers*<br>*Milk* |
| **SUN.** | *Cream of Tomato Soup*<br>*Roast Chicken with Stuffing*<br>*Whipped Sweet Potatoes*<br>*Buttered Corn, Spinach*<br>*Hearts of Celery*<br>*Ice-Cream Sandwich with Fudge Sauce*<br>*Tea or Coffee*<br> | *Cream of Tomato Soup*<br>*Roast Chicken*<br>*Sweet Potatoes*<br>*Spinach*<br>*Ice Cream*<br>*Milk* |
| | | |



# HOW TO FEED YOUR CHILD

**By BEULAH KARNEY**

*Choose a basic pattern for mealtime and add spices, herbs, condiments, and sauces—after a separate portion has been set aside for the children*

◆ I have heard that money talks. Maybe so. But not with food. Last year our grocery bill was the biggest on record; but that wasn't enough to insure our children having a diet adequate to maintain health and supply the energy needs of their bodies.

Perhaps you are saying to yourself, "Well, I can't force a child to eat an all-round diet, can I?" What's more, a parent's insistence often discourages the child's appetite altogether.

But one thing a mother knows: Not only is it the well-rounded meal that nourishes the child, but it is the happy mealtime get-togethers, with the family gathered round, and that closeness a child feels with such union, and the realization there is family solidarity behind him.

Extra cuddling and extra foods have the blessing of doctors and pediatricians, who have been improving on their child-care ideas for the past ten years or more. Witness all the prejudices we used to have about feeding meats to infants, for instance. (There was a reason for it, of course: It was hard to digest in its usual form.) But now science not only refutes these old ideas, but helps us to provide an interesting assortment of foods, some 50 actually.

Wise mothers check with the doctor before adding new foods or making radical changes in Junior's meals, because, after all, every child is an individual case.

By choosing a basic menu pattern, the mother can prepare a good dinner that will be appealing to the entire family. A look at the food charts on these two pages will serve as a pattern for your own meal ideas. When the family just craves highly seasoned dishes or foods that are not popular with baby sister, the home chef simply chooses from the specially prepared baby foods. She can fix many meat dishes for the older child by holding out a portion before the seasonings are added, and she has a meal for every palate.

The family can even enjoy a meal we know was never meant for children—curry of lamb, for instance, or barbecued beef ribs. (Goodness knows America has gone mad on curries and barbecues!) But such popular dishes are not acceptable for young children. So cook the meat, season with salt, and add hot curry, herbs, or barbecue sauce later. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for Beulah Karney's Barbecue Sauce and Curry of Lamb recipes. ◆ ◆

# TEMPTING DESSERTS FROM

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

**Peach salad mousse** and spiced pears make an appetizing dish for a bridge club luncheon. The mousse may be poured into an attractive heavy tin mold. Available at Hammacher Schlemmer, New York City.

**Pineapple coffee ring** for Sunday looks like a costly creation from the best pastry shop in town, but it is easily made with a sweet yeast dough, crushed canned pineapple, and your own homemade marmalade.

# CANNED FRUITS

Photos by George Lazarnick

**Peach refrigerator cake** is a hostess' dream of a dessert that can be served at luncheon, dinner, or buffet. Canned cling peaches and condensed milk are the basic ingredients for this prize recipe. Be sure to make it a day ahead of time.

**Apricot fairy pudding** is a homey midwinter family dessert that spells thrift, good eating, and ease of preparation. Bread crumbs, spices, and the tang of lemon rind give body to the delicate apricot.

**Lemon snow pudding** with a handsome sauce of canned fruit cocktail has a zest for all lovers of good fruit flavor, and a new dress for an old family stand-by. It's a perfect light dessert for winter.

◆ A variety of canned fruits on the pantry shelf allows the homemaker a greater opportunity to prepare appetizing meals at close-to-the-chest prices. Menus have special interest to the family when they include the fruit dishes pictured on these pages. Canned fruit cocktail has long been a familiar first course, but it also serves as dessert. Canned cling peaches are good, too, with entrees and in a salad, and their dessert possibilities are infinite. Send for recipe booklet.

### READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Please check your choice:
☐ How to Make Room for Play
and } (stamp) 3 cents
☐ How to Choose Toys
☐ Tempting Recipes from Canned Fruits..... (stamp) 3 cents
☐ Foods for Baby ........................ (stamp) 3 cents
☐ How to Finish Unpainted Furniture ........ 3 cents
Send this order blank to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Please enclose stamps.

Crackers
Pears
Great New Detective G
THE GAME OF
R THE GARDEN W

# A CHILD NEEDS A PLACE OF HIS OWN

*Here are ways in which even the smallest house or apartment can provide highly important privacy for your growing children*

◆ A child needs a place of his own and, even more, a role of his own in family doings and activities. No matter how small your home; no matter how crowded your schedules, your child—or children—should take a top place in your space and time planning.

"To a child, a place of his own means 'I am a respected member of this family. Here I can feel independent and secure,'" says Mrs. Elizabeth Gilkeson of New York's famous Bank Street Schools. On the other hand, she reports, "A place of his own can mean, 'When I am not liked or wanted, I must stay here—alone and separated from the warm, secure center of the family.' A parent has to choose. To a child, a place of his own cannot mean both the place where he feels secure and independent and the scene of punishment."

Two children but only one room? Give them each their own area for quiet play-by-yourself days. A flexible folding screen has many possibilities, especially at nap-time; probably will become part of the play equipment. The unpainted furniture can be redecorated to keep pace with the children's interests.

No room of his own? Then help him select a convenient spot—perhaps a corner of the dining-room—where the toddler can arrange his toys and records, and his own chair. There's room for him to play; he's within sight and sound but not underfoot. And when he retires, adults take over with little fuss.

It's up to you, then—today's parents—to offer your youngsters that security. The physical surroundings need not be elaborate or expensive, but they should be mapped out with care. If you've a separate room for the child, it can be furnished inexpensively, as Liberty's Home Editors did for these pages, with unpainted furniture, home-finished to suit your taste. (For directions, send for the bulletin offered on page 65.) And if you buy quality unpainted furniture, solidly constructed, the room can grow up with the youngsters. When they leave grade school and progress to high school, refinish the furniture and change the decorations to reflect their shifting tastes and interests.

Perhaps you can't offer a child a room of his own. That doesn't mean he can't have some corner or cranny in your home that belongs to him, for his most important possessions. It's not difficult to divide a room that two or more children may share. Or maybe the toddler sleeps on a bed rolled into the living room at night—he can still have a few shelves in the dining-room cupboard, or space in a living-room cabinet for his blocks and books. But don't shut that space off from the rest of the family, to give him a feeling of isolation, of being shoved out of the way.

More important than his physical surroundings, however, is the personal background you provide. The child needs to share in family activities and the planning that accompanies them. When he's very young, that role is very simple. The three-year-old, for instance, can be asked how he wants to store his toys on a certain shelf. (Not where in the house does he want to put them.) If he shares that small bit of planning, he's more apt to put the toys away without fussing—with your help, of course. If you own a phonograph, invest in a few records for him—they're inexpensive. And let him store those records on the shelf with the grown-ups' albums, in a specified place. Little acts such as these convince a child that he's an important individual and family member.

Once you've developed the role your child will fill in the family circle, don't forget that it should change as the child grows. Just as you alter his physical surroundings to accommodate developing interests and capabilities, you alter his role in the family. At five, he'll enjoy just accomplishing small chores. He's still open to suggestions; will follow mother's lead. At the same time he becomes remarkably adept at nosing out made-up or phony tasks that aren't necessary. He resents this, but he'll react beautifully to praise for an assignment well done.

As he continues to grow, at, say, seven years, he's more interested in his own way, or his friends', of playing games, or performing family duties. Once he's learned a routine, the completion of an assignment no longer thrills him. These are the years when your patience is most in demand. So often he'll dawdle—it would be simpler to make the bed or sweep the porch yourself. Resist the temptation to do it yourself, or to lead the young worker around like a puppy. In the end, he'll be able to assume more responsibility within the family and act more independently.

Give your child full credit for being an individual and let him co-operate with the family to the best of his increasing abilities. Then you're not likely to make the mistake of comparing him too closely with others of his age. You won't suffer because little Julie next door can dress herself, or Tommy down the block performs nicely for visitors, while your Sally or Sam can't or won't. There are as many varieties of children as of adults. Development norms or averages are merely guideposts for parents—they're not musts for every youngster.

So remember, as Mrs. Gilkeson reports, that the results depend, not on the money you spend on elocution lessons or elaborate toys, but "on something each family with understanding can provide—a place for the child in the family, a role of his own as a person with rapidly changing needs and interests, and always as a respected and considered individual." ◆◆

Photos by George Lazarnick
Furniture—Aristo-Bilt. Toys—American Toy Institute. Wallpaper—"Old Woman in the Shoe," Imperial Lamps—Deco Lamp Co.

(*Continued from page 49*)

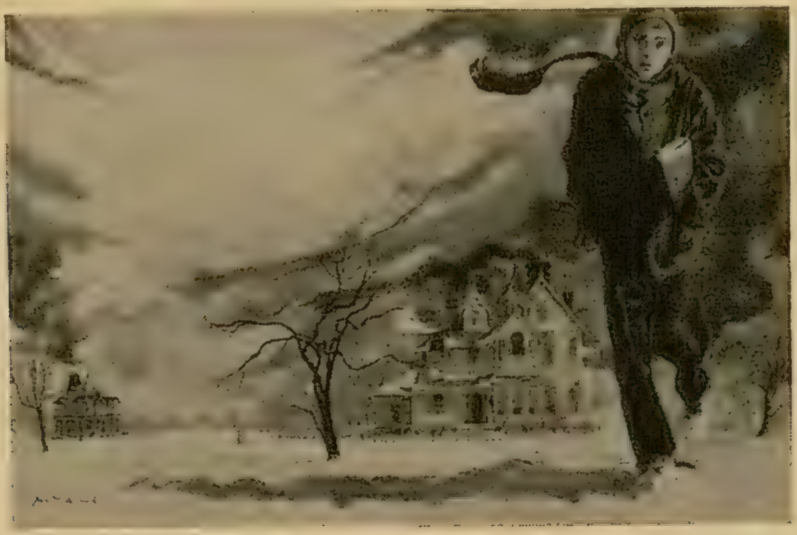
last year. They looked sorry to be there.

"Ellen," Jimmy said slowly, "I'm going down to spend the twenty-five cents. It's not going to be much —I guess it'll have to be just for the little kids—something to put in their stockings."

"Sure." Ellen grinned at him bravely. "And there's enough sugar to make a little fudge. That can go in the toes. We'll manage."

Fresh snow had fallen in the night and it crunched noisily under his feet. He bought the jumping man and the picture book, and then the thing that had been pricking his mind ever since breakfast gave him such a stinging bite that he turned and walked toward Quality Hill. If the folks didn't know they were "nice people," they were going to know it plenty soon. If he couldn't get Ellen a present himself, he might manage to get her an invitation to that Manley girl's party anyway.

*He was at the Manley's steps before he realized that the two cheap toys he had bought were sticking out of his pockets in a wrapper marked "Dime Store." He dashed across the vacant lot to hide them under his mattress until night.*



Coming back down the stairs and stopping to warm his hands by the kitchen fire, he found Ellen putting up clean sash curtains.

"We can be clean, at any rate," she told him. "Mother always washed the curtains just before a holiday." Suddenly she stiffened, her gaze out the window, her hands fumbling at the curtain half on its rod. Between gritted teeth she said in a strange low voice, "Jimmy, if they bring a basket here—a *basket,*" spitting out the word like it burned her mouth, "I will throw it in their faces."

"Basket?" he gasped. Then the awfulness of it dawned on him. Every year back in Lexington they had helped Mom fix up things out of their cellar—jams, jellies, potatoes, apples, and take to—to—*the poor.* "Ellen," he half whispered it, "you don't mean that *we* are the poor this year?"

Her eyes were afire, darkly dangerous.

"Some nitwits around here might think we are!" she said, "but they'll be sorry."

Jimmy left the kitchen quickly. There was no time to lose. He knocked first on Mrs. Diller's door, and to her chuckle of "Happy Christmas, Jimmy," he said soberly, "Would you mind lending us a finger bowl if you have an extra one?"

"A *what?"* Her eyes looked bluer than ever and kind of frightened.

"A finger bowl like nice people use?"

"I never had one in my life, child." Her chuckle became a full-grown laugh.

"Well, that's all right. Thank you just the same." And he made for the fat house next door. This time the beautiful Dot wore a red dress with a big white apron over it.

"Hi, Jimmy!" she cried. "Come in—come on back to the kitchen and see what we're doing. We're having fun!" Without waiting for his reply she led the way to the delicious-smelling kitchen. As soon as Mrs. Manley saw him she hastily hid a huge box behind the pantry door. Four big baskets sat on a long table.

"Good morning, Jimmy," she said. "How are you?"

"Very well, thank you," he was beginning to wonder if he were doing it right. "I came to see if you could tell me where we could buy some cav-i-ar?"

*"What?"* Both Dot and her mother said it just like that.

Jimmy's face was burning hotly now. "What nice people eat—you know. *We're* nice people," he blurted out desperately. "Didn't you know?"

"Of course we know," Mrs. Manley said gently, saying something else altogether to Dot with just her eyes. "Come here and help us—we're packing baskets for the poor. This is the most fun of all about Christmas."

Jimmy drew near fearfully. "We did that at home," he said softly. "It was lots of fun."

"Here," Dot handed him a bowl of cracked nuts, "you can help with the candy by picking out these meats. Will you?"

"I'd love it." He forgot his shyness and was soon having more fun than he'd had since before last October.

The telephone rang and Dot went to answer it.

"It's Mrs. Jameson, mother." She sort of sang her words, she was so happy.

Jimmy didn't mean to hear, but Mrs. Manley talked really loud. "All right, Mrs. Jameson," he heard her saying, after she had told something that must have been funny because she kept laughing while she was telling it. "If you say so, I'll call Mrs. Diller. I may have my trouble for my pains, but—after all, this is the time of good will and peace on earth."

She rang up Mrs. Diller and they talked and laughed a lot before she came back to the kitchen. Jimmy hadn't heard much of the last conversation, because Dot kept talking about the things they were putting in the baskets.

He stayed until the four baskets were finished and covered over with red-tissue paper. All the things that had gone into them had made him wish he could see the delight of the poor who were to receive them.

"Dot, where's the—" Mrs. Manley began, then her face grew red and Dot laughed and said, "Mother, how could you?" and they both looked toward the pantry door and away again in a hurry. All of a sudden the happy Christmas spirit oozed right out of Jimmy.

"I gotta go now," he said, grabbing for his cap. "Thank you for letting me help with the poor."

"We'll be seeing you," Dot called after him.

It was all turning out wrong. He could scarcely keep back tears of humiliation. He knew without a doubt that the box behind the pantry door at the Manleys' was for them. Ellen would be hurt and mad, and there wouldn't be a thing left to laugh about. And Ellen would say things to hurt Dot and her mother. He slowed his steps even if it was freezing cold. He had to come to the right end of his thinking. He could still see the shining happiness in their faces. They had been having such fun. But—and this was the hard knot of it all—*they* were the ones who would be hurt and embarrassed and sad unless the folks they took the baskets to were *glad.* It took both sides to make the happiness right.

When he walked into the kitchen his little speech was all ready.

"Ellen," he said, "the fun of giving presents is all spoiled if the people you give them to are not *glad.* You got to *take* them like it was fun so you won't spoil the whole *giving* of them."

"What on earth do you mean?" She stared at him.

He told her where he had been and what he'd been doing, and he added slowly, "I'm most sure they're planning to bring us something, but," he put in hurriedly, "they already know we're nice people. They said so."

Ellen was very quiet, full of thinking, all afternoon. Just once she laughed, and that was when Mixie tied a bit of old red ribbon to Grandpa's beard while he nodded and snored in his rocker behind the stove.

As they finished supper, they heard singing right on the front porch:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild—"

"Angels!" breathed Mixie, her eyes big and wondering.

By the time they had all crowded into the living room the singing had ceased and a firm knocking on the door took its place. Grandpa answered it. For a second it looked as if the whole town was there, shouting "Merry Christmas!"

"Come right in." Grandpa showed he was nice people by the way he bowed, and in they came. The boy that had gone skating with Dot that first time Jimmy had seen her, carried a big box which he set down in the middle of the floor. It was covered with red paper and tied with green ribbon entwined around a spray of holly.

"Welcome to Dayton," he said with a flourish of both arms.

Ellen stepped forward—and Jimmy was startled at first because she was talking and acting just like Mom used to when the neighbors came in at Lexington.

"We are happy to have you come," she said graciously and smiled on all of them.

"It was a silly thing to quarrel about anyway," presently Mrs. Diller was chuckling to Grandpa. "It seems mighty good to be neighboring again."

"That Jimmy of yours never said a truer word," Mrs. Manley said, "when he told us you can't quarrel with people that you can laugh with—and we've had plenty to laugh about the last day or two."

And Mrs. Jameson murmured something about a merry heart making a bright countenance but a sorrowful heart breaking the spirit.

"You mustn't open the box until time for Santa Claus to come." The beautiful Dot put a hand through Ellen's arm. "By the way, can you come to my party?"

◆ A long time later, when the company had gone and the little girls' stockings had been more than filled with lovely things from the box, and others marked for Ellen and Grandpa and him had been laid on the mantel for opening in the morning, Jimmy screwed himself into a tired and happy knot of sleepy boy.

It was then that he was sure he heard the gentle gay laugh of Mom, the way it sounded just before she always said, "Good night, Jimmy. All is well." ◆ ◆

# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

## HORIZONTAL

1 It sounds as if "Eh?" and "Howzat?" are obsoletely extinct (two words)
10 Los Angeles hangover
14 Piece of property
15 Mrs. Lamb's one
16 Primitive example of backfield in motion
17 A falsie
18 The kind of thing He hopes to give Her (and she wants, too)
19 Girl, looks good enough to eat from the rear
20 Edible bowling ball
22 "Don't cheer," cried the dry cleaner, "the boys are ——!"
24 Sistie and Buzzie
25 Best smeller
26 It takes the Follies for a ride
29 World's most annoying driver (fem.) (two words)
32 In the West you were hung first, then they did this to you
33 Collections of seven
34 What Washington wouldn't do
35 What gold does at Fort Knox
36 Accurate samplings of what the public isn't thinking
37 All the growing young husband requires lots of
38 The well-known Miss Hogg
39 Engages in arduous employment in Brooklyn
40 Municipal champagne
41 No one plays "gin" *as Art can* (anag.)
43 What petty officers do (fem.)
44 Miss Smith's other name
45 She makes up her face faster than this
46 Jap ambuzzardor
49 Sam Goldwyn tried to buy electric ones with luminous hands
53 Old Greek welder
54 Duncan S. Queeze
56 Where Cleo liked to stroke the U. of Cairo crew
57 Place where women hit the scrimmage line to gain a couple of yards
58 Stake in the Klondike
59 Entrancing to miners
60 Skidmobile
61 Prairie sowpranos—their dulcet tones bring home the bacon! (two words)

## VERTICAL

1 Fried this and that
2 It gives you your yakata right back
3 These Irish isles are smilin'
4 Injun cures
5 Old-fashioned sewer
6 What Barkley uses to wake up the Senate
7 Once more
8 The egotist is hesitant
9 Ship hospitals
10 In democracies these should be aired and changed often
11 He works for Paul on stage and screen
12 Mr. Downs the critic
13 Gimmick collectors
21 Rear headquarters for hanging out and yakata (fem.)
23 Mongolian taxis
25 World's windiest race (pl.)
26 What children used to be brought up with (obs.)
27 It'll be a hit on smellevision
28 Member of the old-time Giants
29 She got a fella
30 Put out personal flags
31 Freemen of the Ould Sod
33 Gray lock manufacturer
36 Medieval Hemingway
37 Gashouse Gangster
39 Russian piker (see *Works of Stalin*)
40 Success shillelagh
42 Chuckle-headed
43 Intellectuals never attend movies; they go here
45 Organized snarls, squeaks, and screeches
47 What Jr. becomes after 2 A.M.
48 It's busy in the Russian underground
49 Cause of man's downfall
50 General manager
51 Gniht devoleb ni aciremA
52 Parks on fowl balls—i.e., china eggs
55 Introspective Liver Observers (abbr.)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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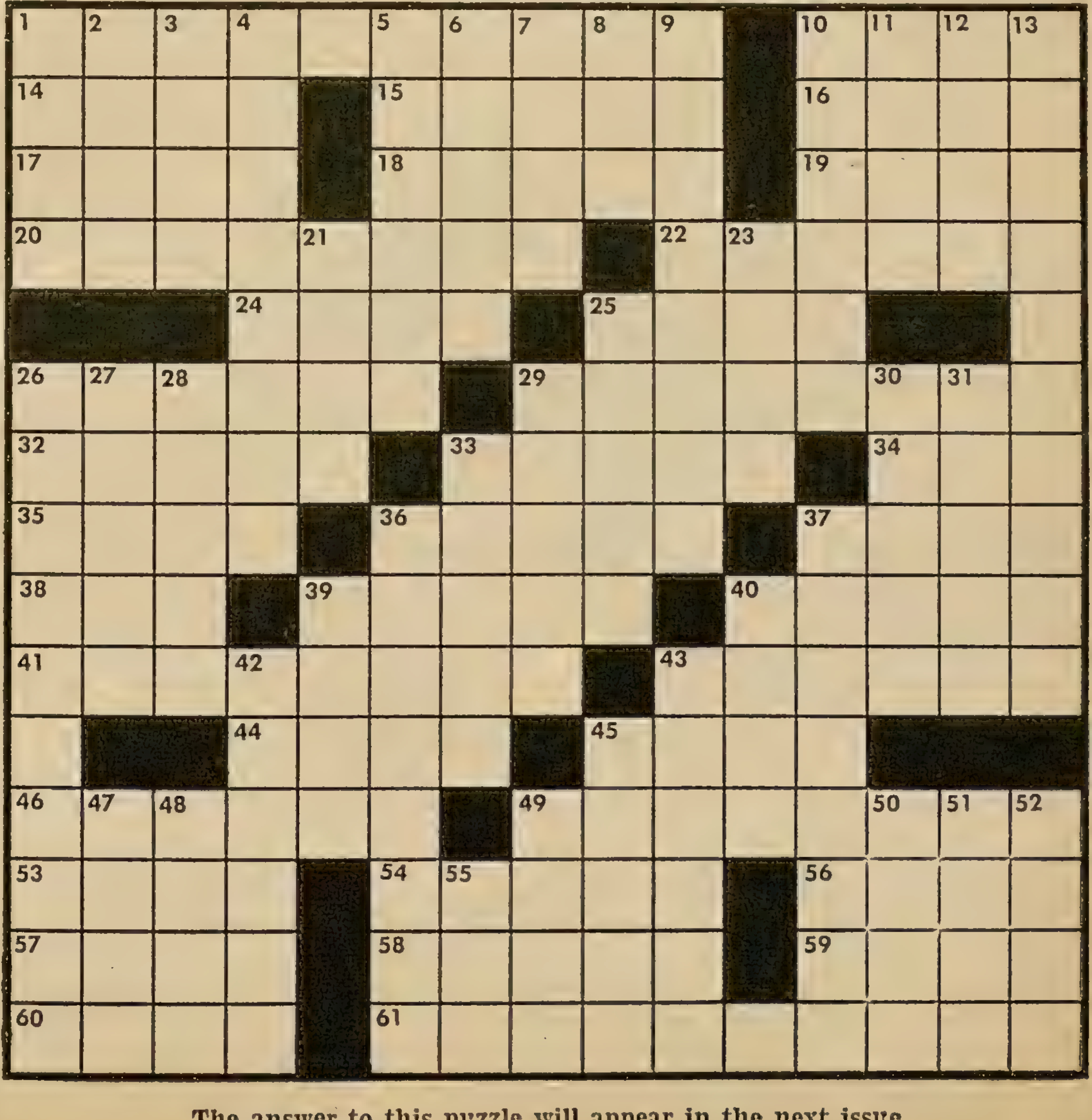
| H | O | R | S | E | S | E | N | S | E | ■ | S | N | A | E |

December Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

*Continued from page 57*

San Diego, I began "having sign." Later my first contractions (not "pains") began. This time I knew what was taking place—not from previous experience, not from what other mothers had told me, but from reading the complete story of Childbirth Without Fear, supplemented by the instruction I had received from Dr. Hall.

This time I knew that the uterus, like the bowel or kidneys, has at least two sets of opposing muscles; one to hold it shut, another to empty it. I knew that, as in the bowel or the kidneys, if the muscles holding the uterus shut are not relaxed when the other set begins work to empty it, pain is certain to result; two sets of muscles are being forced to work and strain against each other. I knew that gritting my teeth, tensing my body, clenching my hands, pulling my husband's hair, pushing down against something with my feet (all things I had been told to do the first time, "to help ease the pain") would only increase tension in the muscles holding my uterus closed. Therefore harder work would be required of the muscles beginning the work of expelling the child, and the intermuscular conflict thus created would be certain to generate real pain. (There is the whole answer to the so-called "experienced" mothers and mothers-in-law who, when told of the Read method, shake their gray heads and grimly say, "No doctor or anyone else can tell *me* there is no real pain—I've been through it more than once—I know!")

I simply relaxed as I had learned to do by practice during the four weeks just past. My contractions were no more painful than the very hard flexing of a biceps muscle. I was expecting to do some hard work, however; prepared for it. At the time of my first visit to Dr. Hall, my baby was not in the correct position for natural birth. This position had not changed. That fact alone had caused him concern. But he had told me my muscles would do the work of turning my baby if I were willing to do the work that would be required; if I would be willing to give my muscles the time necessary for them to accomplish it.

◆

About seven o'clock that evening Del took me to Mercy Hospital (which ranks sixth in the United States in number of deliveries performed during a year). I was taken to a small labor room built for but one bed, now crowded with two. The woman in the other bed already was well along in the first stage of labor. After the preliminary business of getting me ready, Del was allowed to come in. He talked to me quietly and checked the time between contractions. (The whole vocabulary in connection with childbirth is filled with "pain"!) His presence was very important, helping me maintain relaxation.

The other woman began having severe contractions, and was making real pain of them by struggling against them. She called for a hypo. Del was asked to step out. When contractions came while he was gone, I found it more difficult to remain relaxed. Instinctively I would find myself beginning to tense against them. Only by force of will could I keep myself in hand and remain relaxed.

Soon my roommate was taken to the delivery room. We were alone in the labor room for a time. Relaxation was much easier to maintain. Then a little Japanese girl, wife of a fisherman who was out at sea, was wheeled in. She was beginning labor with her first child. Again Del was shooed out. She had never been in a hospital, so the routine had to be explained. That took time. My contractions were coming about two minutes apart. I began to wish for Del's help in keeping myself calm and quiet.

◆

Finally he was allowed to come back. The Japanese girl's mother came in too. The older woman spoke no English and seemed ill at ease so near us. She talked with the girl a short while, then left her there alone. I felt so sorry for that poor little kid without anyone to help her. I wished I could quickly teach her the things I was now putting to the test and finding good.

Before long she was thrashing back and forth on her bed, moaning and softly crying as her contractions came and, because she was full of tension against them, were becoming real pain. Del whispered that I had been like that in the labor room before LouDel's birth. He gave me a little sales talk, but the object lesson right there across the room was the best argument for the Read method to my mind. I can actually remember very little about my first childbirth, but now, watching that other young mother, I knew why I had been so completely exhausted afterward.

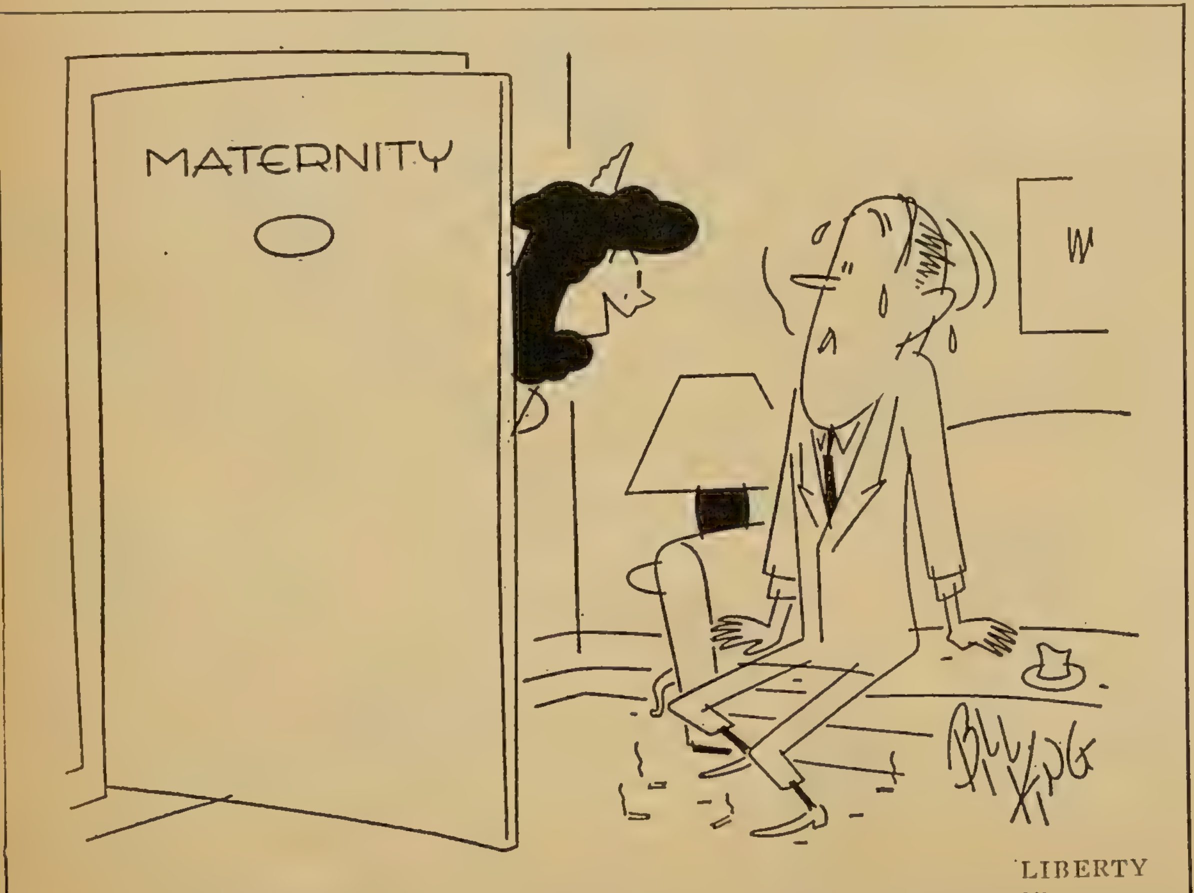
As my harder contractions began, I knew why she was tossing so frantically, however. Even though relaxed and without any real pain, *I began experiencing a strong desire to move* as each new contraction began. *As labor progressed, this desire to move increased and had to be mentally resisted to maintain relaxation.* And as each new contraction began, a quiet word of encouragement from Del did wonders to help me remain still.

I had been troubled by backache the last three months, and that began bothering me. I put Del to work rubbing the small of my back each time a new contraction started. That backache, however, and the sensation of very hard work were my only discomforts. There was nothing anyone but the worst kind of baby could actually interpret as pain.

Finally my first bearing-down contractions came. I told Del to ring for the nurse. He was a bit slow about it and later confessed that his faith had wavered. He thought my "first real one" had hit, and that I was beginning to beg like the others.

◆

The nurse who came must have thought so too. It had been an hour or so since Dr. Hall had checked me. She said he was asleep and she did not want to disturb him unless he was really needed. She chased



LIBERTY

"Remember the fuss they made about the Dionne quintuplets?"

Del out and checked me. Then she left, very fast.

When Dr. Hall came, I winked at him and told him I was ready for my party. I believe I looked so fresh, still, that he too had some doubts. He told Del I was a flirt, his voice a little gruff with sleep. But his tired look vanished when he had checked me. "She has turned her baby into normal position! The membrane is bulging, and our lady is ready for the delivery room," he said quickly. The nurse hurried out to get the "cart."

But Dr. Hall held out a hand to me and asked, "Would you like to walk to the delivery room?" I was out in the hall on Del's arm when the nurses hurried into sight with the cart. They stopped, amazed. Dr. Hall waved them back. "This girl doesn't have to be hauled around," he said. "She can go places under her own power!" I knew he was bragging about me that way with a purpose, but just the same it didn't make me feel bad.

Del had to leave me at the delivery-room door, a very inconsiderate hospital regulation. But the hardest work was over. After a good look around, I lay down on the delivery table. While Dr. Hall washed and prepared for the delivery, I held off the bearing-down contractions by deep breathing.

In the big mirrors above the table I could see all that was taking place. He ruptured the membrane as another contraction began, explaining each step as we went along. When that contraction was finished, the head of my baby was visible. The next one brought it. Dr. Hall turned it so that in the mirrors I caught my first glimpse of my new baby. One more contraction, and Delah Louise Rayburn was full-born. She weighed into this world at eight and three-quarters pounds and was twenty-two and one-half inches long. An all-around BIG baby for these days.

I'd heard of the thrill that is a mother's upon hearing the first cry of her new-born babe. I had wondered if it was actual, or just another dramatic feminine exaggeration. Now I knew! I had done a bit of hard work, but with that first lusty cry I was repaid in full. My new baby had no drugs to throw off; she began breathing and crying as quickly as air struck the cord, requiring no coaxing by the doctor such as most modern babies have to have.

She was laid across my hip and stomach. While the cord finished its last pulsations, Dr. Hall washed her. Then the cord was parted and my baby was placed in a heated crib while the doctor finished his work on me.

When that was done, he told the nurse to bring my new little girl and let me hold her. "That is a privilege few mothers going through this hospital ever enjoy, young lady," he told me. He could have added that their failure to enjoy it was because of fear, which had driven them to seeking a drugged escape.

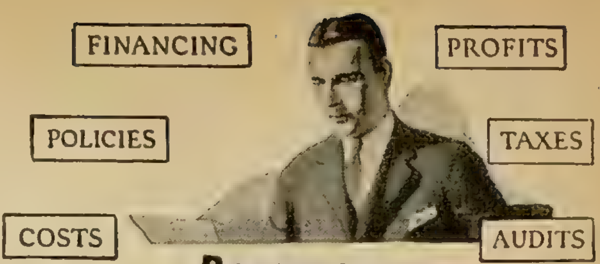
I now looked forward wonderingly to the first few days after the birth. Could they possibly be as different as the birth had been from my first experience? But I was used to miracles now. I really expected them. When I had no afterpains it merely stood to reason, because I had not spent long hours preceding this birth with one set of muscles straining in violent conflict with the other set.

It stood to reason, too, that I felt as fresh the next morning as I would have with a good night's sleep after any other job of hard work. There were no strained muscles, no drugs, no fatigue, and no blues caused by those products of fear, to recover from—this time. My usual hearty strength was still with me.

◆ After LouDel's birth I had been unable to leave the hospital until the thirteenth day. This time I went home after only four days. By the eleventh day my flow had stopped and I was almost as strong as ever. Dr. Hall came to see me about that time. When he had checked me, he turned to my husband and said, "This lady of yours is just one in a million! Do you know it?"

Of course Del had to agree—I was so strong by that time he would not have dared do otherwise. But *I* disagreed! I stuck up for you other American mothers, because I believed then, and believe now, that those two men and all those almost cynical male doctors, supposedly disinterested in the Read method because American mothers are too cowardly to try it, are completely mistaken!

"I'm not an exception at all, Dr. Hall," I told him. "I'm just luckier than many others. I have a husband who is open to new ideas and interested enough to stick to an idea once he's sold on it. So I had



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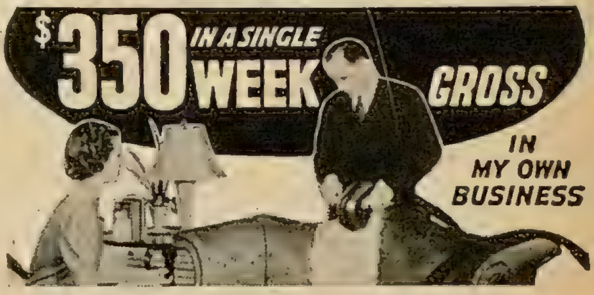

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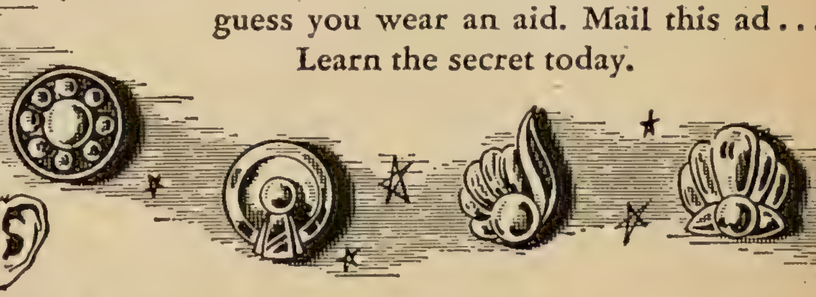

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Liberty

# SHANANAGRAMS

*An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword*

**By TED SHANE**

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| 24 | | 25 | | | | |
| 26 | | | | | | |
| ■ | 27 | | | | | ■ |

ACROSS

1 Pet, fill this house of injunuity with ease
6 Pa, I am in oxygen tent
8 Silent Ship has triple-A rating; disease wives rarely suffer from
9 Check for an Erin nag
10 The old family cut-up (abbr.)
11 Buys her dinner, then tries to squeeze it out of her
13 Spot for the skipper to die, not sit, dope!
15 Very much of a prefix
16 Schmoe's pal
17 Ale on menu for handy sounding chap
19 Scandinaviananame sounds like nothing at all
20 Ring Lardner wrote: "You Know Me, ——"
22 What kind of eater was unpopular in the turbulent '20s?
24 Get mica in "pertaining to generative cell"
26 Big tine men sound VIPish
27 Hang a halo on

DOWN

1 This insatiable twerp demands moa than a person can swallow
2 Tan Hopi—i.e., the original African
3 When banged, they pain so
4 Drawkcab kool
5 Dine backward with a forward gal
6 Rap the pellet under it, Snead!
7 Carolinian made great Leather-neck
12 Acts as if males suit
13 Gee, Nate is jitter-buggy!
14 Skeins do make Rockefeller outer coverings
18 What religious creed was formed 325 A.D.
21 Ma, get a lb. of gambol chops
23 Outside (comb. form)
25 One one-thousandth

| | | | | | | |
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| R | A | M | P | A | N | T |
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Dec. Answer

someone helping me learn the facts and believe them. As for bravery, the brave mothers are the ones who every day are having babies the old way of pain and exhaustion."

The rest of what I said to Dr. Hall that day concerns a matter in which the magazines American women read can play a leading role. I told him, "The thing that *must* be done in America is that big job of education you spoke of the first time I saw you. That is the only way the old traditions of pain and fear as an inevitable part of childbirth can ever be stamped out. As soon as that has been accomplished, births like mine will become the rule. The other kind will be the exceptions. Anyone can have a baby, and enjoy it, in just the same way I had this one!"

Facing the prospect of publication, I was reluctant to commit myself too quickly. I am as familiar as any of you with a newly delivered mother's enthusiasm about her doctor and about everything else connected with the birth, once she has recovered from it. So I have waited almost a year now, yet I find myself even more enthusiastic than ever in my desire that every mother-to-be in America hear and heed the good news about the New Deal in Childbirth.

The United States needs better mothers, stronger mothers, right-thinking mothers today as never before. It needs mothers who can face childbirth with a healthy, positive mental attitude out of which right thinking and training can come to guide their children. For to hold its place and very freedom in this modern world, America needs children. It needs children with the self-assurance, the confidence, the quiet determination which is most likely to be found in a child born without fear. And today American mothers are the only mothers in this world who can possibly give birth to such children. It is a privilege we should, for our country's sake and our own, not neglect. You can enjoy it as thoroughly as I did. ◆ ◆

## DOES YOUR CHILD NEED A PSYCHIATRIST?

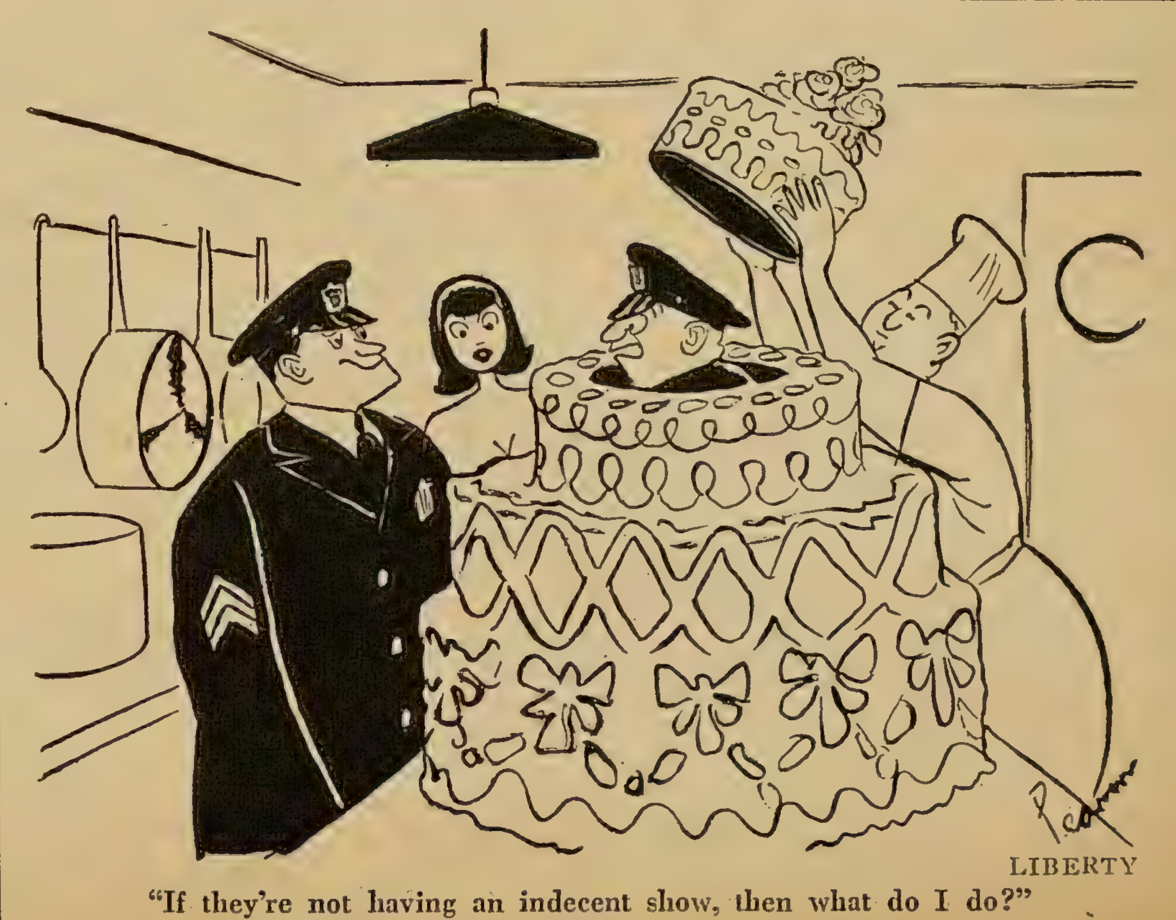
*Continued from page 61*

gently toward an understanding of the beauty of reality. Triumph, success, knowledge, power, defeat—from which come mental and spiritual growth—are not ugly things. They are real and honest. Fighting life, whether you win or lose, gives you a much greater emotional and spiritual existence than any imaginary triumph cooked up in a world of dreams.

Of course, as kids, we all had our make-believe world. Who hasn't daydreamed? What youngster hasn't had shy, adolescent self-doubts which he vanquished dramatically in fantasy? There is nothing abnormal about being an introvert or an extrovert. We are all one or the other. Some of us have elements of both.

But it is well to realize that both types *developed to the extreme* in a child can land him in a mental institution in adult life. The extreme extrovert degenerates into senseless activity; the extreme introvert to aimless fantasy.

This exaggeration of basic types can be corrected before it ever becomes a psychiatric problem. In schizophrenia, for example, the parent should make every effort to socialize the sensitive, extremely



"If they're not having an indecent show, then what do I do?"

introverted child—giving him a sense of security not only within himself but in his environment.

There should never be extreme parental training, neither vicious and harsh, nor the equally dangerous spoiling. The playing of favorites, the centering of attention on the brother or sister of an introverted child, can have serious consequences. No child should be so unhappy and so lost in the real world that he finds happiness only in a world of his own.

One case history was that of a girl who was beautiful, shy, and sensitive. She liked to read a great deal. She was rather slow speaking, not at all like her brash, high-strung, show-off sister. Again and again through her childhood she was admonished, "Why can't you get along with people, like your sister? People love her." Hardly a day went by that the family didn't ignore her timid remarks. It took her too long to say anything, and they were a fast-moving and impatient people. Gradually the child ceased making any remarks at all when the family was around. Up in her room, however, she held magnificent court. There she was a scintillating conversationalist. The bold sister, in these fantasies, was abashed to silence by the sheer brilliance of the girl's charm and wit. What a satisfactory life she led, this quiet mouse, all by herself!

Some years later the girl's family consulted a psychiatrist. The girl had gone into muteness. It was, unfortunately, too late for a cure, for the girl's family didn't have the intelligence to recognize her sensitivity until they had caused unspeakable damage. The girl never spoke again, because nothing she could ever have said would have given her the satisfaction of her dream-world conversations.

It's time for parents to wake up. *It's time for them to realize that over 90 per cent of the people in mental institutions today were put there as the result of something that happened in their childhood.* Generally speaking, childhood is not happy. It is happy only in retrospect, as we look back upon it from the vantage point of years. Tell a child he will get something tomorrow, and "tomorrow" is an eternity away. Fail to keep your promise, and it matters more desperately to a child than it ever could to an adult.

As adults, a certain philosophy cushions us to the disappointments, little and big, of life. A child has no such protective armor. You can hurt him in a way that goes deep, in a way that may reveal itself later in life with a tragic impact.

Psychiatrists will back up these facts. They believe that the solution will be found when parents bring their children in to see them *before* their mental problems become solidified and serious. That is why they make the bold statement that if they could get the child at eight or ten, when mental problems first reveal themselves, fewer of us would go completely off base at 30 or 40.

◆ ◆

---

## DIOGENES, HERE THEY ARE

By HAROLD HELFER

| THE HONEST | THE DEED |
|---|---|
| A Kitty League umpire: | He quit after his car collided with a cow. He said if he couldn't see a cow in the highway, how was he going to see a ball coming up to the batter? |
| A seedy-looking stranger: | Several days after a Decatur, Ill., woman gave him a dollar, he returned and presented her with $37, her share of the winnings on a horse that had come through. |
| A Newark short-order cook: | When he received $180 from a telegraph company in response to his wire home for $8, he paid for a long-distance call home to find out about it. When he learned the telegraph company had made an error, he returned $172 to it. |
| A Cherry Valley, Ill., man: | While installing a burner in a widow's home, he found a hidden tin box with $2,500 in currency in it. He gave it to the widow, who was unaware of the money's existence. |
| A boy 14 and a girl 10: | They found $10 among old papers they were collecting; promptly returned the money to its owner. |
| An Indianapolis bartender: | Given an extra $1,000 at a bank teller's window while cashing checks, he promptly returned the money. |

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*City*__________________*State*_______*Age*_____

## THE BIGGEST BARGAIN BASEMENT

Continued from page 28

persons and refugees arriving in America, most of them with pitifully little in the way of clothing, household goods, or other possessions.

All merchandise of the Salvation Army stores is donated to the organization, whose trucks will call for clothing, furniture, bric-à-brac, newspapers, etc., in quick response to any offer. The profit from the stores is used exclusively to help support one of the worthy enterprises—"social centers" for men, homes and clubhouses which provide shelter, food, companionship and—most important, work and hope for those who badly need it.

For its stores, the Salvation Army turns down practically nothing except those items which are (*a*) too large for the drivers to cart away or (*b*) in too poor or verminous condition to be used even for salvage.

Right here is where we bark our shins on certain stubbornly unpleasant facts of human nature.

"Lots of people aren't particular about what they give away," dryly admits one official. "Of course," she hastily adds, "we don't want people to think we're particular about what we get either."

The fact is the trucks will haul away anything which is usable or which has salvage value. That's because every single item brought in is carefully examined before being placed on sale. If it cannot be used as is, reupholstered or refurbished, it is torn apart and whatever can be saved is put aside.

Take an old stuffed chair for example. If it's not worth fixing, the material is ripped away, hair, moss, or other stuffing is pulled out and tossed into bins for use in other upholstering jobs; springs are kept and parts of the frame and legs. Even nails are pulled out to be used again if possible.

Sometimes the individual stores show remarkable ingenuity in making good use of everything given to them. Recently in Dallas, Texas, a store found itself with a growing pile of vests, the only good part of many men's suits given to them. Finally a worker located an exporting company which gladly bought the lot to send to Egypt where, it seems, the vests are greatly in demand. Natives joyfully wear them over the national costume with the pocketless robes, as a handy place to carry such modern impedimenta as fountain pen, lighter, watch, spectacle case, etc.

Most people who call the Salvation Army and make donations do so gladly, but there are extremes of consideration when it comes to handing over the articles. There is the kind of woman who sends her son's outgrown shirts, expertly washed, starched, pressed, and packed in tissue paper. Then there's the housewife who just wants to get rid of a battered old chair and who is outraged when it's refused, because its condition is too bad.

This last type, happily in the slim minority, also causes the most trouble. Sometimes it's hard for drivers to explain why they can't or won't take such lordly proffered "gifts."

"We try to tell our drivers to handle such cases diplomatically," explains one Salvation Army store worker. "The trouble is," he sadly adds, "we don't get many diplomats as drivers."

On the whole, however, the attitude of the public toward the Salvation Army and the confidence people seem to have in it is very gratifying—if sometimes a little hard to live up to.

Once a woman telephoned to ask the Salvation Army to call for her defunct husband's ashes. She wanted them scattered and thought the Army should do it. And of course there are hundreds of cases like that of the couple in Maine who bought two ducks, intending to raise them in time for Thanksgiving dinner. The trouble was the ducks became family pets and the man and his wife couldn't bear to kill them off when holiday time neared. They finally decided the Salvation Army people should do it. "We always think of the Salvation Army as such a *kind* organization," the woman explained

Animals of one kind or another turn up for sale quite frequently in the stores, particularly in suburbs or small towns. In the Mount Vernon, New York, store, which was given the *enceinte* goat mentioned earlier, they've also had chickens, rabbits, and a porcupine. No takers for that last item. The store kept it for a pet. Other stores report donations of white mice, litters of puppies and, quite often, parrots.

There are many odd donations, but surprisingly regular are the gifts of false teeth—only the gold, if any, is usable—artificial limbs, glass eyes, and quantities of crutches and canes. Such things usually go to hospitals, unless there's a needy person in the community who might use one of these aids—again something which happens oftener than you might think.

Among the clothing, household goods, and bric-à-brac which offered the stores, occasionally an item of real value turns up, and some stores have "antique rooms" for anything really good. Odds and ends of expensive china are especially common, and it's not unusual

---

# How Are Your Animal Trade Relations?

### By GERARD MOSLER

◆ In addition to being provided with numerous foodstuffs, man's trade with the animal world is a brisk one indeed. Can you match each of the animals below with its contribution to the product—original or processed—listed in the right column? For the answers, turn to page 79, where you will also find the correct name for each of the animal products. Score 15 or more and you qualify for president of the Animal Chamber of Commerce.

1. BADGER
2. BEAR
3. BEAVER
4. BEE
5. BOMBYCID MOTH
6. BUFFALO
7. CANDLEFISH
8. CIVET
9. COW
10. CUTTLEFISH
11. EIDER
12. ELEPHANT
13. HORSE
14. MUSSEL
15. SEA FOWL
16. SHEEP
17. SWINE
18. TORTOISE
19. WHALE
20. YAK

a. The basis for good perfumes to the perfumer
b. Suture threads to the surgeon
c. Kitchen brushes to the cook
d. Oil to the machinist
e. Bedding to the quilt maker
f. Shaving brushes to men
g. Hats to the British Foot Guard
h. Material to the button maker
i. Stuffing to the upholsterer
j. Floor polish to the housewife
k. Light to the American Indian
l. Vaccine to the bacteriologist
m. Coats to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police
n. Whiskers to Santa Claus
o. An oily odorous ingredient to the pharmacist
p. A brown color to the painter
q. Men to the chessplayer
r. Fertilizer to the farmer
s. Spectacle frames to the optician
t. Stockings to ladies and ties to men

Solutions will be found on page 79

## AESOP WAS OFF THE BEAM

By BERTON BRALEY

*The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*

A wolf put on a sheepskin suit,
Thinking to catch the lambs — the brute!
But as a sheep — or dressed as such—
He didn't goal the lambkins much.

And so the wolf doffed his disguise,
And when the little lambkins' eyes
Lamped at a real wolf, fierce and grim,
My goodness, how they fell for him!

The moral's fundamental, deep:
If you're a wolf, don't play the sheep,
But be yourself, claws, jaws and fangs,
And lambs will follow you in gangs.

---

for donated paintings to bring as high as $150.

Most high prices come, however, because, with the vogue for Victorian décor, what spells "junk" to one family may spell "chic" to another. Decorators and antique dealers often visit the stores in hope of sniffing out something good among the merchandise, which has an extraordinarily quick turnover in most stores. The canny store managers try to get a good price when they see a dealer is interested in an object, but worth-while pieces frequently go to ordinary buyers for a fraction of their probable real worth. Not long ago, for instance, a lady visiting New York City bought a delightful Victorian lamp in a Second Avenue antique shop for $75. Back home in Minneapolis, she found its identical twin in a Salvation Army store—for $1.75. She's not complaining. She still thinks she has a bargain—a pair for a total of $76.75.

Very often articles of worth or of sentimental value to the owner are forgotten or included by mistake with things that are given to the stores. The most common practice is to send away an old desk or bureau without thoroughly checking the drawers. Fine linens and sometimes pieces of silverware are frequently discovered by checkers at the stores. Such items are always returned at once. But merchandise moves so fast, that unless the mistake is discovered quickly, the article may be lost in transit or it may just go out with the rest of the sale.

In Rochester a truck driver turned back after picking up an old sideboard. As he loaded the truck, a $1,000 War Bond, which had been stuck behind a drawer, fell to the ground. The lady of the house was grateful. She gave him a dollar as a reward.

As for the old love letters, diaries, and the like which might be left in old desks, boxes, or trunks given to the Salvation Army, nobody has to worry. Workers wouldn't have time to read them. In New York, for instance, there is an average of 200 calls a day to pick up donations for areas covering five or six stores. (In spring, house-cleaning raises the average to 400 calls a day.) Any papers found are presumed to be scrap and automatically are baled up with newspapers, magazines, and other scrap paper the Salvation Army collects and sells.

Sometimes the mistakenly included objects lead to situations, humorous or serious, depending on how you choose to look at them. A short while ago one hysterical lady telephoned the Salvation Army and began to rant about bee raising. The bewildered girl at the switchboard finally separated fact and frantic fussing. The woman, it appeared, raised bees. When the Salvation Army truck called for a load of old newspapers, they also took her "bee bonnet" and "bee gloves," carelessly left among the papers. She had some cause to be upset. Without the bee bonnet and bee gloves, she explained, she couldn't feed her bees, which were starving to death, and which, as a matter of fact, she concluded in a high scream, were at that moment swarming against her kitchen screen door. ◆ ◆

## ANYBODY CAN PAINT

Continued from page 39

grades, studio-size tubes. The main item is a pound size of zinc white which is mixed with other colors to lighten them. The basics in colors are yellow in zinc and ochre, deep and light cadmium red, alizarin crimson, burnt sienna, viridian and light green, ultramarine and cobalt blue and raw umber. You can learn a great deal about getting different effects and shades by experimentally mixing these colors on your palette in a variety of combinations.

Canvas board or academy board. A popular size for amateurs is 16 by 14 inches. You can buy artists' canvas in bulk and mount on stretchers to suit your needs, but that requires experience.

You will also want varnish to protect the surface of your finished painting, and a smock or something similar to protect your clothes as you work. If you are going to transport your paraphernalia, a paintbox comes in handy and a good easel is essential. ◆ ◆

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**PALACE OF CARDS** *Continued from page 21*

company since his graduation from high school.

"But he doesn't skin cows or make suitcases," Katharine used to laugh when, inevitably, the time came to explain her husband's business to a newcomer in the neighborhood. "He's the head bookkeeper. His office is just a step around the corridor from the president's sanctum sanctorum, and everybody says Harry is right in line to be assistant treasurer."

Which is virtually all that she knew about Harry's job at the office. Over the seventeen years of their married life he had, of course, told her of a raise in pay, or a promotion. But she simply could not pretend to an interest in the problems that are involved in keeping a set of books.

He got $91.73 a week, take-home pay after deductions; and that was quite enough money for them. He always turned the check over to her for deposit in the bank, and she, in turn, wrote checks to pay the bills. Harry carried a straight life policy for $12,000. "I don't care anything about this endowment stuff," he told her. "I don't want to benefit from it myself. I want to be sure you and Drue have enough to get along after I kick the bucket."

The Indian summer day drew to its close, and Katharine cut the flame under the pot roast to a bead, and Harry came briskly along the sidewalk from the railroad station. He never missed the five-twenty-two from town.

◆

"Hey, look!" Drusilla called. "Dad's got a big package! He's got two packages! Dad!" She jumped down from the low stoop and ran toward him. He was laughing.

Once inside the door, he adopted a ceremonial air.

"For the two most beautiful women in the world!" he cried, and began ripping away the paper. Out of the big package came two dozen American Beauty roses with stems nearly a yard long. One of the smaller packages contained four pairs of nylon stockings. In the other, for Drusilla, was a thin soft woolen sweater, the color of heliotrope—the sort of sweater she had admired extravagantly, seeing it upon another girl as they were taking their Sunday-afternoon walk.

"Harry!" They kissed him, and chattered.

Some time later, when Drusilla had gone up to make an attempt at studying and Katharine sat sewing in the cloud of smoke from Harry's pipe, she said, "You're so sweet and wonderful to think of us. And don't think I'm letting curiosity get the better of me. But—"

Harry laughed. "But when did I start throwing money around? Well, maybe I had a good one in the fifth race at Jamaica."

"Harry Winter! You never bet on a horse in your life."

"Maybe I got something from a rich uncle."

"You're teasing. Of course, if you want to keep it secret—"

"Secrets from you? When did that start? No, Kitty, I'll tell you. There was a little deal—you know—I lunch with a little gang every day, and you pick up a word here and a word there. Well, one of these fellows said something that stuck in my ear, and I made a little piker's investment." He smiled at her, the warm sort of smile that always did something to her heart. "You wouldn't understand it, even if I went over it from A to Z. But when I picked up a little velvet—well, naturally I thought of you and Drue."

"What did you buy for yourself?"

"Me? What do I need?"

◆

"That's the way it always is at Christmas. You're the hardest person to buy a present for that I ever heard of." She got up and leaned over him with her arms around his neck and kissed him, and then pulled the pipe out of his mouth and kissed him again. She blushed. "You make me feel like a silly girl."

Within the weeks that followed, Katharine felt a snug, warm pride in Harry because he was clever enough to benefit from the advice his friends were giving him—whatever on earth that advice might be. For he brought home, or had sent to them, a succession of delights: an electric broiler for the kitchen, a brand-new vacuum cleaner, a cord of oakwood for the fireplace they had never really used before, perfumes and dainty bits of ornament for their dresses. He was so delightfully, boyishly happy that curiosity, questioning, would have seemed downright mean and ungrateful.

"Do you know something?" she said one night. "For what you've paid for all these wonderful things you've given us, you could have made the down payment on a car."

He roared. "Do *you* know something!" he demanded. "That car you've just hinted for, young woman, is signed, sealed, and delivery expected tomorrow. Now what do you think of that?"

"Harry!" "Daddy!"

"Yep. I couldn't get a new one, of course. But this job is better than the junk they're turning out now anyway. Only thirteen thousand miles on her. You wait and see, womenfolks. She's a honey."

They had hardly reached the little living room after clearing the table, hardly arranged themselves around the blazing logs, before he cried, "Stand up there, Kitty, me gal! Um-hum, just like I thought. You haven't lost a dime's worth of your good looks. Now listen to me. I'm not going to have a swell-looking wife, a glamor girl in the rough, *looking* like she's in the rough. Tomorrow—and I mean tomorrow—you're going in to town to the swankiest beauty parlor they've got. You, too, Miss Drue. None of these little Maple Grove dumps, mind you. And you're going to get the works. The *works!* And you're going to buy yourselves some dresses and coats and shoes and things—a whole damn wagonload of them. That's orders!"

A little stunned, they nevertheless squealed with excitement, and were immediately immersed in plans. Later, with Drusilla gone to bed and the room quiet, Harry watched his wife through his pipe smoke, waiting for her to speak. But she did not.

He chuckled at last. "I guess you've got your curiosity up again."

"I never did pry," she said, and he could detect a trace of hurt in her voice. "You know I'm terribly proud you're doing so well. But I—well, we've always shared everything—and—"

Grinning, he sighed with a great exaggeration of despair. "I knew it had to come." He shook his head solemnly and knocked out his pipe.

◆

"All right. You asked for it." He got a pencil out of his pocket and found a fold of paper on the table. He frowned and made marks with the pencil. "You understand that in all business transactions, all commercial dealings, it is the differential that counts. The laws of supply and demand operate like the laws of nature. The essence of business is to buy low and sell high, whether it's leather goods or sirloin steak. But there is always the imponderable—the customer, the market. And the other imponderable is the competition. All clear?"

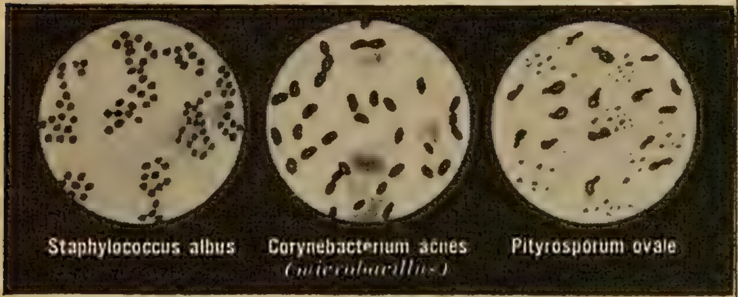
She nodded.

He filled his pipe and flashed a grin at her. "Suppose now, for example, seller A has ten carloads of green hides, prime grade, prime condition. Tyler, Inc., wants to buy them at the lowest possible price. But so do a lot of other manufacturers. In every kind of market for essential raw materials there is an economic dispute as to the eventual purchaser and converter. Under existing conditions—under regulations that utterly deny the principles laid down by John Stuart Mill, Einstein, and all the market curves and fluctuations of the last two hundred years—price, actual cash price, has become a secondary consideration. The man first on the spot, with the best inducements to offer in the way of differential, he is the man who gets what is called apex consideration. The in-between guy. The guy nobody knows. The guy with his finger right on the supply-and-demand question, and all the differentials as clear in his

(*Continued on page 78*)

# NEW MEDICAL EVIDENCE SHOWS HAIR CAN BE SAVED!

## Hair-Destroying Germs Disclosed



Shown above are germ organisms believed by many leading medical authorities to cause seborrhea and dandruff that may result in hair loss and eventual baldness.

"Kill these scalp germs," say these doctors, "and you remove this *cause* of itchy scalp, dandruff and seborrhea, ugly head scales and unpleasant head odors — and stop the hair loss they cause."

### LABORATORY TESTS PROVE GERMS KILLED BY SEBACIN

Exhaustive tests* made by a nationally-known impartial testing laboratory prove conclusively that Sebacin KILLS ON CONTACT all of the hair-destroying bacteria named by leading medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness.

Sebacin was tested on cultures of staphylococcus albus, corynebacterium acnes and pityrosporum ovale on 1-minute exposures. The test method was the F.D.A. wet filter paper method described by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Sebacin killed the test cultures on contact.

**Report No. 6967, May 31, 1949*

## *MEDICAL AUTHORITIES BLAME GERM INFECTIONS FOR COMMON BALDNESS*

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*Mrs.V.A.—Hannibal, Mo.*

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*R.S.—Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"Have tried many hair tonics, but your treatment is the only one that has proven satisfactory."
*C.B.W.—Lynchburg, Va.*

"Got rid of my dandruff."
*R.H.McD.—N. Kansas City, Mo.*

"Had despaired of ever having normal head of hair again. Getting wonderful results from your treatment."
*Mrs. M.B.—McKean, Pa.*

"Stopped my scalp itch and been wonderful for my scalp."
*A.R.—Belle Fourche, S. D.*

"Received great relief from itchy scalp and dandruff from your treatment. I find it has stopped my falling hair."
*A.K.—Randolph Field, Texas*

"My hair seems to be growing since I started using the treatment. People around here have noticed the recent results. I'll tell you it's wonderful."
*Mrs. J.R.—Jacksonville, Texas*

"I am sure delighted and really satisfied with the results. My dandruff and falling hair have stopped altogether."
*J.T.—Stockton, Calif.*

Washington, D. C.—New hope was offered to men and women suffering from the age-old problem of baldness, in recent testimony here by leading dermatologists.

### Beware of these 5 danger signs
**Neglect May Lead to Baldness**

1. **Over-dryness of hair and scalp**
2. **Scalp itch**
3. **Hair loss**
4. **Dandruff or seborrhea**
5. **Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp**

Most people lose a few hairs daily. This is no cause for alarm as they are immediately replaced by the normal, healthy scalp. However, when you see any or all of the danger signs listed above, it is often a warning of scalp infection and approaching baldness.

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In revealing statements, it was disclosed that specific bacteria are invariably found in seborrhea and dandruff, and may be the *cause* of these scalp conditions which result in baldness! The dangerous scalp bacteria named were the staphylococcus albus, the microbacillus or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale.

In reply to direct questions, the medical authorities agreed that:

1. At least 50% of doctors and dermatologists experienced in treating hair and scalp disorders are convinced that seborrhea and dandruff are an important cause of baldness.
2. This baldness may be *prevented* if seborrhea and dandruff are controlled.
3. The bacteria staphylococcus albus, the microbacillus or corynebacterium acnes, and pityrosporum ovale are invariably found when seborrhea is present and are considered to be its cause.
4. An antiseptic containing b-hydroxynaphtholene, sodium phenosulphonate, cinnamic acid and other specialized drugs *can* and *will* kill these germs.

This impressive testimony by competent medical doctors now made public for the first time, offers renewed hope for the treatment of sick scalps and the prevention of baldness.

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*Sebacin Inc.*

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*(Continued from page 76)*

head as one-two-three. His name is me, Kitty! Oh, I don't mean I'm the only one. I'm just getting in on a small scale now, because I didn't have any liquid capital assets to start with—only a tip and a hunch and all these years of watching other guys, dumber than me, licking up the gravy. And I've got something better than a lot of reserve capital, Kitty." His voice trembled a little. "I've got friends."

She was completely bewildered of course, because she had not understood a single word of his explanation. She was also completely reassured. Harry understood it all so perfectly himself.

"You're not going to quit your job with Tyler, are you?"

"I should say not! That's my anchor. No matter if I make a million, I've got to keep that job." He laughed oddly. "You bet!"

He reached into his pocket and drew out a packet of fresh new Treasury notes. There were twenty of them, and each was for twenty dollars. He put it into her hand, glancing toward the stairway, and spoke in a low, quiet voice:

"I'll want you to pay cash for everything, Kitty. Don't put this money in the bank. Don't charge anything at the department stores."

"I always preferred to pay cash," she said, staring at the money. "But this is a lot to carry. . . ."

"I'll tell you why. Income tax. I'm not trying to cheat the government, you understand. In the end I'll pay every penny I owe them. But I want to get a little backlog of capital before I go throwing forty or fifty per cent of everything to Uncle Sam."

"You won't get into trouble that way?"

He was a little impatient. "I've explained the whole thing, haven't I? Good Lord, you trust me, don't you?"

"I'd trust you, Harry darling, if you swore up and down that black was white. If I couldn't trust you, I couldn't trust any other living soul on this earth. You know that."

◆

One week before Christmas they moved into a large and very beautiful house, nearly twenty miles across the island from Maple Grove. There was a servant couple already installed: a quiet polite man named Peter, and his good-natured wife, Meta. Virtually all of the furniture was new, for they had brought only one or two pieces from the cottage: pieces they had owned ever since their marriage—when Katharine was nineteen and Harry twenty-one—and which, therefore, Katharine loved.

Even on this exciting occasion Harry refused to take the day off from the office. "Discipline," he explained. "Self-discipline. I'm still a bookkeeper, even if I am in the chips, and I'm not going to jeopardize my standing with Tyler."

But Drusilla was there to help. She had quit the Maple Grove High School, and on the first of February would enter Miss Cooper's Classes, the most fashionable institution in this town of Crescent Bend, and indeed the most fashionable on the island. Today, she and Katharine decided to go to the club for luncheon. Harry had arranged the club membership weeks before, through the real-estate man. There were not many people in the club dining room and all of them were women. Most of them came over and introduced themselves, welcoming the Winters.

As Katharine sipped her Martini, she was thinking, "Why in the world does Harry insist that I tell *nobody* he works for Tyler? Why does he insist on saying he's in business for himself? Well, he is of course, in a way."

◆

Drusilla was talking: ". . . just about the most wonderful father in this world, according to me. I wake up in the night thinking about all he's done for us, and how smart he is, and I just hug myself and keep saying, 'Drusilla Winter, you're the luckiest girl this side of heaven.' Do you realize, mom, what it means going to Cooper's? Every girl in Maple Grove High School would give her front teeth to be there like I am. Really and truly now, mom, how do you suppose we ever stood it over there in that tiny little old cottage, and making things over every year, and trying to pretend your coat was the latest thing—"

"Be quiet, darling. We're not going to forget our old friends who are not quite as lucky as we are."

"I don't care if I never see any of them again! I'm not a snob, mom. I just really mean it. Except Bart, of course. I'd like to see him. Listen, mom. I'll bet daddy would even buy me a horse if I just so much as hinted to him—"

"No!" Katharine had no idea why she spoke with such swift vehemence. "You must not ask him for anything. Not for anything at all!"

"Good Lord, mom. I was just rambling on."

The family was drawn into the town's life. Katharine's engagement book was soon filled with teas and cocktail parties at the club and bridge games and dinners. She wore clothes extremely well, and she had a slim enticing figure. No lines of care had ever come into her face, even in the days when Harry's pay had been much less than $91.73 a week, and now the attentions of the people at the beauty parlor emphasized the prettiness of her features. Drusilla lived a life of total enchantment. As for Harry, he was, Katharine thought, at last in his true and natural element.

"He was *meant* to wear a dinner suit!" she exclaimed to herself. "None of those movie stars looks as nice in one as he does."

It developed, rather to her astonishment, that he loved to dance, and best of all he much preferred to dance with her. Nothing could keep them from the Saturday nights at the club. But when their new friends invited them to join a theater party and go night-clubbing afterward, she always had to decline because Harry simply insisted upon it.

"You never can tell who you'll run into in those places," he said. "I can't take a chance on every Tom and Dick and Harry prying into my private affairs." In fact, only once during the whole winter did they go to the city in the evening. There was a play which both of them wanted very much to see.

"I'll meet you in town," he told her. "We'll have dinner in some quiet little place. I'll go in my regular office clothes, and—listen, Kitty—don't wear one of your fur coats. Just any old thing. The black cloth one, maybe. We'll just pretend we still live in Maple Grove and are having one hell of a spree going to the show. We'll come home as soon as it is over—to Drue."

Up on the hill overlooking the town there was a hospital and clinic, and she had not lived in her new home a month before she was devoting two days a week serving as volunteer nurse. It was here that she met Mrs. Grant Haislip, the wife of the most able doctor in the neighborhood. She took an immediate liking to Mrs. Haislip, who herself served three days a week.

"I think I like you," Mrs. Haislip said, looking at her critically. "Yes, you're a long cut above these scatterbrains we have to deal with in this town. You're the kind that would really amount to something if you didn't have too much easy money in the bank."

Katharine blushed and didn't know quite what to say. She fell back upon the only important thing that she knew about Mrs. Haislip: her only child, a lad of twenty, had been burned to death in the Japanese attack upon the aircraft carrier Franklin. "I was terribly sorry about your boy," she said.

Mrs. Haislip's lean jaw set hard. "When you are a doctor's wife," she said, "you learn to take what life has to give you. Take care of the bedpans in Ward Four."

◆

On a dismal afternoon in early February, an unaccountable fit of blues seized Katharine. She tried desperately to throw it off, even going to the unusual length of mixing herself a little pitcher of Martinis halfway between luncheon and cocktail time. They seemed to have little effect. She was sitting beside the little iron safe which Harry had, himself, let into the wall of their bedroom and concealed with a hanging picture. She opened it. On the floor were arranged the cases holding her jewelry: diamond bracelets and rings, emerald earrings and pearl ones, a string of pearls. On the single shelf was stacked a double row of bound packets of money, new money. Almost idly, she totaled the amount: sixteen thousand three hundred and twenty dollars.

"I wish he'd attend to that income-tax business, so we could put all this in the bank, where it belongs," she thought. "I don't like things to be—well—secret. I'm keeping all this here as if I were hiding it, instead of just protecting it from robbers. Oh, I guess I've just got the mopes. Snap out of it!" she ordered herself.

She put on her skirt-length mink and got in the new Cadillac Harry had given her for a birthday present and started for a drive. Presently she found herself almost halfway toward Maple Grove. She stopped the car and sat for a few moments and then turned back. At home again, she exchanged the mink for her oldest gray-cloth coat and got back in the car again. She parked it nearly a quarter mile from 34-69 West 172d Street, and walked the rest of the way through the chill drizzle.

Minna Parsons lived in the cottage now. Minna gave her a cup of tea and chattered without pausing for breath—all the gossip of the neighborhood. She asked one or two questions about Katharine's new life, but did not wait for many answers. When Mildred Carter dropped in, the two fell to discussing some scrap of neighborhood scandal and Katharine was left out of it. She realized that by passing out of their circle she had passed out of their interest. With a vague invitation to visit her at Crescent Bend, she said good-by.

"It's a funny thing," she mused as she drove home, "how just a few months can change your whole way of looking at things. I guess, after all, it is the money." Then she frowned. "Well, why not? You've got a right to appreciate nice things if your husband can pay for them, haven't you?"

---

## Answers to ANIMAL TRADE RELATIONS on Page 74

1-f. Badger's hair
2-g. Bearskin
3-o. Castoreum
4-j. Beeswax
5-t. Silk
6-m. Buffalo skin
7-k. The fish was dried and lit
8-a. Musk
9-l. Vaccine
10-p. Sepia
11-e. Down
12-q. Ivory
13-i. Horsehair
14-h. Mother-of-pearl
15-r. Guano
16-b. Catgut
17-c. Seta
18-s. Tortoise shell
19-d. Sperm oil
20-n. The hair of the yak

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[redacted]

LIBERTY

"I have a machine at home, but I miss the company."

When Harry came in that night, glowing with his walk from the station, she met him at the door with the greatest affection. He laughed with her and bellowed to Peter to bring gallons of cocktails. He took her upstairs and made her try on three dresses before he decided that the green-and-gold would do for the O'Ryan dinner party.

"You'll make every other gal at the shindig look like Seventh Avenue," he said. "And see what daddy bought himself." It was an exquisite set of shirt studs and links, black pearls and platinum.

Drusilla came in filled with an almost touching ecstasy. She had been unanimously elected to Tau Sigma—"It's *exclusive!* It's the most exclusive sorority in the whole world, all the girls say." And the dramatic society was thinking of giving her the very best part in the Easter pageant.

When the O'Ryan party was over and Peter had driven them home through the snowy darkness, and Katharine at last put out the light in her bedroom, she leaned over Harry as he lay against the pillows.

"You're wonderful," she said. "I love you terribly and I'm the happiest woman in the world."

◆

One evening in the middle of March, coming over the thick rug of the living room so quietly that he did not hear her, she was startled by the expression on his face as he sat staring into the fire. There were deep lines of anxiety that she had never seen before, and she gave a sharp exclamation. He leaped up and pivoted on the balls of his feet. His hands doubled into fists. When he saw that it was Katharine, his hands relaxed and he managed a grin.

"Harry darling," she cried, "you're all tired out! Let me fix you a drink." She gave him a highball and watched critically while he gulped it.

"Is anything the matter?"

"Not a thing. Don't be silly."

"You need a trip. That's it. You've had a terrible winter, every day at the office and then your own business on the side and all this running around out here. I've been mean to drag you to all these parties. I ought to have noticed. Let's go to Florida. Drusilla can spend a couple of weeks alone here with Meta and Peter. The Cooks and the Perrys and the Lundquists have already gone and we could see them if we wanted to."

He smiled.

"Don't make your mind up this minute," she urged. "Think about it for a day or two, but remember I've always known what was best for you. Here, let me sweeten your drink. We'll just sit here quietly, and I won't even make you talk."

In a little time he seemed to rouse himself from his preoccupation and they listened to a comedy program on the radio. But before they went to sleep he said, "I can't get away any time soon, Kitty, so don't set your heart on it. I've got to stick close to my knitting for a while. Something came up—"

Within a week or two it was impossible for him even to pretend any longer. He was desperately worried, and she knew it. Drusilla noticed it too.

"Anybody'd think we were living in a morgue," she complained. "Don't tell me we've used up all the jokes around this place."

For the first time in a long while Katharine was stern with her.

On the evening of April second, Drusilla went to the city with a crowd of her young friends, and Katharine and Harry were alone. They ate dinner almost silently, and it was not until he had finished his third highball in the living room that he really spoke to her.

"You were talking not long ago about a trip," he said.

"Oh, I do hope you can take one now, Harry! Anywhere you say—"

"Listen, Kitty." He seemed to be having difficulty talking to her, and she felt a surge of sympathy and affection for him. "This time—well, I think I'll have to go alone."

"Why, that's perfectly fine! It would be wonderful for you to get away just by yourself for a while. That does everybody good."

"Kitty," he said, "how much cash have you got in the safe now? Go get it for me, and bring the jewelry too. And bring me that little square suitcase of yours, the one with the combination lock."

His voice was harsher than she had ever known it to be, and as she hurried toward the stairs, he stood, feet apart, glass in hand, frowning into the fire. But when she came back in a few minutes with the money and the jewelry and the suitcase, he was laughing.

"Think I'm going to clean out your bank and hock your diamonds?"

◆

He took the money from her and counted it rapidly. "Twenty thousand and a little plus," he muttered. He looked up. He was grinning again. "Kitty old girl, I get a little worried thinking of all this jack here in the house. I'm going to put it in a safe place for you. How's that?"

"It's just what I want."

"I'm going to take it with me tomorrow, in the suitcase. I'll put it somewhere safe, and tell you where it is—just you and nobody else, mind—so you can get it when you want it. Here, take three or four hundred for expenses." He thrust the bills into her hand and stuffed the rest into the suitcase along with the jewelry, and locked it carefully. "Sure you remember the combination?"

"Certainly, but—"

"Listen. Please listen. There may be some people poking around here and asking a lot of foolish questions. Don't tell them a thing, Kitty. Don't breathe a word about this suitcase."

"But, Harry! Are you leaving—"

"Not right away. Soon though. Where I put this suitcase there will be a key to lock it up. I'll send the key to you—I'll send it in care of the hospital, and you can pick it up there. And you just go on, you and Drusilla, just like you've been going on, until I come back. All clear, Kitty?"

"No, it isn't. I'm just as worried as I can be, because you're not acting like yourself at all. What's the matter, Harry?"

"Why, you poor little kitten!" He

laughed boisterously and poured whisky heavily into his glass. Then he filled her glass and clinked them together. “Here’s to good luck, Kit. And may you have all of it.” He drank and smacked his lips. “Quit worrying. You haven’t a thing in this world to worry about.”

He stood up, smiling his broadest. “Now!” he said. “Kiss me good night. You’re going to get a real sleep tonight because the old man is going to bed in the guest room. Some papers to go over and so on.” He held her close and kissed her, and she saw a little gathering of tears in the corners of his eyes. She turned suddenly away, so that he would not see her own tears, and he ran briskly up the stairs. She heard the key turn in the lock.

After Drusilla came in late, in a swirl of laughter and tired chatter, Katharine went to bed. Only total exhaustion of all her inner resources, the dazed emptiness of her mind, made her sleep.

At dawn she was out of bed. Her door was open. The door of the guest room was open. The bed there had been slept in, but it was empty now, and there was a note pinned to the counterpane:

◆

“If I had any nerve I would take what’s in that little bottle instead of writing this. I would rather cut off my right arm than write it. The reason I am leaving is because I am running away. The auditors made a special, surprise check at the office yesterday and I know what they must have found because I wasn’t ready for them.

“I’ve simply got to hide out awhile until everything blows over. I didn’t have any smart business deals going. Only the deal I was making with the Tyler accounts.

“They’ll charge me with embezzlement. I’m telling you all this so you won’t be surprised when they show up looking for me. Even if they should catch me, honey, it would only be a few years up the river and then we can start all over again.

“For God’s sake do like I said about the suitcase with the money, etc. That chicken feed—that twenty grand I’m hiding for you—is just a drop in the bucket compared to the whole amount I got away with, and they’ll never miss it. You’ll get the key tomorrow.

“Every bit of my love to you and darling Drue. Don’t think too hard of me, though I know you won’t. You’re all I’ve got left to count on. I’ll write, when it’s safe. Every kiss I ever gave you and a thousand more. Same for darling Drue.

“HARRY.”

Out of the utter blank that was her mind she somehow contrived to keep Drusilla home from school, and then sent her, with Peter driving the car, on a long, useless errand to the end of the island. Then she simply sat and waited, staring with blind dry eyes out of the window.

*They came at a little after nine o’clock, in three automobiles. The first one held three men in uniform from the Crescent Bend police force. From the second car, six men in dark overcoats who plainly were detectives from the city got out.*

There were two fashionably dressed men in the last car. As she watched, two of the uniformed men and two of the detectives strode out of sight toward the sides and back of the house. The others came up on the porch.

She let them in herself, and when the door was closed behind them, she said, “I know.”

The detective captain said, “We are very sorry, madam.”

“He has gone away.”

“When did he leave?”

“Some time during the night.”

They followed her into the living room, looking curiously about them.

“Where did he go?”

“He didn’t tell me. I didn’t even know he was gone until I waked up at dawn.”

“Did he leave a message of any kind?”

“Yes.” She looked straight into the captain’s eyes. “But it was to me. It was not to anybody else. It

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did not say where he was going. I burnt it up."

"You shouldn't have done that, Mrs. Winter."

"I couldn't help it."

It was explained to her, quietly, that the men would have to go over the house, and she watched them leave the room to begin their search. The two men who had come in the last car looked around the room with wry smiles. "Our money," one of them said grimly. "The damn thief knew how to spend it all right."

The detective captain looked at him. "We're not going to make it unduly difficult for Mrs. Winter," he said. And then he added, "Certainly not at this time." She felt that he had been in a hundred homes just like this one.

After an interminable time of quiet in the room, the men came back from their search. They told of the empty safe, of the fur coats, of the quantities of expensive clothing.

"No jewels and no cash on this once-over," they told the captain. "Of course we haven't broken the joint apart, yet."

Katharine told them about the money and the jewelry, and the key that might be expected at the hospital.

The captain nodded and even smiled a little. But one of the men from Tyler, Inc., laughed sourly. "Twenty grand," he said. "Peanuts."

The captain beckoned her into the library and the youngest of the detectives came with them. They all sat down and the young detective got out a notebook and pencil and began writing in shorthand as the captain asked her questions. She had to tell him all about her marriage, and the years in Maple Grove, and the months in Crescent Bend—everything that had ever happened to her, it seemed.

He asked, "Did anything ever suggest to you that he was interested in another woman—a girl somewhere?"

Her eyes flashed and she said, "That is utterly impossible."

Mrs. Haislip walked into the room. She went to Katharine and looked calmly into her eyes. Then she turned to the captain. "Are you being rude to Mrs. Winter?"

"We are trying to be considerate, madam."

The captain got up and beckoned to the detective and the two of them walked out of the room. Mrs. Haislip sat down beside Katharine and took her hands. "I know all about it," she said. "The local police are gossips. Count on me. I'm with you, all the way."

Katharine cried then.

"I knew it didn't make sense." She choked the words out. "I ought to have—" She couldn't finish.

By noon the police had been through everything, closets and desks and drawers. They had several envelopes of papers under their arms and all the photographs of Harry they had found.

Everybody was in the living room and the captain said, "Browder, you and Mahan take over here. Nobody allowed in at all. Answer the telephone and hold whoever may call while the local police trace the origin. They'll be tapped in on this line from now on."

He turned to Katharine. "Mrs. Winter," he said, "you seem perfectly willing to co-operate with us, and that is the only sensible course to take. For your own protection from the press and other people, I suggest you let us get you a comfortable hotel room in town where you will have complete privacy and be convenient for the district attorney to talk with you."

## MEMORY'S MEMENTOS

I find myself in pensive mood—
With thoughts I would appraise;
And you the object of my quest
Of reminiscent days.
Last night I kissed your cheek so
fair
In gardens fresh and green,
And then withdrew in tiptoe style
Before I had been seen.

Memory's an elusive thing.
I might—and could—say more.
Please may I dream once more of
you
Before I close its door?

—*John C. Vivian.*

Mrs. Haislip said, "Go with them, Katharine."

"But Drusilla!"

"I'll wait here for her and take her home with me. I'll take care of explanations. Get your things."

One of the men from Tyler's said, "Don't wear one of the fur coats. They don't belong to you any more."

The captain said sharply, "I don't think you need to rush, Mr. Still."

◆

Mrs. Haislip brought Drusilla to see Katharine at the hotel, and Drusilla was behaving wonderfully. "I haven't been back to school yet," she told her mother, "but a lot of the girls have called up and not said anything about dad at all and just wanted me to hurry back because they were getting ready for rehearsals of the pageant."

Katharine knew that they were keeping the newspapers away from her, and she was glad. The captain told her that the key had reached the hospital, and they had found the suitcase in a locker at the Central Railroad Station. Everything was in it, just as Harry had packed it. They told her that the house would be sold eventually and the money returned to Tyler, Inc., but there would be delays in clearing the title, and until the final sale there was nothing to prevent her from living in the house.

It seemed to her she was doing, now, the first clear thinking she had ever done in her life. No wondering what Harry or anybody else would have to say, or having to be on the watch for a burst of laughter at her foolishness. She had a little more than six hundred dollars still in the savings bank at Maple Grove. It was all her own, dollars squeezed out of the weekly expenses and put away for an emergency. That was enough to buy new clothes for herself and Drusilla—simple, long-wearing clothes.

She was standing at the window, looking out into the April morning at the city, the crawling vehicles, the rushing little people, each with his own secret thoughts.

"I couldn't trust him, after all!" was her secret thought. "But I love him, no matter what he's done. I always will."

She stared at the policeman standing in the intersection of the streets, waving his white gloves to make people go the right way.

"I couldn't trust him. But I can trust myself. Isn't it the strangest thing that it never came into my head to trust myself!"

She lifted the telephone and gave a number to the operator. When she was connected with the detective captain she said, "I'm going back to Crescent Bend."

"One of my men can drive you out."

"No, thank you. I'll take the train."

When the train reached Crescent Bend, she walked as quickly as she could the half mile up the hill to the hospital. This would be one of Mrs. Haislip's days on duty. And presently she was standing with her in a recess of the corridor.

"I want to be a nurse. A regular nurse. I want to earn my living being a nurse. Can I do it?"

"Don't see why not. Let's talk to the superintendent."

The superintendent said, "But you don't want to stay here in Crescent Bend, do you?"

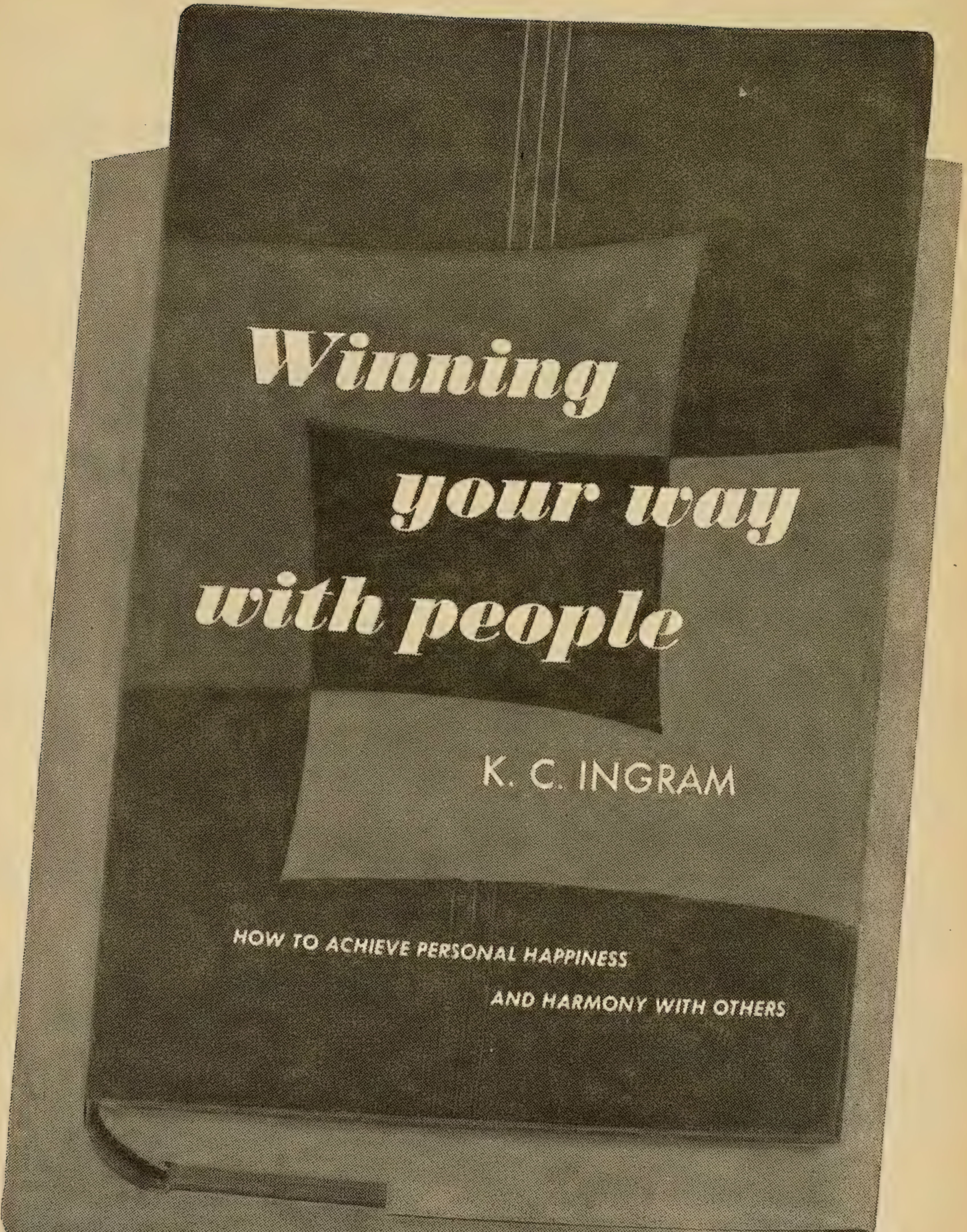
"I certainly do."

Mrs. Haislip said, "You and Drusilla will stay with me."

"That's awfully nice, and we will, for just a few days."

Later she walked alone down the hill. She walked slowly, with neither arrogance nor shame, down her own street and past the house she had lived in. She did not turn her head to glance at it. She walked to Main Street and went slowly along its sidewalks among the women who were shopping. Most of them smiled and spoke to her. Several stopped and talked for a moment or two—about nothing. Only one or two seemed to avoid looking at her. She went into the real-estate office, and told them precisely what she wanted, precisely what she could afford to pay. ◆ ◆

liberty **book condensation**


Winning
your way
with people
K. C. INGRAM
HOW TO ACHIEVE PERSONAL HAPPINESS
AND HARMONY WITH OTHERS

**READING TIME ONE EVENING**

Liberty book condensation

JOAN, Martha's closest friend, told us the story. The two girls had graduated from high school in 1943. To do their part in the war effort they took jobs in the local telegraph office, waiting on customers.

Jim joined the armed forces late in 1943. Martha's engagement to Jim was a tacit understanding, nothing formal. They had just drifted into it.

The going was tough in the telegraph office late in 1943. It became a clamor in '44, bedlam in '45. Everybody wanted to send telegrams—in a hurry. They didn't want to wait. But wait was what they had to do. The customers got worse and worse. They shouted; they were sarcastic; they had no manners.

Joan and Martha began to show the strain in their faces, in their postures, and in their manners. Jim came home in November, 1945. He took Martha out several times. But the spark, the glad feeling that used to excite them, was gone. Jim was little changed, but Martha seemed dull and irritable. Jim finally dropped out and Martha saw him no more.

Tears were in Martha's eyes one Saturday night when she and Joan sat down to talk things out. The crux of the trouble was, they agreed, that they were letting the people they dealt with break them down. First, they'd tried smacking people down. Later they tried cold silence. Both of these tactics made matters worse, led to violent dispute. Finally, they'd tried patience, just sustained patience, seeking to keep things smooth and pleasant. But always they had failed because eventually some really impossible person came in and created a scene that left them nerve-racked and upset for the day. Eventually they fell into a completely defensive attitude. They braced against expected attack, ready to counterattack.

As they talked this Saturday night, it gradually dawned on these two girls that their own approach to the people might have something to do with their constantly mounting troubles. That was the problem they had to solve, they agreed; the people.

The following Monday they managed to keep calm and pleasant. They went out to the customers with a friendly word or act, before the customers took over and set the tone of the transaction. After work they felt good. Next day, Tuesday, they still held to their resolve—smiling, friendly, and courteous—still going out to the customers.

Day after day things went more smoothly. On Friday Joan said, *"Something has happened. A better class of people is coming in here!"*

When a friend told us this story, we stopped him right there and only later found how Martha "got her old sparkle back"—and Jim too. The significance of Joan's natural remark, "a better class of people is coming in here," struck us with tremendous impact.

Can we make the people we deal with a better class of people—almost miraculously—by changing our own attitude and manner of dealing with them?

◆ Just before the Second World War, the president of one of America's great corporations died. This suddenly brought to the board of directors the problem of appointing his successor. They had to find a man to guide a company doing an annual volume of business of $500,000,000.

The directors might have gone outside the organization for a new leader. Frequently that is necessary when exactly the right man is not available within a company. But in this case the right man was at hand. His associates, employees, the company's customers, and prominent people dealing with the company agreed on this. He was appointed. And his record since, through the most critical years of his company and his country, proved he was the man for the place.

How did it happen that all these people agreed he was the man for the job? The main fact was that his relationships with people over a long time had been harmonious. To be sure, he had ability, persistence, and strength of character; and he had learned the business as he came up from the lowest ranks. But his greatest strength was his administrative ability. He knew how to get people to help him do things. A fellow officer said, "He's the easiest man to work with in the outfit. He never issues orders—he makes suggestions or requests." Big George, an employee, walked in on two directors and said, "We want him because he's always fair and friendly in his dealings with us. He speaks to us on the street. He stops and talks to us when he visits the shops or offices about our jobs, our youngsters. He seems interested in us as individuals." Customers and social acquaintances liked him.

It is a fact full of meaning that his most frequent comment was and is, "I like people." He also liked young people, children, sports, and dogs.

Next door to this man lived a couple who were childless, but they adopted a little boy. One Saturday afternoon during the time this business executive was vice-president of his company, he was standing by the back fence of his home. Looking over into the next yard, he saw the small boy. He fell into conversation with the lad, and finally asked: "If you could have anything you wanted, what would you ask for?"

"A kite," the boy replied.

Now, you'd expect that in such a situation an important businessman would send someone to town to buy the boy a kite. But not our friend. He said, "Come on over here, Sonny, and you and I will make a kite." The boy came over, and the man of fifty and the boy of five spent an interesting half afternoon making the kite.

Your success, any success you've had in business or social life, was due to what certain people thought of you, wasn't it? Of course you had to be efficient and effective. But beyond that, people's good opinion translated into action made the success.

Or failure? People's poor opinion, *justified or not,* can fire a man and make him lose out.

What makes any one of us happy or sad? Opinions of other people. We may think we are happy over an achievement we feel we have made alone, single-handed; but what really made us happy is the approbation, the approval, the admiration of other people. This is true not only in business life, but also in our social and family relations.

Anyone can change and improve his habits in dealing with people, regardless of his age. This change will require thought and persistence, but after the first breaking through of existing habits, it is easy; it's really a pleasure, and it will become easier and easier as we go along. At the same time the benefits will pile up like a snowball rolling down hill.

◆ Every person resents interruption of his established line of action. The automobile driver boils when another cuts in ahead of him. A person walking along the sidewalk dislikes being jostled. If you drink your coffee strong and boiling hot, you

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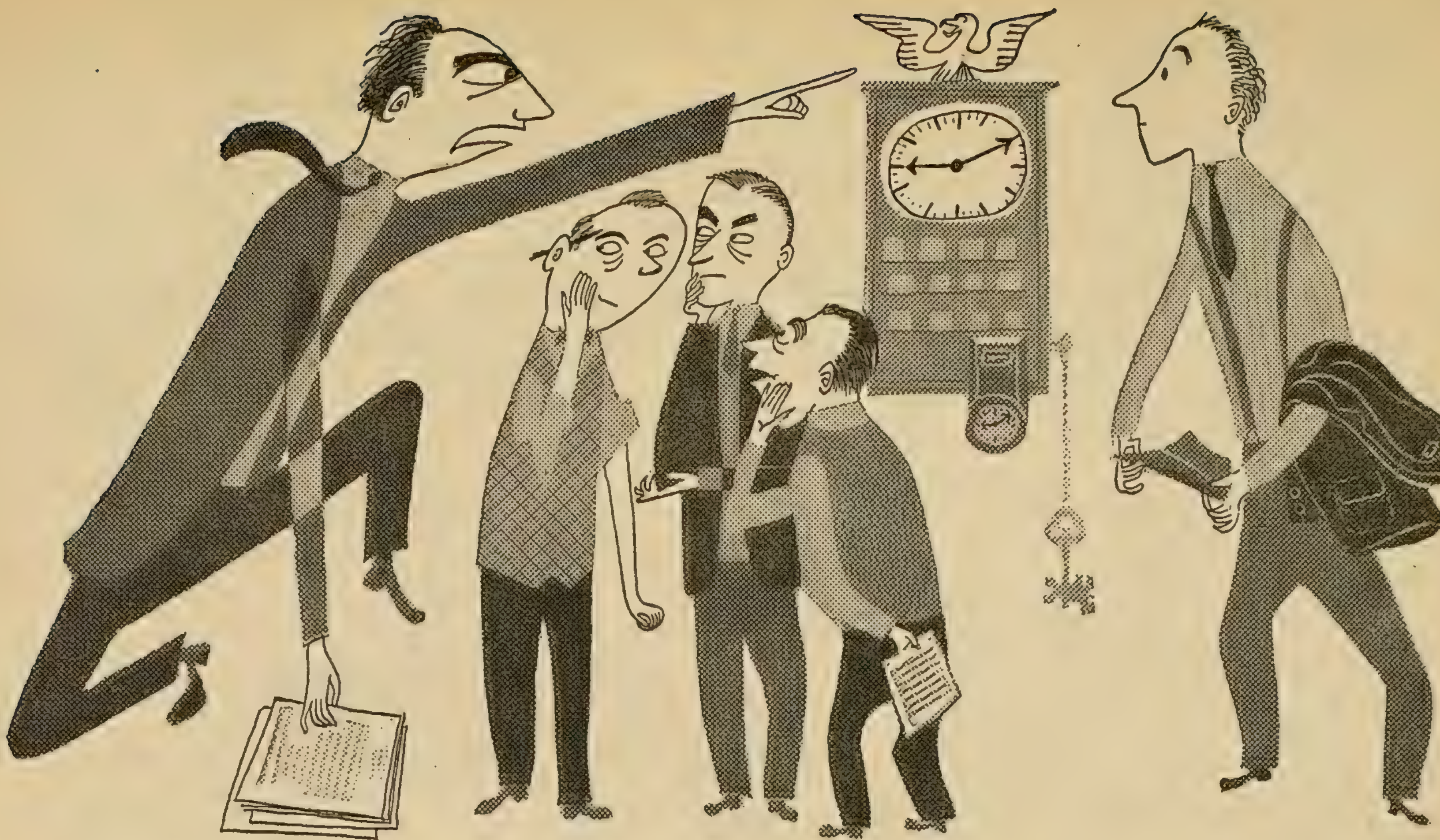


## People Will Pay You Back

hate it served weak and lukewarm.

"I am what I am," many a person is apt to say. "I'm not going to be a phony. People can take me or leave me, just as I am."

Most people who assume this attitude think they are being very hard-headed. On the contrary, are they not just being ruled by their vanity? By refusing to make an effort to gear themselves in with others, such people set up all sorts of human ill will to work against them.

Take the case of a railroad clerk we used to know. When a customer approached, he was always slow to come up to the counter, slow to notice the customer. His greeting, if any, was an impersonal "Well?" He spoke in a flat voice, devoid of interest. His face was expressionless. He volunteered no information. He appeared anxious to get quit of the whole unpleasant business of waiting on the customer.

One evening in a restaurant we sat next to this man, his wife, and two children. The man looked at his plate, out of the window, anywhere except at his wife and children. He said nothing unless spoken to, then responded only in monosyllables. The children were bad-mannered, jittery, causing a disturbance. Suddenly the man spoke loudly to one of the children, jerked the child off his chair.

"You're a student of psychologies," we said to the friend dining with us, telling him of the man's habitual surliness to customers when at work. "What's wrong with that fellow?"

"He shows the main symptoms of an inferiority complex," he replied. "What's gnawing at him is the fear that other people look down on him. His defense is to be indifferent to other people, to attempt to belittle people, *to make other people seem little so he will seem big*." That ticket clerk later disappeared from the ticket office. We asked an associate what had become of him. "Oh," he replied, "he just got sore and quit. He got to thinking everybody in the office was against him."

Here was a case of a man driven by his senseless ego, acting emotionally without the benefit of good common sense. He was one of a vast number of persons who fail to act in their own best interests, who are unhappy themselves, who cause much unhappiness to others, and who eventually fail in business, social, and family life.

Is there anything wrong or degrading in being interested in other people? In showing it? Does the habit of recognizing people, of being courteous to them, and actually helping them, indicate a small man or a big man?

Let's get rid of all emotional ideas that distort our outlook and repulse other people. Let's have confidence in our own individual worth so that we expect and prepare for happy relations with other people. A happy attitude invites happiness, just as an attitude of success attracts success.

"This is all very well," you may say, "but what about all the mean, inconsiderate people you see in high places?" First, there aren't many. False impressions growing out of gossip and suspicion give some a bad reputation they do not deserve. Men in high places are besieged on all sides for favors or concessions that they have to refuse. This refusal causes much of the criticism and resentment against them. Most of the few men who are really inconsiderate of others are holdovers from a rough-and-tumble era. Often they themselves were handled by the old type of bosses who tried to break in their subordinates like horses. A few have gotten where they are by accident. Hitler turned the whole world against himself by his contempt for the dignity of the individual man and went down to a terrible end.

Most people want no truck with flatterers and such self-seekers. But honest efforts to get along with people are the essentials of successful living.

ILLUSTRATED BY KELLY OECHSLI

*No one need feel that it is insincere to make a conscious effort to improve his human relations. On the contrary, he should be ashamed if he doesn't. Self-training is one of the outstanding attributes of the civilized man.*

A person should "use his head to save his neck," should so act toward other people that they will respond in a way that will make life easier for him. We can depend on it: People will pay us back.

*The unforgivable sin in human relations is failure to try to improve.*

◆

It is a simple fact that people will go far to get appreciation, to satisfy their craving to be important to and needed by someone.

Let's get down to fundamentals: What are people like, anyhow?

The basic fact is: *Each person is the center of his own universe.* William James, the Harvard psychologist, declared, "*. . . the deepest principle of human nature is the desire to be appreciated.*"

A few years ago a baseball team was leading the league by seventeen games. A player, formerly hero of World Series fame whom we shall call Jimmy Jones, was the outstanding star. The team's lead seemed safe, since the season was more than half over. The people of this middle-sized community were jubilant. They arranged a "Jimmy Jones Night" to pay homage to the man who had brought them so much glory. The good citizens of the town responded in style. They came to the baseball park that night loaded with gifts for Jones, among them an automobile, golf clubs, shotguns, fishing tackle, and a bird dog.

But the citizenry forgot the other players who were contributing to the team's success. They failed to realize that each person feels a deep need for appreciation as an individual. Beginning that night, the players failed to respond in the usual form. Their spirit, their enthusiasm, their old "zing" were gone. The team wound up in third place.

Sometimes when we think of the little bits of personal recognition we withhold from other people—recognition that costs us nothing but means so much to others—we may well feel ashamed.

"But," you may object, "aren't efforts to make people feel important obviously insincere?"

Not necessarily; not if what you say to them is true. You can find a good quality in anyone. Look for it and recognize it.

An advertising agency was soliciting the account of one of California's largest wineries. It was a big account, greatly desired. The agency took its exhibits and prinicpal executives out to the winery headquarters for a meeting with its chief officers. The agency had every reason to expect to get the business.

During the sales talk a man in overalls in the back of the room asked a question. The agency executive then holding forth gave the man a cold look, ignored his question. The man in overalls said nothing. It turned out he was a principal officer with a controlling voice in the affairs of the winery. He had been made to appear unimportant. The agency failed to get the contract.

The basic rule for dealing with people to get them to respond as we desire is this:

*Think, act, and speak in terms of the other person's interests.* It is the principle of the golden rule and that, in a material as well as a spiritual way, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Think of the most agreeable person you know. Why is he the most agreeable? We'll gamble that it's because he is interested in you, your family, your hobbies, the things you do.

Some years ago, seated alone in the diner of an eastbound train was a prominent automobile company executive. He was returning to Detroit after having completed his first visit to the west coast in four years. The dining-car waiter assigned to his table glanced at him, then retired briefly to the kitchen. A few minutes later he reappeared, smiled, and said, "It's good to have you back with us, Mr. Bishop. Would you like another T-bone steak, medium rare?"

Bishop was momentarily flabbergasted. Then he stood up, shook hands with the waiter, and thanked him for remembering his name and preference. After the meal he left a dollar tip.

The waiter was Joe Seldon, who is neither a magician nor a long-distance memory expert. Joe Seldon merely realized the value of remembering people's names and developed a system to help him. Out in the kitchen he has a small card file with the names, facial characteristics, and food preferences of the outstanding people he has served.

Making it a habit to think, act, and speak in terms of the other person's interests does not mean that we give up our own personalities or lessen our personal stature. It means positively that we believe through cooperative attitudes and actions we can advance our own interests while we advance those of other people.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest of men, said, "*I early found that when I worked for myself alone, myself alone worked for me; but when I worked also for others, others worked also for me.*"

If, as we believe you will agree, people make or break us, we ought to make consideration of other human beings the first order of business every day.

◆

An elderly man, of the hard-shell philosopher type, who knows about human nature, operates a filling station outside of San Francisco. A friend tells this story about him:

A motorist stopped at his place one morning and inquired about a resort up the Redwood Highway.

"I've been at Santa Cruz for the past two weeks," the motorist said. "Had a wonderful time there—nice people and a nice place."

The gas-station operator told him that he would like the people at the resort up the highway. An hour or so later another man came by inquiring about the same Redwood Highway resort. He complained that thus far on his trip he had "had a terrible two weeks": inhospitable people and poor accommodations.

"You won't like up there," the station operator told the second motorist.

As the second motorist drove on, our friend asked the operator why he had changed his attitude so quickly about the Redwood Highway resort.

"I ain't changed my attitude," he replied. "I just was sure neither one of them fellers would change their attitudes. The first one liked the people and the places he'd been. So it was a sure thing he'd like it where he was going. The second feller was a griper; he'd have a poor time wherever he went. Having a good time with people is a habit, son."

An officer of a large industrial company had a position that required him to work in other departments of the organization. Usually this causes friction and resentment and is often considered meddling. But this man got along well with everyone. He won a high place in the organization in spite of many

Kelly Oechsli

# People Make or Break Us

deficiencies, including the lack of even primary school education.

"How do you do it?" he was asked.

"The first thing is," he replied, "my intentions toward everyone are good. I know if anyone dislikes or hates me it is because he doesn't really know me or understand my intentions. I make it a rule to remedy that, to get to know the person. Furthermore, *whenever I hear someone has said something critical about me, I find a way to do that person a favor.*"

One way to learn to like people is to cultivate the habit of telling them the good things we may hear about them. It is quite as blessed to give as to receive a good word.

The late Will Rogers often said, "I never met a man I didn't like." Everyone loved Will Rogers.

◆ No one, not even the most habitually discourteous person, thinks he is discourteous. An amusing example of this occurred in a recent human-relations conference of the junior officers of a large business firm. Before the meeting several of the men told the conference leader about Gerald McCoy, a member of the group. They considered him discourteous and difficult to deal with. They asked the conference leader, therefore, to bring out the aspects of courtesy in personal dealings within a company. At the end of the meeting McCoy congratulated the leader with evident sincerity, saying the principles set forth had long been his private philosophy and he hoped *other members* of the conference would accept these helpful thoughts and mend their ways.

At one time or another all of us have remonstrated with someone for an unkind word or act. Hasn't the reaction always been a defense?

Thinking of this, may we not get a glimmer of the disturbing thought that we ourselves may occasionally, even frequently, be discourteous?

There was a business executive whose manners were good. He was pleasant to his visitors, usually spoke cordially to the office people. But he had a habit of tossing back across the table papers handed him by his associates who had come to consult him, with a manner and facial expression of disdain. He meant nothing personal in this. He didn't realize what he was doing. Yet the associates felt that they'd been treated with contempt. This generated antagonism and brought into play influences that worked seriously against this able executive.

Tact is allied to courtesy, but its quality is more subtle. The tactful person will do nothing that even implies a thought that would embarrass another. If another person, for instance, makes an error in pronunciation or grammar, the tactful one will not pointedly thereafter use the correct word or phrase or pronunciation.

Tact runs along with good sportsmanship. If there is some doubt in a game of tennis about the decision of a line judge in calling a ball "out," the benefiting player often purposely knocks the next ball out of bounds so as to be more than fair to his opponent.

There's the case of a guest on a dining car running out of Los Angeles who found his waiter to have just such a tactful sense of good sportsmanship. The passenger, looking over the menu, noted both chicken salad and chicken sandwich. He decided on chicken sandwich, but absent-mindedly he wrote "chicken salad" on the order slip.

When the waiter brought the salad, the customer angrily protested. Most waiters and stewards immediately pick up the order slip in such cases and show the customer where he's wrong. This waiter didn't. He immediately expressed regret, took away the salad, and brought back the sandwich. Meanwhile the customer picked up the order slip. When he found the mistake was his, he apologized and offered to pay for both the salad and the sandwich.

The waiter's response was "No, sir. That's perfectly all right. I just hope you'll pardon me for being right." The passenger laughed and left a generous tip.

A greater showing of consideration for others is required within the family than in business relationships. The fact that she is *your* wife gives you no right to boss her around, ignore her, or indicate that you think her opinions are stupid. The fact that he is *your* husband gives you no right to flare back at him and rebuff every suggestion about family affairs. The fact it is *your* child is no reason why you may browbeat or treat the child with lack of consideration.

◆

When two people meet, say, on a Monday morning, after brief greetings, the one who is faster on the uptake starts to talk. About what? Ten to one, something about himself—the fish *he* caught, the show *he* saw, what *he* grew in *his* garden, about *his* trip, *his* automobile, *his* youngsters, and so on. Sure—he talks about himself.

But the other fellow is only half listening. He's just waiting for an opening to crash in and talk a bit himself.

A friend once said, "After twenty years of talking about my golf game, I've found out that nobody is interested in my golf game but myself."

Certainly a person, to make his influence felt, must have something to say and say it well. People like a strong, colorful, animated personality. They like a person who comes out of his shell and takes part. But the point is that the commonest error in conversation is that of overtalking the other fellow. At the very least, the continuous talker gets to be an unholy bore.

If anyone expects cooperation from the other fellow, he has to be a good listener. The listener is paid, first, and most importantly, in the good will of the talker. Doesn't the talker always think the interested listener is an excellent conversationalist, and smart, too?

Furthermore, if you have something fairly important to say to another person, isn't it best to let him talk himself out first so that he will have a free mind to give attention to what you have to say?

One of the most popular and successful men in his field was known to his associates as "the great harmonizer." He enjoyed the help and good opinion of everyone. In private conversation he was an attentive listener. When he spoke, he built on what the other person had said. If he found it necessary to disagree, he would mention some phase, actual or implied, of agreement with the other person, and ask a question that would open further discussion, leading often to a complete understanding.

In a business conference, "the great harmonizer" would sit and listen until all the others had spoken. Then he would say something to this effect: "It seems to me, gentlemen, there are three [or whatever the number] main issues developed at this meeting. Would it not be reasonable to adopt such-and-such a part from point number one, such a part from number two, and work these together with a part of number three, leading us to an effective course of action upon which we all can agree?"

◆

Said Dr. William J. Reilly, personnel specialist, in an article in *American Business* for June, 1947:

"Every time I analyze a batch of 'exit interviews' I am reminded all over again that the failure of an employee is seldom due to his lack of ability. An analysis I just completed showed that 84 per cent of these failures could be attributed to faulty human relations. . . . And this is typical."

There are three elements of success in any job, Dr. Reilly points out: (1) our *desire* to work at the job, (2) our *ability* to do the job, (3) *our capacity for getting along with the people we work with.*

People with ability may get by for years on their jobs in spite of their bad human relations. However, promotion to a supervisory job, where they have to get results through other people, often brings disaster.

Take the case of two men we know who worked in different departments of the same large corporation. Each was a technical specialist. Each turned out his work in almost perfect detail. These were conscientious, skilled men; but, obviously, neither had given a thought to relationships with fellow workers. They did their work, and if anyone interrupted them, the interrupter was snarled at.

Their skill eventually led to their promotions as managers of their respective offices within the same year. Neither stayed on the office manager's job more than a few months. Their sarcasm, their direct commands without suggestions or helpful advice, and their explosive reprimands for every failure of a fellow employee kept their offices in a turmoil.

◆

A successful businessman once told us about his first job.

"My family had always lived in the country. They were poor, but they had given me a sound education. Perhaps I should have felt quite confident when I took the job with the insurance company in the city, but I didn't. I had a ghastly feeling of loneliness and of being unequal to the city and the job.

"The streets seemed cold and hard in the early morning when I went downtown to work. No one looked at me. Everyone seemed bent on his own affairs. When I came into the big office where I had the job, nobody spoke to me. The assistant manager came right by my desk. He waved at the chief clerk, smiled at his secretary, and made a good-natured remark at which she laughed. But he never looked at me.

"Of course, I didn't expect the high bosses to pay much attention. But the fellow workers, I had hoped, would act like little fellows like me, be friendly, and all that.

"Not so. They didn't care a hoot. A casual 'Hello,' maybe. No interest in me. No volunteering of help, no explanation of any of the many things so strange and formidable. One slick city kid who worked there, on the other hand, made a crack about my coat being too short, like a monkey jacket.

"All the other junior clerks seemed incredibly smart and sharp, and so very sure of themselves. Mention the number of a policy, say, Fidelity FWM-19259947, and they could pick it right out of the file. Well, later I found that wasn't so much-a-much. In three months I could do it. Any average boy could have. These slick smart alecks needn't have been so high-hat.

"I stayed in that office six months. It was a grim experience that has lived with me to this day. What it taught me was the obligation on the part of the old hands to get the newcomer started off right."

In a firm where we worked there was an elderly man, "Uncle Joe," who had a desk at the end of the big room. He lived to himself and never spoke unless spoken to. The rumor was that he never did any work—just chucked the files in the bottom drawer of his desk and

# How to Succeed in Your Job

waited until the time was past for doing what was needed. By chance, one day, we were thrown into conversation with this elderly gentleman. We found he was really quite a character and appreciated the attention of a younger person. We found, too, that the rumor about him was false, that he was an accurate, conscientious workman who knew the company, its policies, the officers and their peculiarities very well. He helped us with many suggestions.

The day finally came when we were in wrong with the boss—something about a paper going out without a proper endorsement. The boss sharply reprimanded us and walked away. No chance for explanation.

But good old Uncle Joe, who understood the circumstances and knew we were not at fault, hobbled in and told the boss. The boss came out and apologized. Uncle Joe paid us back in a big way for just a little human recognition.

Reluctance to accept suggestions from an associate is a common trait. We all suffer from it more or less, because of the natural hesitancy to admit a failure. We remember a business associate who felt quite acutely that acceptance of any suggestion would be a confession of weakness. He would say, "We tried that twelve years ago and it didn't work." "I've worked out a plan on that myself." "You don't seem to understand." And so on. This man thought he was building strength by repelling suggestions. However, he only built a reputation among his associates for being bigoted and in a rut.

All of us who work in shops or offices find some people who are difficult to get along with. People who don't do their part, people who complain to the boss about us, people who are so sensitive they take a casual remark as an insult, people who take credit for what we have accomplished.

Let's see what has actually worked out best in such situations. Isn't it true that people who are always engaged in disputes and quarrels seldom get ahead? The boss isn't so dumb as we're inclined to think — eventually he'll find out what's what, who is doing right, and who is causing the trouble.

The impulsive thing, when one is unfairly treated, is to let the other fellow have it right in the teeth. Lay him out cold. We know it would be an exquisite pleasure, for the moment, but what would it gain us in the long run? The best policy is to keep away from troublemakers. Slip by, go ahead and do the work, and the results will speak for themselves.

◆ The Great One sits there coolly behind his desk, and you or I sit there nervously in front of the desk. It is an interview to determine whether or not we will get the job.

What thoughts are in the Great One's mind? What is he getting at with the questions he asks? What will determine his decision?

Well, in the first place, he usually doesn't feel like the Great One at all. He is a man who has agreed with his bosses that he will get certain things done. He feels constant pressure on him to get these things done. This pressure of responsibility is the main consideration with him when he is hiring a new employee or promoting one already in the organization. When he asks us about our previous experience, he is considering how much he will be burdened with training us. Will we be quick to learn? Are we adaptable? Will we take suggestions for improvement?

When he asks about the jobs we have held before, and how long each, he is wondering if we get along with people, or whether we're complainers or troublemakers. He is watching for any clue that may indicate whether our attitude will be helpful or not; whether we will contribute teamwork within the organization and friendly consideration for the customers.

Bosses vary a lot. How you deal

with them varies accordingly. For example, one man may be austere, may resent familiarity, while another may like to have you call him by his first name. But it may be well to bear in mind that nothing will tend to make a friendly supervisor close up more than the person that seeks to impose on his good nature. If a person demands a raise every time his work is praised, the boss will naturally be inclined to cease praising good work.

Sometimes the most reasonable boss is unreasonable, from our viewpoint. In such cases let's bear in mind that there are many phases of the business he knows and must consider, and that he cannot always take the time to explain all the complications and ramifications of the problem he gives us. Let's always bear in mind the important fact that the boss is employed to get results.

◆ Have you ever noticed that plain or even ugly people often have the strongest and most appealing personalities? They wear well.

Handsome men and beautiful women gain attention and a feeling of importance with little or no effort. Many feel no necessity for bulwarking their personalities with sustained personal effort. When the veneer wears off, they are unable to cope with homely people who have built character by effort.

History is full of examples of handicaps turned into assets. "Beethoven, losing his hearing, fought his way to incomparable music." Lincoln was a homely man. Washington studied his defects and set a pattern to remedy them. Edison was considered dumb by his teachers. Charles Darwin was called a no-good by his father. Steinmetz was physically handicapped. And so on.

Isn't it true that, while others cry about their ill fortune, *such men make their own luck?*

Character is the basis of enduring personality, but it is not the same thing. Personality is the reflection of the person, including his traits and character, that other people sense. Personality may be said to be "the impression we make on other people." So the old saying, "Your face is your fortune," has little in fact to justify it. It could be said more truly: Your personality is your *fortune.*

Personality, the impression we make on other people, is the first great influence a man brings to bear in human relations. However, unless it is backed up by such character qualities as dependability, honesty, and persistence, eventually he will fail. The two go together. The best personality qualities are the traits of character that shine through and are shown in a person's attitudes and actions toward other people.

The "magnetic personality" that we've all heard so much about, the personality that attracts people, grows out of the character-building quality of positive effort. It comes from being a positive rather than a negative or passive character. It shows itself in positive action—in animation, in a tendency to be direct, alert, cheerful, and confident. A magnetic person, it may be noted, is always interested in others. *The key to the magnetic personality is in the "going out to people."* We mean going out with cordiality, a smile, and a desire to be helpful.

There is no more helpful thing a person can do toward development of an agreeable personality than to join with other people in common activities. A person living like a recluse loses his natural ease with people, loses the common touch; his personality becomes warped. People find him difficult, hard to cooperate with. So he fails to get the human understanding and help that are necessary to success and happiness.

Modern psychologists have discovered that certain habits, formerly considered of incidental value, are exceedingly important. For example, Dr. Henry C. Link recently declared that "sports and games are supremely important in developing a sound mind and effective personality." Personality is shown only in action with other people, and it's well worth the effort to acquire the ordinary skills that make it possible to join with other people in the activities they commonly enjoy. Any activities in which a number of persons join for a common purpose—club work, serving on community committees and the like—create in a person a sense of teamwork that is really necessary for the development of a good personality.

◆ You may notice that effective public speakers avoid building themselves up, that popular actors in motion pictures and radio, such as Bob Hope, Jack Benny, and "Schnozzle" Durante, have always made fun at their own personal expense. It's a good rule: Never be the hero of your own story.

And, if one wants to win admiration, he will be quick to admit his faults or acknowledge when he is in error. Also he will avoid arguments. Nobody wins an argument.

We don't mean that we should let people run over us. One's own sense of strength, self-respect, and individuality should be maintained.

Let's not be always so sure we are right. Further, let's not feel we have to be so sure we're right. Einstein's theory of relativity knocked over a lot of other scientific theories. Scientists are always changing and improving their theories. They are not embarrassed by having to change their opinions. No scientist's face is red in facing changing theories. Why, then, shouldn't we also be flexible in readjusting our opinions?

One may well use great care in expressing disagreement with another person. To say, however politely, "You're wrong about that," or even "You're mistaken," may be taken by someone as implying in some degree that you consider him a liar. Instead of giving the person our conclusion as to the truthfulness of what he says, would it not be much more courteous and sensible merely to offer him the facts we may have on the other side of the issue?

◆ For instance, when a friend says "Hotsy James is the best batter in the American League," isn't it better not to say "That's not true"; but rather, "Hotsy's good, all right, but I noticed an Associated Press table of batting averages in the *Times* last night that put him No. 2 in the league. Eberle was placed first in that table."

This sort of a statement carries evidence that we have observed and tends to avoid the emotional dynamite that lies in a statement reflecting upon the character of the other person.

The strong person does not "take issue" with people. He does not criticize, complain, bicker, quibble, nag, nip, or needle. He does his part, and a little bit more to make sure he is fair. But nobody pushes him around. He goes serenely on his way, conscious of his fairness, conscious of his own strength and independence. His actions speak louder than any words. Especially in matters of small concern, he is apt to give way to others. On important issues he comes in with the full weight of the moral strength he has achieved through many a generous concession. Here he stands fast.

Nothing helps avert argument

more than a sense of humor. It saves many a human situation. One able businessman made it a habit, when any visitor left his office, of sending him away with a laugh or a smile. People liked this executive, even when he turned them down. But the use of humor must be balanced with common sense, good taste, and consideration. Let's not fall into the habit of side-stepping serious issues with a wisecrack; such use of humor frustrates and infuriates people. There are many situations that must be met seriously. Our attitude should be suited to the occasion.

Worse than the habit of arguing is the trait of using sarcasm, even in good-natured banter. The sarcastic thrust leaves the victim at a loss, so that openly, or secretly, he resents having been placed in a position of inferiority. Even when used jokingly with our best friends, sarcasm is dangerous.

Jealousy, fear, envy, and hate poison personality. If one has the habit of telling how he bawled someone out, how he gave so-and-so a piece of his mind, he ought to be careful. That's a bad personality sign. That sort of talk is unpleasant to listeners. They will finally avoid the person who always seems to be in trouble with someone. People correctly suspect that the habitual critic or gossip may make remarks about them when their backs are turned. So let's not be destructive. Let's be constructive, knowing that when we build for others, we build for ourselves.

Isn't it true that when you meet someone you may say he has a pleasing personality, even before you speak to him? You gain the impression through the eye. It is based upon his appearance, his eyes, hair, carriage, his clothes, and all the physical aspects that you can take in at a glance.

Incidentally, as to appearance, we don't need to dress extravagantly; in fact, elegant or fancy clothes sometimes are a handicap. A great salesman once said, "A salesman who hopes to get attention shouldn't wear pink spats." The habits of cleanliness and neatness appeal to most people. That goes for women as well as men. In fact, there is evidence that men criticize women for personal carelessness more than women do men for men's slovenliness.

◆ When Burt Neibel came to a Midwestern city from a south Missouri town, he wore a pair of nose glasses with flat lenses that blurred his eyes. His haircut said "small-town barber." He looked uncomfortable in his clothes. His too-small hat was teed too high on his head. His handshake was a disappointment. He carried a toothpick in his mouth after meals.

He was the last fellow you'd think would be a good salesman. How could he talk to the sophisticated city customers? But somehow he obtained a job as a salesman. He went out to people—awkwardly at first. He was treated with indifference by some, with condescending tolerance by others. But he persevered. He didn't seem to have much to offer. He hadn't been anywhere, he knew no important people, he hadn't read much, and his education had ended after two years in high school.

But Burt did have something to offer—two quite influential things: his sunny disposition and boyish smile, and his genuine interest in the people he met. His customers and associates found, on better acquaintance, that he was "a nice guy to have around."

People began to find Burt had savvy, too. He knew what was going on. He was observant and he had common sense. Other people might discuss side issues, but Burt's comments always went to the main point. He always did his part—and a little bit more. He was always ready to give you a hand when you needed help. He was not egocentric—his thoughts were not about himself but about other people. After a dozen years passed, he came to be generally regarded as the leader in his business circle. When there was a job of organizing to do, a job of bringing people together and getting them to work together, it usually fell to Burt Neibel. He became regional sales manager for a large enterprise and president of the national association of his industry. He came out of a geographic, business, and social shell, like many another man prominent in American life today.

There is another kind of shell that is more difficult to get out of. It is the emotional shell that each person is inclined to build around himself, a defense against possibility of being hurt by other people. In some this amounts to a phobia. There are those who cross the street when you approach, who hate the ordeal of introducing people, who fairly cringe with anticipated hurt at a suggestion affecting them personally. These are the people who most often try to escape from life and its responsibilities.

There are others who often seek to avoid making a mistake simply by not doing anything. It is quite true that in that way they do avoid mistakes and the resultant personal embarrassment they fear so much. But they also miss Life itself and all its thrills and satisfactions. A friend of mine is fond of saying, "Say nothing, do nothing—be nothing!"

◆

Most of these hypersensitive people are that way because they were badly brought up. They may have been sheltered too much by parents. Or fears or taboos may have been instilled in them by parents, teachers, or other adults early in life.

Mixing with people is the real, ultimate cure. An easy first step is to go out of one's way to greet people. Begin the day by speaking cheerily to members of the family. Smile and speak to the milkman, the conductor, the postman, and fellow workers. Introduce people; if we make a practice of it, it will come easy. Be actively interested in people and in their interests.

The oversensitive person is apt to fall into a tight little routine of daily living. He will find it a help to break up the routine. "Take a vacation every day" by doing something new. If he is in the habit of always having dinner at home, let him dine out occasionally. Eat different foods, see different people. Break the family routine with a little celebration once in a while. Get out of the rut.

Another thing is to cultivate an optimistic viewpoint, an attitude of liking people. Self-suggestion is a powerful influence. Let's say to ourselves and to others that we like people. Act the part. Smile at people when they look at you.

A tactful businessman who used to be an active labor-union man cited this illustration of a method by which we may "bring in" with us such oversensitive people:

At several conventions of a labor organization, a certain delegate named Simmons had always objected and caused trouble. At one important meeting his attitude was of such concern that an informal caucus was held in a hotel room early the night before to consider what might be done about him. At first the major opinion was, "We'll just override Simmons." Our friend pointed out the dissatisfaction Simmons might cause, and persuaded the others to let him work on the case.

Our friend found Simmons sitting in the hotel lobby and engaged him in conversation. He encouraged him to talk about the main issue up before the convention the following day, and let him know he understood Simmons's viewpoint and considered it important. Later in the evening he arranged a meeting to which Simmons was invited. Our friend cautioned his associates to give plenty of consideration to Simmons, to remember Simmons was quick to resent a small remark as an insult. This attitude prevailed. Some modifications were made in the group's plans to meet Simmons's views. The next day Simmons spoke for the proposition on the floor of the convention, together with other delegates, and the proposition was carried. Simmons became a close worker with our friend thereafter.

A typical Western promotional organization, covering a wide area of territory, has been managed by Frederick Johnson for more than twenty years. His term of office has been continuous while other similar organizations have frequently changed managers. We had an opportunity to observe this organization and Johnson's technique of handling a number of difficult people, for there are always plenty of local critics. Whenever a critic bobbed up, one could be pretty sure that Johnson would soon have him on a committee, or maybe even on his board of directors.

When people draw a circle that shuts you out, just draw a circle that takes them in. Every one of us is sensitive in some way and to some degree. Some of the roughest talking and acting people are the most sensitive. All of us can remember instances that caused us to suffer anguish because we made a mistake or because, through no fault of our own, someone slighted or affronted us. In most of these cases people meant no affront, no offense. We should not withdraw from people because of an occasional rebuff.

◆

Just why do so many good, well-meaning people fail to make a success of marriage? Just what do men and women want—or not want—out of marriage?

In a personal survey we have shaken down the things women want from marriage into five main classifications: (1) children, though this fundamental want may be felt dimly or not at all at first, (2) physical affection and social companionship, (3) personal recognition and attention, (4) security—that is, a home, money in the bank, or the equivalent to safeguard the family, and (5) a feeling of working, playing, and going along with their husbands for a common purpose.

In the survey of men, what did we find? It may surprise you, but men had the very same fundamental desires. There were varying degrees of importance placed on the various desires, but the basic feelings of need from the marriage relationship were identical with those of women!

Then, why is there so much conflict between the sexes? Let's take the case of Betty and Jim, typical normal, high-spirited youngsters. They liked the same sort of things: dancing, swimming, and parties. They came from the same sort of homes and had the same education and general tastes. Psychologists say that's good; that, while opposites may sometimes attract each other, people with similar backgrounds and traits are more likely to have successful marriages.

Betty and Jim began with a feeling of great physical attraction and of unity—of being one. This continued happily for some years.

Then Jim "got wrapped up in his business," a common experience for a man. It's a strong urge; man's first law of nature is to provide for the future, to assure *survival.*

Jim forgot the wedding anniversary; his wife's birthday. He gave up parties occasionally to work at night. He made love, to use a term of phil-

## Happy Though Married

osopher Will Durant, with "absent-minded punctuality." The old-time zest and spontaneity dwindled.

One day Betty came home with a fifty-dollar hat.

"Ye gods!" said Jim. "Why did you spend all that money for a hat when we're trying so hard to get ahead?"

"Don't be stingy," Betty snapped, and so began their first real quarrel.

Yet Betty, in buying the expensive hat, was trying to compensate in some way for the lack of affection, personal appreciation, recognition, and attention she expected from her husband.

On his side, Jim had a feeling of doing far more than his part. Wasn't he working like a slave? Surely Betty knew how fond he was of her; surely she realized he was really working for her future as much as his own. But deep in the heart of Betty was the craving for a dozen red roses with an affectionate message, some interest in her new dress, more sympathetic interest in her daily activities. They both thought it was a quarrel about money, but the causes lay far deeper than that.

So the oneness of the union was broken into two egos—each trying to go its own way.

We can offer no better suggestion than this: Remember the basic rule for good human relations: think, speak, and act in terms of the other person's desires and interests. Don't nag or complain or criticize. Don't argue—even if you have the most logical of reasons, the most convincing facts to argue with. Don't expect your mate to be reasonable, and don't be too certain that you are.

If your husband or wife takes you for granted, is extravagant or interested too much in persons or things outside the home, sit down and think out the reasons why. If he or she is domineering, change the subject to something pleasant and speak softly and pleasantly. When your partner does something good or helpful, don't fail to go all out with your praise.

In looking for causes of disappointment, let's bear in mind that the principal thing each normal person expects in marriage is a lively, personal interest of the other person in himself or herself. The basic rule in marriage, as in other human relationships, is: think, speak, and act in terms of the other person's interests. People will tolerate affronts and injuries to a greater extent than indifference. Indifference sends more marriages on the rocks than any other cause.

A little forethought will avert most "spats" and arguments that, usually quite unnecessarily, punctuate married life. By "forethought" we mean thinking in advance as to where the first remark is going to lead, instead of saying just what comes naturally.

Boredom is another curse of married life. Interrupt the routine. Even if you're not much interested in baseball, try going to a ball game some night. Let the man come out of the dreary silence of his newspaper reading, lift his sitting apparatus from the bog of the easy chair. Let the woman cut short the forty-minute phone talk with that character-assassin, Mrs. Jones. Then take a walk together—even if it's raining. Or drive out to the bluffs or the water front and look at the city. Use imagination in getting out of the rut. Put a little fresh, new embroidery on the dulling fabric of married life.

One poisonous fly in the ointment of married life is jealousy. Of course, jealousy may be justified; and in that case a person has the choice of winning the wanderer back with great thought as to his or her needs and desires, or of blowing the union apart with direct assault.

But jealousy with little or no justification is one of the most irritating influences in married life. Such jealousy may not be directed to "another woman" or "another man." A woman may be jealous of a man's work: "He thinks more of his business than he does of me."

But the wife has to bear in mind

that the man is following his drive for survival, which in everyday life means a career. No end of trouble is caused in marriage by the failure of the wife to recognize that this is naturally a man's *major* drive in life. She might as well accommodate herself to the inevitability of that fact.

But on the other hand, the wise and thoughtful husband will bear in mind the likelihood of his wife's lack of understanding. Accordingly, he will temper his conduct and seek to give her the personal attention, recognition, and affection that a woman desires and needs. The wise man will realize that a woman's needs are quite as deep as his own need for conquest, for laying up money and substance against the future. And speaking of affection, a man too often fails to realize that a woman wants him not only to show his love by his actions but to *say* it—to say the words "I love you."

It is the old stupid ego that leads one married partner to try to dominate the other. The cure for this is to think. Think it through. Suppose you're successful in reducing the other partner to the "yes, dear," "no, dear" status. If you are a woman, will you be proud of such a husband? Will he be the kind of man who will go out into the world and bring home the bacon? If you're a man, don't you think outsiders will despise you as a man with the soul of a pig? Can one imagine, if he has reduced his wife to nothing, that his friends will regard him as a strong, admirable man?

Perhaps the single principle for successful marriage lies in this, that "ye shall be one flesh." The term "one flesh" undoubtedly is used to make easy understanding for us humans who are inclined to think and understand in terms of physical terms. The meaning is one spirit; to be one.

If a couple can maintain that sense of oneness, the conflicts, irritations, and misunderstandings that grow out of the intimate living together of two human beings—in many physical and mental respects fundamentally different—will be resolved. A person cannot battle himself.

◆ If parents nag, shout and wrangle, and keep the home in a state of turmoil, the children are apt to be nervous, jittery, loud, and ill-mannered. Parents should relax in the presence of their children.

If children are neglected, bullyragged, or belittled, they may be resentful and, like other human beings, seek to pay parents back for the ill-treatment. They may pay them back with delinquency. Girls so treated may "go wrong," as has been observed by professional social workers; and the boys may join up with gangs of juvenile hoodlums. Either may put into action in later life their feeling of "the hell with my folks" by becoming alcoholics.

A human being coming into this new world learns only by experience. If a child finds that it can avoid the consequences of bad actions by lying, it will become a liar. One should not blame the child. One should blame the parents who condone the lie or whose lack of understanding—impatience or too great sternness or habit of imposing too great punishment—caused the child to lie rather than come out frankly with the truth.

No good purpose is to be served by constantly telling the child to "be good." Too often the child comes to associate the word "good" with some unpleasant parental discipline. If we use the word let's associate it with something desirable for the child. Let's be specific as to the suggested action and explain how such action will work out for his good.

Children should be permitted, with some suggestions and guidance at first, to make their own decisions. They should be allowed to reap the benefit of good decisions and they should not be sheltered from the consequence of their own folly when they make bad ones. It takes a lot of strength of character on the part of parents to follow this rule, but the child is sure to be handicapped if it is not permitted to learn by hard experience early in life.

Parents often disagree about discipline in dealing with children. Often they work at cross purposes. No wonder children are so often confused. No wonder they so often suffer from snarls in their personalities, and later seem so inconsistent in their dealings with other people. Parents have to get their minds together, and this is quite sure to require compromise on both sides.

Always parents should restrain their immediate impulses in dealing with their children. Spankings and like punishments should be corrective and not caused by a parent's anger. Bodily punishments, or any punishments, should be administered with evenhanded justice and only to the extent that they bring good results.

One of the greatest satisfactions in life is to want something very, very much—really yearn for it—and eventually obtain it. Children whose every want is anticipated soon grow bored with life. They become blasé. And what is more pathetic than a person who is bored and blasé while still in his teens?

◆ Other common-sense suggestions:

Don't force. If you wish your child to learn how and like to use tools, have the tools available in a place where they may be easily used. Most important of all, let the child see you use them. When he shows some interest, let him help you use them. If you wish the child to read books, don't nag at him to read. Keep suitable books around where they are convenient to him. Read to him and let him read to you. In such cases drop an occasional suggestion as to the pleasure and profit of using tools or reading books.

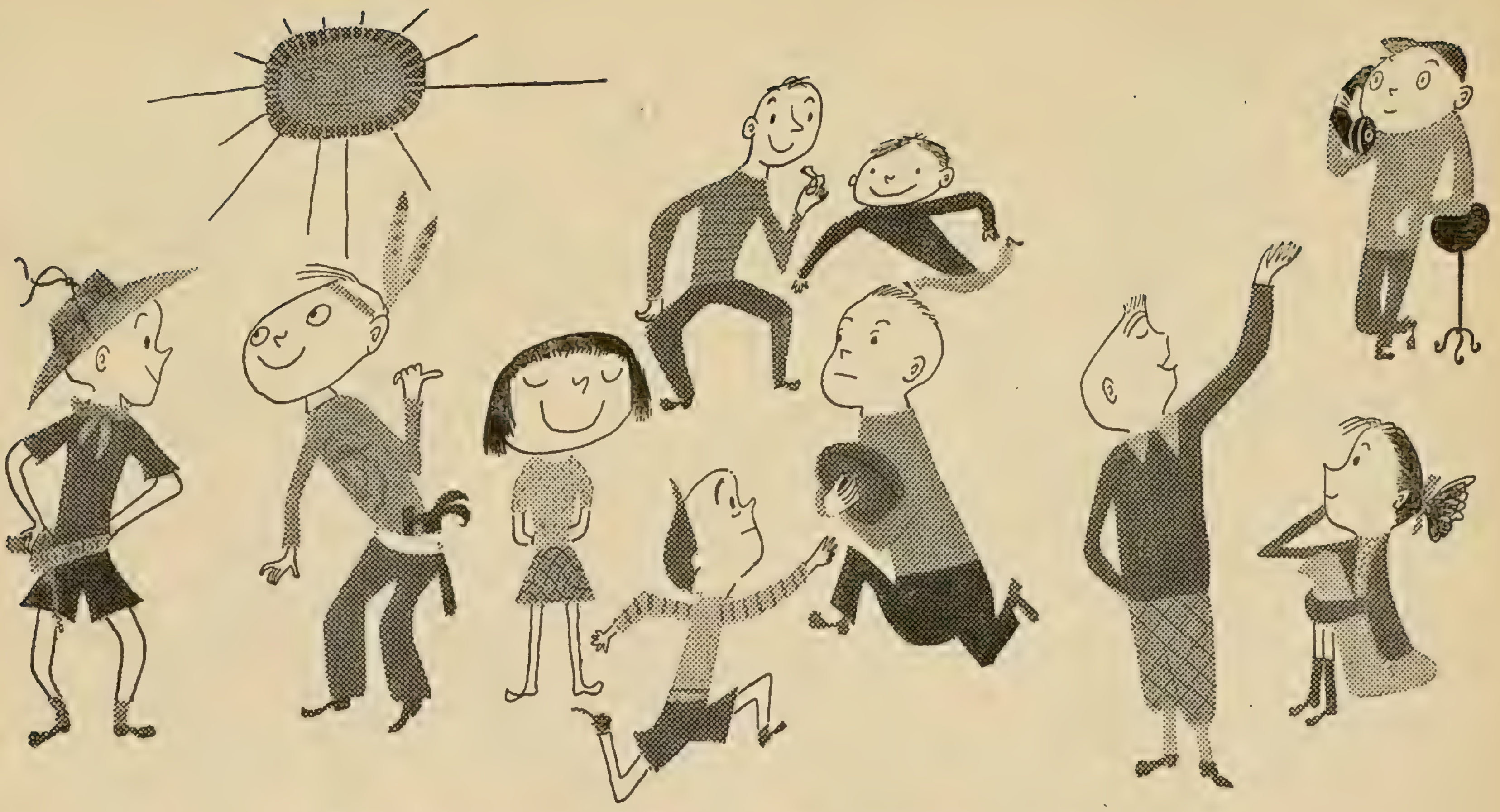
Strong and excited language is to be avoided. It has just as bad or worse effect on the child as it does on you. The child will react strongly and excitedly to strong and excited language. If you want a calm, well-poised child, keep calm and well-poised yourself.

Give the child family chores. Few persons have turned out well in later life without the training in responsibility that comes from performing little tasks about the home. Let's remember that these first attainments are in fact very big and important to the child. It is better to err on the side of too much rather than too little encouragement.

If the child is finicky with food, don't force it. Give it small portions and not too many. Don't comment on the child's poor eating habits. Also, incidentally, examine your own habits with food. If you are finicky, the child is likely to be finicky too.

Accentuate the positive. Avoid nagging the child for being dirty. On the other hand, speak of the pleasure of being clean. Make the job of cleaning up a game. Children are very suggestible. One should be careful not to say to a child that he is "bad," "lazy," "clumsy," or "dumb" or otherwise suggest undesirable characteristics. The child may adopt the attitude attributed to him.

Let's not try to develop abnormally normal children. Variations from the norm have produced many



# Children Are People, Too

extraordinary characters that have contributed much to the progress of human life. Variations produce interesting personalities. If the child is happy and makes progress in some extraordinary way, let's not try too hard to make him conform to routine standards.

The job of being a parent is the most difficult and most important job in the world. The responsibilities of it cannot be dodged by any parent.

"If we paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children," Luther Burbank once said, "we would now be living in a jungle of weeds."

◆

When you get up in the morning, habits take you in tow. If it were not for skill established through habit, it would take you days to read this page.

It is largely habit that makes one man speak gruffly and another man speak pleasantly; that makes one man crowd through a doorway ahead of others and another man let others pass first. Habits in dealing with people go deeper than manners. It is habit that makes a person blame the other fellow, have a chip on his shoulder, lie, gossip, or evade responsibility. Habits determine whether or not, and to what extent, a person follows the basic rule of good human relations—think, speak, and act in terms of other people's interests. The habits of a person determine whether people list him as a grouch whom they avoid, or as an agreeable personality whom they like to help.

When we first knew Bill Ruark, he was a clerk in the office force of a large public-service organization. Bill was a happy-hearted sort who was always doing someone a good turn. Note "always"; helping people was habitual with Bill. His genial habits attracted attention, with the result that he was "put on the street" for sales and service work.

In the outside work, he progressed steadily. The war years brought great opportunity and rapid advancement for Bill. He became recognized as a master in straightening out difficult situations in which people were working at cross purposes. Bill's great habit, you might say, was that of harmonizing personal relations between people. He became a friend of admirals, generals, famous people. His habits brought him happiness and success. Incidentally, Bill succeeded in spite of a physical handicap. We mention this only because no one thought of Bill as being handicapped; quite the opposite.

Failing to get along with people is a habit. An observant person may notice among his own acquaintances that the person who gets into difficulty with another is apt to get into difficulties with many persons. This is not an accident. It results from some personality trait, often the habit of being unduly jealous of one's dignity, rights or position.

On the other hand, getting along well with people is also a habit. People whose relations with others are smooth have cultivated and established the habit of making a conscious effort to go along with the other person, to help him so that they in turn will get cooperation. They seldom have any great trouble with anyone.

The very secret of getting the most and best out of life lies in setting in operation as many beneficial habits as possible. "The great thing in all education," says William James, "is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy."

*Habits die from disuse; they grow strong with use.* We must apply this principle constantly. You don't have to use a lot of will power to suppress the bad, old habits; just let them shrivel and disappear from lack of use. You don't have to exert a lot of will power to put the good new habit into effect; just exercise it and watch it grow strong.

The principle of new habit formation is simply action. Don't stew, fret, or worry over it. Just act the part. Do it. Do it over again.

Just the acceptance of an idea that has merit, that appears to hold personal benefits, that makes common sense, may bring about great and helpful change in personal habits. Accept the idea and add it to your personal philosophy.

◆

A friend tells a rather amusing and, to him, an important experience he had along this line. It shows the vast effect obtained from the chance taking in of an idea.

One day he noticed in a beer advertisement a line in Latin: *Moderatio in omnibus rebus est solus modus vivendi.* This man had studied Latin in high school and college, but nothing he had studied had particularly stuck with him. However, this thought, "Moderation in all things is the only method of living," struck him as making sense. He wrote it down on a slip of paper. This single thought had a profound effect on his life. He was inclined to be an extremist, to go to excesses in various ways. This precept not only kept him from habits of drinking or eating excessively, but gave him a middle-of-the-road philosophy in politics and social life. It even led him to make efforts to harmonize people's conflicting views, a habit in which he found great satisfaction over a period of many years.

We form good habits by having a purpose backed by clearly seen benefits which lead to simple, straightforward action. Repeat the action enough times and you've formed a new habit.

No one need shy away from the thought of consciously deciding what old habits he will slough off and what new habits he will take on. On the contrary, because habits govern one's life, it would be stupid indeed, would it not, for a person not to take a hand in choosing and forming his habits?

Especially is this true since *invariably the decision as to any habit is made by the individual himself.*

*If we create sufficient desire by seeing the benefits and having a definite purpose, we can substantially improve our habits at any age.*

Here we come down, in a very practical way, to the philosophical question of whether a man is to be a victim of fate or whether he will choose his course and largely decide his own fate. Circumstances and events do have an effect on life. About that there can be no doubt. But human beings are not things. As Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick points out in his book, "On Being a Real Person," *"things react* and reaction is mechanical; but *people respond."* People can and should act consciously, deliberately, in their own best interests. They should respond to life's challenge by shaping their habits, for habits largely determine each man's fate.

A person should cut loose from people who complain, criticize, counsel despair or who, by example, exert an unfavorable influence. He should get into the company of optimistic, go-ahead people who, by word and example, encourage his new habit.

Habits are closely associated with the physical body. Therefore, one of the first steps in habit formation is to go through "outward movements" of the habit to be formed.

Take the act of smiling that has been mentioned. Try to smile and think a mean thought at the same time. Try smiling at people and note how they smile back at you, if you'd like to see how the first physical acts of new habit formations work for you.

Now let's say a word about the character of the desire that must go into successful habit making. The desire must be strong enough to galvanize a person into action. Nothing is more futile than wishful thinking. All too many people weaken their characters by vaguely daydreaming about what they might become or what they might do. Like Charles Dickens's character, Mr. Micawber, they naïvely expect that something will turn up without effort on their part. That "something" seldom turns up. The person concerned has to go out and turn it up with his own well-planned effort. Let's not daydream about our human relationships. Let's go out and put them into effect by action.

◆

"You're never licked if you don't admit it," is a time-worn saying, distilled out of long human experience. Examine the details of the career of any person you may know who is leading a worth-while and successful life, and you will find it studded with defeats, from which the happy, successful one won victories.

On the other hand, it must be noted that a person who is licked and stays licked is licked.

These people who stay licked, how do they turn out? They are the people who are filled with self-pity. They are the people who stay brokenhearted. They are the ones who are afraid to go out to people lest they be repulsed. Often they fear to tackle anything, lest they suffer the personal humiliation of doing it poorly or of failing. These are the defeatists. These are the people who often enjoy their martyrdom, who revel in their defeat. In a way, they are like the exhibitionist who leaps from the tall building, giving his life in exchange for the two awful seconds of horror and concern he attracts.

Let's agree then, first, that to err is human, that everyone makes mistakes.

Second, and most important, persistence is the biggest factor in success. The late William Sproule, president of a great railroad, used the term "flexible tenacity" to describe this quality. If one persists in the face of setbacks, he gains strength. In fact, overcoming difficulties is the way to a happy life. These are facts that apply in all phases of life.

◆

Now let's consider failures in everyday human relations and what to do when these occur.

Suppose, and this is common to most of us, you are interested in personalities and inclined to gossip, but have determined to break the gossip habit. So, in the course of a conversation with a friend, the name of Henry Jimerson comes up.

"Henry certainly wastes a lot of money," you remark. "His wife must have to scrimp to make ends meet."

You did it again! You carelessly dropped an uncalled-for comment that might unnecessarily hurt someone. What to do? Retract the unfortunate remark? Well, how? You can't very well do that because it's true that Henry does spend his money like water.

Just as a suggestion (the reader may have a better thought), why not add another comment for the other side of Henry's ledger, something equally true; say, "But Henry is about the best-natured fellow I know and generous with his family just as he is with everyone else." Some such sincere comment may take the malicious sting out of your first careless remark.

Suppose, while attending a neighborhood meeting on some community problem, we've had a noisy row with old man Johansen. The old man was stubborn and domineering and

# Turn Mistakes into Assets

we took on the job of whittling him down to size. The meeting broke up and Bill Topping, who arranged it, told us right out, "You sure played hell with this deal. We'll never get Mr. Johansen to go along with us now."

Well, Bill is sore and so are the rest, and old man Johansen will surely put the bite on us down at the bank. At first, we just get more and more burned up. Somebody had to speak up and when we take it on we find ourselves taking the rap. The whole bunch is against us. But the fat is in the fire and we are more mixed up and disorganized than the metaphors we are thinking with. We guess maybe we've been working too hard; couldn't sleep last night after the big run-in. It's Saturday afternoon. Let's take a shower, lie down, and listen to the radio. When we feel a little rested, we walk over to Bill Topping's place. Right out with it now, no excuses or halfway measures.

"Bill, I'm sorry," we say. "After you went to all the trouble of getting the men together, I botched the whole deal for you by sounding off. Frankly I feel I made an ass of myself."

"Why don't you go over and say to Mr. Johansen just what you said to me?" Bill suggests.

Apologize to that old goat? We'd die first! There couldn't be a more horrible suggestion.

"Let's see you handle him," is Bill's final challenge.

That put us on our mettle. We have to bring about an understanding.

"Come in," says Mr. Johansen, when we ring his doorbell. Bill Topping has already told him by phone of how we acknowledged the blame for breaking up the meeting.

"I'm afraid I was all wrong Friday night," we crack right out. "Especially I'm sorry for the things I said about you."

"Well, yes, you were wrong," says Mr. Johansen. And he tells us in some detail where and how wrong we were. We feel the same old surge of anger coming back. We listen patiently; and is that hard!

"I raised a row about some of the side issues," we say. "Really, as far as the main point is concerned, our interests are all the same. Maybe we can all get together again soon. In any event, I felt I ought to come over and tell you how sorry I am I spoiled the meeting the other night."

So it might go. And no matter how stubborn and self-centered old Mr. Johansen may be, he will almost surely admire our nerve in coming to see him, in talking to him face to face, and in acknowledging we were all wrong. The chances are that when the next meeting comes, and we again publicly take the blame, old Mr. Johansen will speak right up in our behalf.

Not infrequently in such cases a good friendship comes out of a bad misunderstanding. And the one who makes the first move toward patching things up gains most.

An honest confession is good for the soul. But hardly any one of us wants to make the confession. It is exceedingly difficult for anyone really to accept the truth that a confession of error wins the admiration of other people.

We are suggesting that, with complete self-respect and, in fact, out of our feeling of confidence in ourselves, we should be not only fair, but generous, in admitting our mistakes. This does not involve false modesty or self-abnegation.

The greatest single bar to improvement in our human relations is our stubborn, inner reluctance to admission of error. So important a bar is this that the question of primary importance is not "What if I stumble or fail?" but rather, "What if I cannot bring myself to admit I have stumbled or failed?"

Each person, in his own way, needs to cultivate a detached attitude toward his own conduct. He must learn to put the thinking part of his brain in control over the emotional part where lurks the sensitive ego. He must judge himself and his actions impartially as related to other human beings.

*It is an unforgivable sin for one not to learn from his own mistakes.*

Consider the story of Robert Frensport. Robert had a number of handicaps to start with. One of his greatest handicaps—and strengths—was the attitude of his parents, who on the one hand doted on him and on the other instilled ambition in him. Robert was also somewhat handicapped physically in that one side of his face was slightly distorted. And his voice was harsh and flat, without flexibility.

When Robert went to college, he took up, of all things, speech and drama. By sheer drive and persistence, he became assistant cheerleader; then in his senior year, by seniority, he became chief cheerleader. Robert stumbled often along the way, but people forgave him because his heart was in the right place and because he tried so hard.

One night at a big college rally Robert committed a flagrant error in the presence of more than a thousand people. Various names had been mentioned—the team's captain, the coach, even the president of the university—and in each case, as was customary, Robert led a cheer for the person mentioned. Then someone spoke of the founder of the college. Robert immediately leaped up and proposed a cheer for the founder, by name. This was a terrible blunder, for the founder had lain in his grave for eighty years. Cheers just aren't given for dead people. A few students started halfheartedly to follow in the cheer and then quickly quit, leaving Robert in a position of public humiliation. His face crimsoned with realization of the enormity of his offense, Robert sat down. But when occasion came for the next cheer, Robert led it.

◆ There was a great buzz around the campus about Robert's awful mistake. Some said he ought to resign as cheerleader; others said he ought to quit college and go out west. But Robert, freely admitting his mistake, kept right on his appointed way. He served out the year as cheerleader.

In the meantime he had managed to make a success in speech and drama. He was so interested and eager, so persistent, that he was given small parts in college plays, then leading roles. He learned the technique and, because of his eagerness, the dramatic coaches deliberately chose plays where his physical handicaps would not interfere. His voice was greatly improved. He also was a member of the college debating team. When the time came for a student to be selected under a certain scholarship grant to study abroad, Robert was chosen.

◆ As a first step toward simplifying the habit-formation process, let's trim down the basic rule: Think, speak, and act in terms of other people's interests. We assume at this point that we have thought out our relations with other people and have decided definitely on the qualities we would like to have in dealing with people. These qualities will come to life only in action. So let's drop "think" from the rule. Furthermore, "speak" can be combined with "act," because speaking is one kind of action. From now on let's go on the rule: ACT *in terms of other people's interests.*

Let's see how we may apply good habit-forming principles and practices to the improvement of our human relations.

Usually our habits take us in tow at the beginning of every day. Usually they determine nearly all the actions we take. Let's reverse that. Let's take our habits in tow at the beginning of the day.

This, then, might be a typical day:

You awaken with the old familiar thoughts of how you tossed and turned for hours before you went to sleep. But you break through that old habit.

Stretch and yawn for a couple of minutes. The bath is going to be a lifesaver. Out you go and into the tub or shower. Hey, who's singing? Why, it's you, of course. Are you doing the singing as part of the old prescription of "going through the outward movements" of being cheerful? You don't know; you've done it several days so that now it's a habit. . . . You look into the mirror: You smile at yourself. Not so good-looking, you may think, but a pleasant, friendly type. Sure, that's you: the friendly type.

Well, so to breakfast.

A member of the family complains about something; or breakfast is late; or you don't like the eggs; or the coffee is lukewarm. Careful! Don't blow up the way you used to, or sit looking sullen and glum. This is the first test; don't deviate from your good intentions. Change the subject; talk about something pleasant. Smile. Let it ride. Look, the members of your family are smiling back at you. First victory!

As you start to work and pass the house next door, you see a little boy looking out the window. You smile and wave your hand. The youngster just stares. However, before next summer he'll be watching for you eagerly. You're going to get a lot of laughs and fun out of your friendship with that little fellow, and his parents will become your friends as a result of your interest.

Then all through the day:

The boss criticizes you unjustly, some of the things you work with are misplaced. No chance to explain. Don't worry. Don't raise an issue. Your day-by-day performance will prove your worth.

Dozens of little human errors pop up. The bossy customer, the dumb stock boy, the lazy fellow worker—you find they're all human beings, perhaps a bit too self-centered, sometimes a little grabby for personal gain, a little too jealous of their own rights, very seldom reasonable. But you find they all respond to individual recognition, personal consideration, a little favor or courtesy. Already you find you've got yourself a better class of people to deal with.

Unruffled, you do your part, plus a little bit more. Nobody is pushing you around. On the other hand, some people are beginning to help you. At the end of the day you're getting on top of the job, in control of yourself and your situation.

Tomorrow will be easier. If you don't waver, the next day will be still easier. Letting no exception occur, you establish the habit of recognizing people, of being friendly and helpful to them. Thereafter, naturally, without effort, you act in this way. That's you, the new you, the one who understands people and knows how to get along with them.

◆ So, in the humdrum of everyday life, we may find the common touch with other human beings.

By such simple acts we can establish habits that will work for us like magic. We shall get a sense of harmony with other people and gain their respect, affection, and good will. They will be tolerant of our faults and failures. Hands that held us back will help us forward. We will rally to ourselves the support of the people around us—people will make, not break us. ◆ ◆

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